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Poetry.

For the Blade.

LABOR'S PROBLEM.

A WORKINGMAN.

A poor woman once had a cow [illegible] vex her sore,
It would give so much milk, but would give nothing more,
And the woman would have it, and madly she said,
She would scrimp on the fodder until that it did.

[illegible] each day grew the small fodder-bale,
[illegible]r and lesser the milk in the pail;
[illegible] poor stupid woman kept wondering
Th[illegible]er
[illegible]t one day sir, it stopped altogether.
A[illegible]
Our, sir! but in it a grave moral lies—
Too much from the source of supplies,
[illegible] asked from it than business can
[illegible]d,
There will have empty pails on our hand.

A DREAM OF SPRING.

LILIAN WHITING.

[illegible]bringest me flowers, thou bringest me song,—
[illegible]g back the love I have lost.

Only to know, only to know,
How the daisies bloom and the grasses grow,
On the sunny slope of a Western height,
Bathed in the springtime's misty light;
Where the golden glow of the sunsets fair
Blend the rose and the gold in the azure air;
Only to know, only to know,
How the ivies twine and the grasses grow.

Only to know, only to know,
How fair are those hills in the evening glow.
Only to feel the mosses deep,
Cool and soft from their winter sleep,
To find again 'neath sheltering trees,
The first faint gleam of anemones,
Only to know, only to know,
How the brook sings on in its music flow.

Only to know, only to know,
How sweet *she* sleeps in her bed so low;
Only to know how the grasses wave
Over *her* rest in that hillside grave;
Where the brook's faint ripple is ever heard,
And the voice of the winds in the maples stirred.
Only to know, only to know,
How for *her* the seasons shall come and go!

Our Story Teller.

SINGLEHEART

ND DOUBLEFACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Solomon B. Grace the man who was so civil to Sarah Mansell at the Custom-house, was, in his way, a rough and sturdy example of the species Pinder; and on his way to and from the Custom-house he used always to stand stock-still for two minutes and gaze at the windows of a house in One-hundred-and-fourth street, that belonged to one Elizabeth Haynes. Two minutes is not long for a busy man to spare to the past, and Solomon had never been detected at the weakness. But to-day Elizabeth Haynes caught sight of him as she put on her bonnet at a glass to go out, and when she did come out at the door, there he was gazing at the windows.

Mrs. Haynes was a handsome, gay young woman, of a genial disposition. She knew very well what Solomon was up to, but useless sentiment was not her line.

"Well," she said, feigning astonishment, "is that you Mr. Grace, standing there like a petrified policeman?" Solomon was too confounded to answer. "Perhaps you want apartments;" and she pointed to the card in the window.

"Perhaps I wanted a sight of the lady that lets 'em."

"Then why not knock at the door and ask for the lady?"

"Wa'al, I guess rejected suitors ain't always the most welcome callers."

"Why not? If they behave themselves, do you really think any woman hates a man for having been a little sweet on her? Next time don't watch the premises, but walk right in and tell me the news from out West."

"Wa'al," said he, hesitating, "ye see I don't want no fuss. Now there's somebody in that house that riles me. He has got a good thing, and doesn't valley it. He gambles away all your money, and he is never at home. You were married to one Illinois man, and he respected you and loved you; and what mad dog bit you that you must go and marry a stranger? You had the whole state to pick from."

"And Mr. Solomon Grace in particular! You forget I'm a stranger myself. I'm not annexed to your state."

Solomon admitted this, but said it was an oversight in the Constitootion.

"Now this," said she, "is why rejected suitors are not welcome to prudent women and good wives. They must run down the man we have chosen, and behind his back, too, nine times out of ten."

"I'm darned if it isn't mean—as mean as dirt."

This concession seemed so creditable that she invited him to be beau—as far as the market.

Solomon could not believe his good fortune. She laughed at him, and enlightened him. "Give me a fair excuse, do you think I would rather have a decent man beside me than take my walks alone? What a bad opinion you must have of woman's sense! I do suppose that gentleman you are named after knew 'em better. To be sure, he had six hundred teachers, poor man!"

"I would give his lot for my one."

"Solomon," said Mrs. Haynes, severely, "flattery is poison, so come on. I won't stand still to be poisoned." So she went shopping, and continued at it long after she parted with Solomon Grace.

Mrs. Mansell wandered on and on, and then back, to and fro, Lucy prattling gayly, and almost irritating her, until she turned hungry. Then her mother bought her a piece of pie with the only coin in her pocket, but could not eat herself. Night fell, the lamps were lighted; foot-sore, weary, and sick at heart, she could hardly draw her limbs along, and began to ask herself bitterly what she had done to be abandoned again and again by everybody. But in truth she was not abandoned by all; a wise and just Providence was guiding her every step. At last she stopped in despair, and began to speak her mind to Lucy, since there was no one else.

"It is inconsiderate, it is cruel," said she, "and me a stranger in this great city. Why couldn't he take me up with him to look for lodgings? Oh, Lucy, my mind misgives me."

"Sit down on these steps, mamma," said Lucy, with pretty affection.

"Indeed I shall be glad to rest a bit."

She sat down on the door-steps, and thoughts tormented her she could not utter to Lucy. This must be their old enemy, drink. He had looked so pale and exhausted. Oh, if it was! Misery! for the habit once resumed, after so long abstinence, would never be got rid of. Here was a miserable prospect, and in a foreign land as well: no friends to curb him or stand by her. And then, if he got drunk he would be robbed. How lucky she had sewed up the notes in his waistcoat! The money! Another chill thought went through her like an ice-bolt. Why had she parted with it? She had been warned that whilst she held her husband. It was but a momentary horror. She dismissed that suspicion as unworthy and monstrous, and was ashamed of herself for harboring so base a fear.

Lucy saw the change in her distressed face, and came to a simple, comprehensive conclusion: "Mamma, he is a wicked man."

Sarah was shocked at this from her. "No, no, my child; he is a good man and your father."

"Then fathers don't love us like uncles do. Uncle Joe would never have left us like this. I wish I had never left home."

Sarah would not say that; but she sighed deeply, and rocked herself, country fashion, sitting on the stone steps.

Mrs. Haynes came back to her tea, and found her in that condition, while Lucy standing beside her, opened two glorious eyes with sorrowful amazement. For a moment Mrs. Haynes thought they were beggars, but the next her eye took in almost at one glance their dress and neat appearance, and Lucy's ear-rings, pearl and gold.

She asked Mrs. Mansell civilly what was the matter—was she tired?

Mrs. Mansell looked up, and said, sorrowfully, that she was in care and trouble. She had lost her husband.

"What, dead?"

"Nay, Heaven forbid! But we parted on the quay. He went to look for lodgings, and he never came back. I don't know what to think nor what to do, I'm sure."

"Dear me," said the other; "and you a stranger in the country!"

Sarah sighed.

"And it is late for the child to be out."

Sarah gave her a glance of maternal gratitude, and passed her arm round her child at the very idea of any harm threatening her.

Mrs. Haynes looked well at them both, and liked their faces even better than their appearance. She said, good-naturedly, "You had better step in and rest yourselves awhile, and then we'll see."

Thank you kindly, ma'am; I'm sure it is very good of you."

Mrs. Haynes opened the door with a latch-key and led the way to a back room of mixed character. There was a French bed in it, with curtains descending from a circular frame. There was also a chest of drawers, and a sort of plate-chest on them; a large easy-chair, much worn; and a round table, with a white cloth on it—in short, it was an unpretending snuggery.

"There, take off your bonnets and make yourselves comfortable," said Mrs. Haynes. And while they were doing this, she whispered an order to her maid—her name was Millicent. Then she took cups and saucers out of a cupboard and wiped them herself; and they talked all this while, she and Mrs. Mansell.

A housekeeper's vanity is always on the alert the moment a possible rival comes; so, as Mrs. Mansell looked like a person with a house of her own, Mrs. Haynes said, "You mustn't go by this room; mine is a beautiful house, but I take lodgers, and it is so full that I have to pig everywere. It doesn't matter much, you know, when one's husband is away."

Lucy listened, and informed her mother, with some surprise, that the young lady was married.

"Why, bless the child, I have been married twice. The first was an Illinois man. Ah! he was a husband! This time it is Matthew Haynes, an Englishman. I can't show him you, for he has gone home to draw a legacy, and that takes time." She paused a moment to pour out the tea.

"Are you a New York lady, if you please?" inquired Sarah.

Mrs. Haynes, poising the tea-pot in the air, smiled ot her simplicity. "No," said she. "Are you? Why, we both speak country English as broad as a barn door. Bless your heart, I knew you for a countrywoman the moment you opened your mouth, and I shouldn't be surprised if we came from the very same part. I be Wiltshire."

"And I'm Barkshire, born and bred."

"Didn't I tell 'ee?"

Here Millicent came in with a large dish of fried oysters.

"You don't get such oysters as these in Barkshire, let me tell ye."

"That we don't. I never saw so many all at one time."

The hostess helped them liberally, and the wanderers enjoyed them to the full, and their eyes brightened, and the color came back to their faces, and when, like a true wife, Mrs. Haynes said, "Now tell me about yours," Mrs. Mansell was more communicative than she would have been to an older acquaintance.

"Oh, my man is an excellent husband. Indeed, he hasn't a fault that I know of, except he takes a drop now and taken."

"Oh, they all do that at odd times," said the other, carelessly.

"And even that he has given up," said Sarah, earnestly. "Only he was so ill at sea and exhausted like. How else to account for his behavior, I can't think; and you know they are sometimes obliged to take a glass medicinal."

"Ay, that is their chat; and 'tis the only medicine where one glass leads to another. There, don't you begin to fret again. You'll see yours long before I shall see mine." Then she observed that Lucy could not keep her eyes open. So she went farther than she intended at first; she determined to let them sleep in the house. "Take your bonnets," said she, "and come with me." She opened one of the two folding-doors, with a bachelor's bed in it. The carpet was up, and stood in a roll, but everything was clean. "There, this room is let, but not till twelve to-morrow; you must excuse disorder. You put the little love in bed, and then we will have our chat out. Ah," said she, sudden change of manner that was sweet and touching, "I had a little girl by my first husband; she would be about the age of yours if I could have kept her alive; so my heart warmed to yours the moment I saw you standing beside you on my step, and her young eyes full of love and trouble."

Mrs. Haynes cried a little at this picture and her own sad reminiscences, and the happy mother kissed the sorrowful one, and she kissed her in return. Then Mrs. Haynes withdrew and summoned her maid, and she cleared away the things, and then they cleaned the cups and saucers and had a gossip, for Mrs. Haynes must have somebody to talk to. She was well educated, not like Deborah Smart: for all that, she never read a book now, and those who won't read must talk.

The folding-doors were thin, and did not meet very close; the new wood and shrunk; and Sarah, without intending it, heard a word every now and then, but she paid no attention. The first thing the careful mother did was to thrust her hand and arm all down the bed inside, and she instantly resolved not to put her girl into it. She told her she should not undress her. So Lucy knelt at her knee, and said her prayers. When she had done, she asked if she might pray for the good lady.

"Ay do, dear, and so shall I. It's all we can do for her." She pulled down the counterpane, laid Lucy on the blanket, and and put a shawl over her. All this time she was thinking, and now her thoughts were vent. "My girl, is it not strange that those who are sworn to stay by us, and we by them, should fail us, and that a lady who never saw our faces before should open her arms ond her house to us, because we are strangers in a foreign land? God bless her!"

There was a loud knock at the street door. It was followed by an eager exclamation from the other room: "Oh, Milly! Why, sure that's my husband's knock."

There was a moment of suspense, and then joyful exclamation in the passage.

"It is, Lucy; I am so glad," Sarah cried.

"So am I, mamma."

"This way! this way!" screamed Mrs. Haynes, pulling what seemed to Sarah to be rather an undemonstrative husband into her little room. "I must have him all to myself." Then there was a long and warm embrace.

Sarah was somehow conscious of what was going on. She sat down by Lucy, and said, a little sadly, "Ay, they are happy, those two." Then, cheerfully, "Well, my turn must come."

Sarah Mansell did not hear exactly what was said next, but I will tell the reader.

Mrs. Haynes, who had now turned the gas up, was concerned at her husband's appearance. "La," said she, "how pale you look! Sit down in your own chair." (He staggered a little, but got into the chair all right.) "I'll make you a cup of tea."

"Tea be blowed!" said he, roughly.

Sarah heart that where she sat, with her cheek against Lucy's. She started away from her, half puzzled, half amazed.

"Gimme—drop brandy," said the man, louder still.

Sarah bounded with one movement into the middle of the room, and then stood panting. Even Lucy raised herself on her hands in the bed, and her eyes opened wide.

"I doubt you have had enough of that already," was the reply in the next room. "Why, now I think of it, you must have come by the steamboat eight hours ago. How many have you liquored with before your wife's turn came?"

"I don't know," said he, like a dog's bark, loud and sharp and sullen.

Lucy heard, and slipped off the bed to her mother, full of curiosity. "Why, mamma," said she, "that's—"

Before she could say the word, Sarah closed the child's mouth with her hand almost fiercely; then held her tight, and pressed the now terrified girl's face against her own body.

All the woman's senses were so excited that she heard through the doors as if they had been paper. And this is what she heard this man say, who was her husband and the husband of the woman that had sheltered her:

"If you must know, I was faint, and troubled in my mind, and just took one glass to keep my heart up and clear my head, and then one led to another. Never you mind. I'm a good husband to you, the best in England—no, the best in New York—the best in all the world; d'ye hear?"

"Yes," said the other wife, "I hear the good news; but please don't bawl it so loud." Then she whispered something.

Sarah caught her girl up like a baby, was at the bed in a moment, laid her on it, and dared her to move with such a look and such a commanding gesture as the girl had never seen before. Then hissing "I'll know all if it kills me," she glided back like a serpent to the door. She put her ear to the very apartment.

Matthew Haynes, *alias* James Mansell, lowered his voice. "You don't know the sacrifice, curse it all. One drop of brandy, for mercy's sake."

"Only one, then." She gave him a glass. He gulped it down.

"Ah! It is no use snivelling; I didn't mean to do it this way. But it was sure to come to this. I was in a cleft stick."

"Whatever is the man maundering about?" said Elizabeth. "Oh, cursed liquor!"

The moment she raised her voice he raised his. "D'ye want to wrangle? It isn't for you to grumble! You are all right. *I've got the four hundred pounds I wired you about!*"

He uttered these words, not loudly, but very impressively, syllable by syllable.

And syllable by syllable they seemed to enter Sarah Mansell's body like javelins made of ice. The poor creature shrank altogether at first, and then slowly stretched herself out. Her arms strangely contorted themselves in agony, but at last spread feebly out, and her hands clutched vaguely, as if she was on a real cross, as well as on a cross of mental anguish; and when, after a few words of explanation, that told her nothing more, the other woman said, "Well, you are a good husband; I must kiss you," the limp body and drooping head of the true wife sank helpless against the door with a strange sound; it was gentle, yet heavy and corpse-like.

CHAPTER IX.

Doubleface, like others who have crime in hand, was startled by a sound the meaning of which he did not know. He thrust away his partner, and held her at arm's-length. "What is that?" said he.

"Only my lodger," said Elizabeth. "I'll go and see what she wants."

She stepped toward the door, against which Sarah was lying erect (I can describe it no other way), not insensible, but utterly limp and powerless to move, and indeed conscious that if she moved she must fall headlong. At this crises Doubleface turned jealous all of a sudden.

"No," said he; "bother your lodgers! I'm the master. Attend to me first. Help, help me off with my coat and waistcoat."

"Now give me my dressing-gown. Now my shoes."

At last he rolled into bed. Mow Elizabeth Haynes suspected her lodger of listening, and she thought it too bad. She resolved to catch her.

She took off her shoes and stole on tiptoe from the bed to the door. At the same moment, Sarah Mansell, having nothing more to learn, made an effort to escape from her post of agony. She laid a hand on the projection of the door and tottered a little way; from that to a chair, which she clutched, and just as Elizabeth Haynes turned the door handle she sank down by the bed, and seizing the clothes convulsively, she sank on her knees, with her arms helpless before her, as the door opened and Mrs. Haynes peeped in. Then that lady thought she was praying, and postponed her examination until the morning.

She was not so far wrong; for the first thing the betrayed wife did, when she had power, was to pray over her fatherless child. She prayed to God for hours, and He heard her. It did not appear so at first. In that horrible night she lived a life of agony. She thought of all she had done and suffered for that man, and she was the milch cow, and on the other side that door was the wife.

Three thousand miles from home—a deserted wife. If ever a woman lived a year of torture in a night, she did. It exhausted her body so that she actually fell asleep for half an hour.

She dreamed the events of years; but at last her ever-changing dream culminated in a vision. She saw before her her own little parler. In it sat Deborah and Pinder looking at a picture. The picture had no features to her, but Deborah's face and Pinder's were quite clear, and beautiful with affection. They said it was her picture, as beautiful as herself, and they feared they should never see her again. She dreamed she wanted to comfort them, and say "You shall—you shall," but her tongue was tied. The two faces then became angelic with affection, and vanished.

She awoke. She came back by degrees to her own misery. But how is this? The anguish that was so keen remains, but no longer pierces, stuns, galls, and maddens. It is blunted, and her heart seems turned to stone.

"Villain—drunkard—thief and traitor!" said she to herself. "All this time everybody knew him but me. I've shed my last tear for him. I've turned against him. I'm a stone."

She turned up the gas, and looked at Lucy. This moment she became conscious, then, that Lucy had no longer a rival in her heart.

She resolved to leave the place at once.

Suddenly she remembered the money Doubleface got out of her to make Lucy's fortune, as he said. She stooped over Lucy and kissed her, too softly to wake her. "No, my fatherless girl," said she, "money is nothing to me now, but they sha'n't rob you. You shall have your, own if they kill me."

She sat down quietly, and thought what was the best way to execute the design she had conceived in a moment; and not every one of us would have hit upon the right order of action so well. She put a table near the gas-light, laid her scissors on it, threaded a needle, and fastened it to her sleeve.

Then she went softly, opened one of the folding-doors, and satisfied herself that Doubleface and his other wife were asleep. Then she slipped into their room and turned up their gas a very little, found his trousers, and his waistcoat under them, took away the waistcoat to her own room, and left the door ajar.

She brought the waistcoat to her table, cut the stitches, drew them away, took out the bank-notes, and put them in her bosom, all as coolly as possible.

Then she sat quietly down and sewed up the top of the pocket again, imitating the very number of the stitches she had originally put in.

Then she took the waistcoat, went into the next room, and put it back on the chair exactly where she had found it, and laid the trousers on it.

Then, having resumed her own, and no longer caring so very much whether she was caught or not by a man whom she could send to prison for bigamy, she actually drew the curtain back a little, and folding her arms, surveyed the couple steadily with such an expression as seldom looks out of mortal eye. The husband lay on his back snoring loud, as he always did after excess. The other woman he had deceived lay on her side as innocent as a child, and sleeping like one.

The resolute woman who looked on stood there to be cured or die. Her flesh crawled and quivered at first, but she stood and clinched her teeth, and deliberately burned this sight into her heart, that she might never forget it, nor, by forgetting, be induced to forgive it.

Soon the day dawned, and a servant unbolted the street door.

Then Sarah made Lucy get up in silence, both put on their bonnets, and she took the little girl through the other room, keeping her on her other side, so that she could see nothing, and walked out of the house without a word.

Late in the morning James Mansell awoke from a heavy sleep, and found himself alone in bed. He soon realized the situation drink had blunted overnight and it frightened him. His thought were bitter. How drink had foiled all his cunning!

He had sett'ed in his sober mind to play both women with consummate skill; not to go near Elizabeth in New York till he had settled Sarah in Boston, and staid with her a month at least. What was to be done now? Why, snatch a mouthful, and then hunt after Sarah and tell her some lie, and fly with her to Boston, and write Elizabeth another lie to account for his departure.

He burst through the folding-doors and threw them both wide open for air. In the room his haggard face looked into sat Elizabeth, smiling and making his tea, and getting breakfast ready for him; her quick ear had heard him move in the bedroom.

"That's right," said he; "give me a morsel to eat. I must be off to the docks directly for my baggage."

"What, is your money and all at the docks?"

"Not likely. That never leaves me night and day."

"No! then you might show it to me," said she.

"Perhaps you don't believe I have got it?" said he.

"The idea! Of course I believe your word." She filled him a cup of tea, and said no more. It was he who returned to the subject.

"Come, now, you'd like to see, it and make sure?"

"Why, Matthew," said she, "what woman wouldn't that had heard so much about it?"

"Here goes, then," said he, and took off his coat.

"What, in your coat?" said she. "Oh dear! That is not a very safe place, I am sure."

"Guess again," said he. Then he opened his waistcoat, and showed her the inside pocket.

She peered across the table at it, and approved.

"I see," said she. "Who'd have thought a man had so much sense?" On reflection, however, she was not so pleased. "Who sewed it in for you?" said she, sharply. "I can see the stitches from here. 'Twas a woman."

"Well, then, let a woman unsew it," was all the reply he deigned; and he chucked her the waistcoat, and went on with his breakfast very fast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LIFE IN ARIZONA.

A Warning to Tenderfeet to Keep Out of Saloons.

"I've always made it a rule," said a Chicago commercial traveler who had just come in from an extended tour through the far West, "to be polite and civil to every one I meet while out on the road. It pays in the long run and saves a heap of trouble. But sometimes it is pretty rough on one's pride, and the sacrifices a fellow has to make in behalf of peace and good will are frightfully galling. About three weeks ago I was in Globe, A. T. With another commercial traveler I visited a notorious saloon in the town, about which I had heard a good deal. We went in out of pure curiosity, and, going up to the bar, called for drinks. A rough-looking man was standing next the wall, about fifteen feet away. He sang out in a unpleasant voice:

"'I say, stranger, ain't ye goin' to invite me to drink with ye?'

"Not happening to feel very generous, or like being imposed upon, I said 'No,' and my friend and I raised our glasses to our lips. Instantly a pistol report was heard—a good, loud one, too—which naturally startled me, and caused me to suspend drinking operations until I could recover from my astonishment. When I looked at my glass I found no liquor in it, but it was cracked and perforated. A bullet had gone through it!

"'Bartender,' said I, 'give me another glass of whisky. This is no good.'

"'You'll pay for it?' he inquired.

"'Certainly,' said I.

"Again I raised the glass toward my lips. My hand was not more than three inches from the top of the bar when there was another pistol shot. The glass was shattered into a dozen pieces. At this juncture I began to understand the game. My blood was up, and I called for a third glass. It was broken, as the others had been. I was frightened nearly out of my boots, and expected to get killed at the next shot, but I was mad, and I kept an calling for glasses until no less than five had been broken in my hand. On the sixth I felt a sharp pang in one of my fingers. I looked, and saw that the bullet had plowed a furrow half its diameter across the top of my forefinger. But the glass was sound and the liquor in it. I raised the glass with a triumphant flourish toward the sharpshooter and drank the liquor. He came right up to me, held out his hand and exclaimed:

"'Thet's on me, pard. I pay for all them drinks, an' now take another with me. Thet's the fust time in a coon's age I've missed a glass, though 't mought be thet I've hurt some of the boys' hands a leetle. You's the fust man thet ever held up more'n two glasses on me. The fust shot gen'rally makes 'em weaken. I like yer nerve, young man. Let's hev suthin more on me.'

"This fellow, who was one of the most wonderful sharpshooters I ever saw, practiced that sort of target work every day, they told me. It was his regular amusement. Ninety-nine times out of 100 he got his drinks for nothing, but whenever he missed a glass or wounded a man he paid for the drinks himself and did the square thing all around. During the remainder of my stay in Globe he treated me first-class, and you can bet that other people did, too, when he was with me. That man has had several big offers to come east and shoot in public, but he prefers staying out there, living off his share in a mine and amusing himself shooting between fingers at whisky glasses."—*Chicago Herald.*

HAIR DRESSING STYLES.

The Modes Most in Vogue in Fashionable Circles at Present.

Fashionable ladies will still wear their hair high this coming spring and summer. For ordinary wear the back hair is twisted on the top of the head with two loops forming a bow-knot. For evening wear, the hair is dressed high, the back hair waved slightly and puffed in graceful loops on the top of the head. A novelty in chignon called the "Sappho" is also much worn; two long strands of wavy hair with curled ends fastened on a comb made for the purpose, are interlaced in such a manner as to form a graceful chignon. Ladies can dress them on their toilet table, without fatigue in a few minutes, and after their front hair is arranged, place it on their head, a perfect coiffure.

The front hair is much worn in the style which may be called the "Cleveland pompadour bang;" the hair is trimmed in the usual bang shape, but left rather long and curled back pompadour shape in the center of the forehead, with a few flat curls on each side. The waved pompadour, over crimped cushions, leaving a few short curls to diminish the height of the forehead, is also worn by some of the most fashionable New York ladies. Front coiffures, made in fashionable shapes, are worn as much as ever; they save ladies a great deal of trouble, and in most cases look better than the real hair dressed, as they do not get out of curl or waves as the natural hair would in the heated theatres or crowded ball rooms. Ladies do not get their hair cut short as much as they did last year; they are letting it grow, and have it curled on the back of the head, a style quite becoming to the young. Some ladies who have not had their hair cut at the back get a curled chignon at their hair-dressers to produce the same effect.

The latest bang is in the shape of a V; it is called the "Russian bang." It is barbarous! Ribbons, flowers, aigrette of light feathers are fashionable for the hair for evening wear. Rhine-stone hair-pins, shell and amber hair ornaments are worn at dinner parties.

Bonnet, or no bonnet? that is the question which a fashionable New York lady is called upon to decide before going to the theater, and the no bonnet has carried the day at the leading theaters by a large majority; the result is charming. Hair-dressers have been called to the rescue, and the ladies have their hair as prettily dressed as if they were at an evening party.

He Hardly Required Assistance.

A lady was sitting in a street car next the box for fares, when a gentleman got in and took a seat opposite. In selecting a piece of money to pay his fare he took a handful of silver from his pocket and laid it on the seat beside him while he picked out a nickel. Then the lady noticed that he had but one arm. Her tender heart was all sympathy instantly, and she pictured to herself that gallant man on the field of battle, giving his arm in defense of his country. "Poor fellow," thought she. "I will put his fare in for him, for he would not be able to balance himself in case of one of the innumerable lurches of the coach occasioned by the ruts which the commissioners seem to poor to fill up. Gentlemen are always polite about such things, and surely this is a case where a lady may exercise her politeness without seeming to be forward." So, suiting the action to the thought, she extended her hand for the nickel. The gentleman dropped the same into her extended palm, and with a dexterity that would have done credit to a man with half a dozen arms, managed to squeeze her hand at the same time.

And now that lady declares that henceforth and forever, as far as she is concerned, every son of Adam may deposit his own fare, even if he has no arms and has to pass it up with his teeth.

The Useful Hairpin.

Omaha Bach—"Well, now, just tell me what comfort you've gained by getting married?" Young husband—"How do you fasten your suspenders when the buttons come off, as they generally do in about a week?" "I use wire hooks usually." "Yes, and where do you get the wire?" "Well, I generally have a time hunting fur a piece I must admit. I got the last off my whisk broom." "Yes, and spoilt the broom." "Just so; but what better off are you?" "Me! Why I've got a wife, and she always has about a bushel of hairpins on hand."—*Omaha World.*

Humor.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

How the Talk Ran On About Different Things.

Recently our church had a new minister. He is a nice, good, sociable gentleman; but coming from a distant state, of course he was totally unacquainted with our people. Therefore it happened that during his pastoral calls he made several ludicrous blunders. One as follows: The other evening he called upon Mrs. Haddon. She had just lost her husband and she naturally supposed that his visit was relative to the sad occurrence. So, after a few commonplaces had been exchanged, she was not surprised to hear him remark:

"It was a sad bereavement, was it not, Mrs. Haddon?"

"Yes," faltered the widow.

"Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; I never dreamed of it."

"He died in the barn, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; in the house."

"Ah, well, I suppose you must have thought a great deal of him?"

"Of course, sir." This was with vim. The minister looked rather surprised, crossed his legs and renewed the conversation.

"Blind staggers was the disease, I believe?"

"No, sir," snapped the widow. "Apoplexy."

"Indeed, you must have fed him too much."

"He was quite capable of feeding himself, sir."

"Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard?"

"He did."

"You had to hit him on the head with an ax to put him out of his misery, I was told."

Mrs. Haddon's eyes snapped fire. "Whoever told you that did not speak the truth," she haughtily uttered. "James died naturally."

"Yes," continued the minister in a perplexed tone, "He kicked the side of the barn down in his last agonies, didn't he?"

"No, sir; he did not."

"Well, I have been misinformed, I suppose. How old was he?"

"Thirty-five."

"He did not do much active work. Perhaps you are better without him, for you can easily supply his place with a better one."

"Never! sir, will I find such a good one as he."

"Oh, yes you will; he had the heaves bad, you know."

"Nothing of the kind, sir."

"Why, I recollect I saw him one day, with you on his back, and I distinctly recollect that he had the heaves, and walked as if he had the spring-halt."

Mrs. H.'s eyes snapped fire, and she stared at the reverend visitor as if she thought he was crazy. "He could not have had the spring-halt, for he had a cork leg," she replied.

"A cork leg—remarkable; but really, didn't he have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking the wagon all to pieces?"

"Never, sir; he was not mad."

"Probably not. But there were some good points about him."

"I should think so."

"The way in which he carried his ears, for example."

"Nobody ever noticed that particular merit," said the widow, with much asperity, "he was warm-hearted, generous and frank."

"Good qualities," answered the minister. "How long did it take him to go a mile?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Not much of a goer. Wasn't his hair apt to fly?"

"He didn't have any hair, he was bald-headed."

"Quite a curiosity."

"No, sir; no more of a curiosity than you are."

The minister shifted uneasily; and got red in the face, but he returned to the attack. "Did you use the whip much on him?"

"Never, sir."

"Went right along without it, eh?"

"Yes."

"He must have been a good sort of a brute!"

The widow sat down and cried. "The idea of your coming here and insulting me," she sobbed. "If my husband had lived, you would not have done it. Your remarks in reference to the poor dead man have been a series of insults, and I won't stand it."

He colored, and looked dembfounded.

"Ain't you Mrs. Blinkers?" at last he stammered, "and has not your gray horse just died?"

"No, no!" she cried. "I never owned a horse, but my husband died a week ago."

Ten minutes later that minister came out of that house with the reddest face ever seen on mortal man. "And to think," he groaned, as he strode home, "that I was talking horse to that woman all the time—and she was talking husband!"—*Chicago News.*

A Natural Lawyer.

A man dropped in on a Stockton lawyer the other day and wanted to borrow $10.

"Haven't got it," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the modest man, "can't you borrow it for me?"

"I might; but you must pay back that $5 you borrowed of me a year ago first."

He left. The next day he came again, and brought the $5.

"Thank you, thank you," smiled the member of the bar, pocketing the piece.

"That ain't the proper thing to say; 'thank you' is too tame."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"What should I say, then?"

"Why, you ought to say, 'Come on, old boy, let's go down an' have somethin'.'"

"Well, then, come on, old boy!"

They went down and had something, and the "old boy" called up all his friends. There was just $3.10 left out of the half eagle.

That afternoon the "old boy" dropped in on the lawyer again.

"How about that $10?" he asked.

"What $10?"

"Why that $10 you were going to lend me if I brought back the five. I've come to get it."

"Great Cæsar! Say, just sit down over there and go to studying law. I need a man just like you; I'm going to make you my partner."—*Stockton Mail.*

The Passenger Who Bought a Coat.

A passenger from Springfield was telling of his purchase of an overcoat from a Hebrew merchants on South Clark street. The price was $30.

"If dot goat doan't suit you, pring it pack right away, an' vell gif you your monish pack, subject to all fluctuations in the market. If de goat market goes up, you gets more monish as you paid vor him; if de goat market goes down, you lose de difference only, my dear, pesides havin' de use of de goat. Dot's de vay all peesiness vas done in Chicago, my friend."

On these terms the passenger from Springfield paid over his $30 and took the coat. Next day, having examined the garment more thoroughly, he concluded that he didn't want it, and so took it back.

"Vot! Dot goat not suit you?" exclaimed the merchant. "Vell, ve take him back. Isaac, put dot goat on de shelluf, an' gif de shendleman six tollars."

"But I paid you $30 for the coat, and want my money back."

"So, my friend, but goats half gone down last night. I guess it vos de war news from Europe. Goats are down, an' we half marked our whole stock at gost. Isaac, six dollars for de shentlemans. You only lose de difference, my dear, an' you had de goat all night. Dot's de vay peesiness vos done in Chicago."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Story From the Deacon.

"Talking about the sudden changes of the weather," said a man from Southern Nebraska, "let me tell you of an experience we had last fall. At Milford, Seward county, where I live, we'd been havin' a religious revival, an' I was one of the leadin' spirits in the work, if I do say it myself. We got about twenty converts, and set a day long toward the last of October for a grand baptizin' in the Big Blue river. It came off accordin' to programme, but just as Elder Smith ducked the Widder Snell—she weighed about two hundred—I'm an unrepentant sinner if the weather didn't turn cold that very minute, and froze so much ice on the surface of the water that the deacon couldn't lift her out till we got an ax an' chopped the ice away."—*Chicago Herald.*

Meant What He Said.

Gallant—He (insinuatingly)—This pattern will suit your complexion exactly, madam.

She (anxiously)—Will it wrinkle?

He (injuredly)—I said it would suit your complexion, my dear madam.—*Tid Bits.*

THE COUNTRY DRUG STORE.

How the Young Clerk Lightens the Tedium of Business.

The young drug clerk is alone. His employer has gone to the city to buy stock. There has not been a customer in the store for more than an hour. The drug clerk feels lonesome. He gazes pensively out at the deserted village street, and muses upon the vanity of all things here below. An open book lies upon the counter before him. It is "Daniel Deronda." Somebody has advised the drug clerk to read it, and he has been trying to do so. But he don't like it. He is disappointed, for he began it under the impression that it was a detective story. It makes him sleepy.

The drug clerk is a thing of beauty, and is calculated to be a joy forever. He wears a check suit, a blue scarf with a large pin representing a mortar and pestle (suggestive of his devotion to business), and a very high collar. His natural attractions are further enhanced by a large amethyst ring upon the little finger of his right hand, and a blonde bang, which long and careful training has reduced to a state of complete subjection.

But see! the expression of gloom upon his features gives place to a sunny smile. He sees a maiden coming up the village street, and he knows that the chances are very large that she will not be able to get past the door. He pulls down his cuffs, and assumes what he believes to be an attitude of unstudied grace. The door opens, she enters, and the following dialogue ensues:

She—All alone, Cy?

He—Why! good afternoon, Addie. Yes, things are rather quiet. Hain't seen you for an age.

She—You saw me at church last Sunday.

He (with a killing glance)—Well, three days away from you seem an age.

She—Cy Whittaker, you're getting worse and worse!

He—I know I am. Guess you'll have to undertake my cure. Hey? (Brief intermission for giggling).

She—What are you reading? "Daniel Deronda." Do you like it?

He (guardedly)—Do you?

She—I think it's perfectly splendid. Don't you?

He (promptly)—Perfectly magnificent! Going to the Methodist tea-party to-morrow night?

She (with scorn)—Me? No, sir; I don't mix with that set.

He—Kinder severe, ain't you, Addie? Some nice folks down to the Methodist church.

She—Oh, yes, I s'pose there are—the Griswold girls, for instance. I heard it said yesterday that the Griswolds must be a mighty unhealthy family—judging from the number of times a week those girls visit this store.

He (slightly hysterical)—He! he! he! Now, that amuses me. Who said it?

She—I shan't tell you.

He—Yes, do!

She—I won't.

He—Well, I know who it was; it was that Higgins girl.

She—Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't.

He (insinuatingly)—This ain't the first time that that girl has tried to make trouble between you and me. But she can't influence me. And as for the Griswold girls, you can judge how much I care for them, when I tell you that though they were round here this morning, urging me to go to the tea-party, what you have said has decided me not to attend it. (Assumes an expression of tenderness.)

She—I am sure it is a matter of indifference to me whether you go or not.

He—(ignoring the remark)—I think I shall take in the concert at the Presbyterian church—that is, if I can get any one to go with me.

She (unbending slightly)—You seem in such demand that there ought not to be any difficulty about that.

He—Well, I'm a little particular about my company. But if you would accompany me—

She—Oh, Cy! Fanny Berry will be there; and what would she say? She'd be just wild!

He (with dignity)—Miss Berry's opinions are a matter of perfect indifference to me.

She—Well, I'll go, Cy, and I'll wear my plum-colored silk; and you be sure to call for me very early, and—oh, my goodness!

He—Why, what's the matter, Addie?

She (in great agitation)—I forgot all about it! Grandma has got one of her fits—a dreadful one, this time—and ma sent me round here to get the old prescription put up (produces bottle); and I forgot all about it, and poor grandma may be dead by this time. Do hurry and get the stuff ready, Cy!

The young man prepares the prescription in about 30 seconds, and hurries his visitor off feigning great solicitude for the neglected invalid. And as Addie disappears round the corner, he murmurs:

"Just in time! In another minute Susie Griswold would have been here."

Then he wipes his brow with his silk handkerchief, and adorns his features in one of his most fascinating smiles, as he turns to welcome Susie Griswold, who enters and greets the conqueror of all hearts with an ill-assumed air of indifference.

So runs the world away.—*Tid-Bits.*

THE OLD FOGY

Tells of a Conversation Between a Young Couple on a Car.

I am very much of an old fogy. I long for young men and maidens of the Puritan stamp. But, as one of my pert young nephews says, I guess I can "take it out in longing." Often, when I am expatiating on boys and girls of the by-gone days, this same nephew brings me up short with a "Whacher givin' us?" that makes my blood run cold.

I fancy I hear Miles Standish talking that way to his uncle. I fancy I see Miles and Priscilla seated on a Boston horse-car conducting themselves in the following pleasing manner:

They sat opposite me on the car. He was a dapper youth, faultless as to linen and the fit of his clothes. She was a sweet-faced, innocent-looking girl, with a black and yellow toboggan cap on a wildly banged head of hair. He began by saying:

"I made a new mash at the toboggan last night."

"Yes, you did—in a horn," was the staid and demure reply.

"Bet your life I did," he says.

"Bet you didn't."

"Well, I did that, and, I tell you she's a daisy, too."

"Oh, give us a rest."

"Well, it's a fact all the same. Who was that lah-de-dah you were with?"

"'Lah-de-dah,' indeed! He was my very best young man, and, I tell you, he's a dandy chap."

"Yaas, he is."

"He is *that*, and don't you forget it. My heart's smashed all to flinders."

"Yes, you look that way. Next thing we know you'll be wed, won't you?"

"Not that anybody knows. The man don't walk the earth that I'd tie to."

"Oh, *git* out! I've heard that kind of talk before."

"Git out yourself, smarty! Oh, say—you know that dude of a Harry St. Clair, don't you?"

"Well, I should smile."

"Well, Tilly Barton is said to be dead gone on him."

"No?"

"Yes."

"Pshaw!"

"Did you ever?"

"No, I never."

"He's no good."

"He's a dandy, he is."

"Yaas, he is," said this Miles Standish of 1886, with elaborate courtesy."

"Oh, you——" exclaimed Priscilla.

But I got up and left the car, longing more than ever for a return of the grand old days when maidens were modest and men manly.

Didn't Need a Thermometer.

"Must be pretty cold out your way," he observed to a farmer who had just come into market with his whiskers full of frost.

"Yes, tolerable."

"What did your thermometer register?"

"I hain't got none."

"I should think you would want to know how cold it was."

"No, I don't keer much. I kin allus tell by touching my tongue to the axe whether it's last summer or this winter."

Not that Kind of Ahead.

"Young man," he said in solemn tones, "don't you know that if you persist in drinking you will never get ahead in this world?"

"Won't get ahead?" repeated the young man. "Why, my dear sir, your ignorance surprises me. I'll have a head on me to-morrow morning as big as a barrel."

Miscellany.

THE SUN'S HEAT.

It Will Last 10,000,000 Years as It Is Now.

A brilliant audience filled the theater of the Royal Institution last night (January 21) while Prof. Sir William Thomson expounded the latest dynamical theories regarding the "probable origin, total amount, and possible duration of the sun's heat." During the short 3,000 years or more of which man possesses historic records there was, the learned physicist showed, no trace of variation in solar energy; and there was no distinct evidence of it even, though the earth, as a whole, from being nearer the sun, received in January 6½ per cent. more heat than in January.

But in the million of years which geology carried us back, it might safely be said there must have been great changes. How had the solar fires been maintained during those ages? The scientific answer to this question was the theory of Helmholtz that the sun was a vast globe gradually cooling, but as it cooled shrinking, and that the shrinkage—which was the effect of gravity upon its mass—kept up its temperature. The total of the sun's heat was equal to that which would be required to keep up 476,000 millions of millions of millions of horse power, or about 78,000 horse power for every square meter—a little more than a square yard—and yet the modern dynamical theory of heat shows that the sun's masss would require only to fall in or contract 35 meters per annum to keep up that tremendous energy. At this rate the solar radius in 2,000 years' time would be about one-hundredth per cent. less than at present.

A time would come when the temperature would fall, and it was thus inconceivable that the sun would continue to emit heat sufficient to sustain existing life on the globe for more than 10,000,000 years. Applying the same principles retrospectively, they could not suppose that the sun had existed for more than 20,000,000 years—no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the clash of worlds pre-existing, or of diffused nebulous matter. There was a great clinging by geologists and biologists to vastly longer periods, but the physicist treating it as a dynamic question with calculable elements, could come to no other conclusion materially different from what he had stated.

Sir William Thompson declined to discuss any chemical source of heat, which, whatever its effect when primeval elements first came into contact, was absolutely insignificant compared with the effects of gravity after globes like the sun and the earth had been formed. In all these speculations they were in the end driven to the ultimate elements of matter—to the question—when they thought what became of all the sun's heat—what is the luminiferous ether that fills space, and to that most wonderful form of force upon which Faraday spent so much of the thought of his later years, gravity.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

The Story of Morgan's Disappearance Told by a Noted Mason.

So much has been said from time to time in relation to the Morgan affair of 1826, that I have been induced to give particular attention to the affair. Half a century ago most of the men connected with the affair were alive and willingly gave me their statement of the facts. Some time in 1824 a man calling himself William Morgan, a stonemason, came from Canada to Rochester, N. Y., and settled there. He was a disreputable, worthless fellow, but smart and forward. He brought with him what purported to be a Masonic diploma, and he succeeded by its aid in visiting the lodge there. A few months later he began to travel among the lodges of Western New York, and in 1826, removed to Batavia. Here he was detected as an impostor and publicly exposed. This so exasperated him that he announced his purpose of publishing an expose of the secrets of Freemasonry, and actually began, in company with one Miller, a printer, to prepare such a work. Some of the more thoughtless Masons threatened him with grievous penalties if he did not desist, and the public gave credence to the idea that he was in peril of his life. Gov. DeWitt Clinton, who had long been grand master, concerned for the honor of Masonry, took the lead in raising money to induce Morgan to go back to Canada. A committee of most respectable gentleman took the matter in hand at Clinton's request, and on September 10, 1826, Morgan started for Canada, where he had promised to settle down near Hamilton, and his family were to be sent him. But free, and with money in his pocket, he pressed on to Montreal and all trace of him was lost. He may have been murdered for his money by the roughs with whom he associated, or, which to me is more probable, he may have shipped before the mast on a European bound vessel. At any rate he absolutely disappeared faom the pages of history.—*Robert Morris in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Hot Water as a Medicine.

In drinking hot water, it should be sipped, and not drunk so fast as to distend the stomach and make it feel uncomfortable. From 15 to 30 minutes may be consumed in sipping the hot water. A period of six months is generally required to wash out the liver and intestines thoroughly. Not more than half a pint of hot water should be drunk with the meals. To make the beverage palatable, or to medicate it, aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover blossom, ginger, lemon juice, sage, salt or sulphate of magnesia are sometimes added. Where there is an intense thirst or dryness, a pinch of chloride of calcium or of nitrate of potash may be added to allay the thirst and leave a moistened film over the parched and dry mucous surface. When there is diarrhoea, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be boiled in the hot water, and the quantity lessened. For constipation, a teaspoonful sulphate of magnesia, or half teaspoonful of taraxacum, may be used in hot water. Inebriety has a deadly foe in this use of hot water. All thirst and dry mucous membrane disappear in a few days and a moist condition of the mucous membrane and skin takes place. The relaxing influence of the heat inside the alimentary canal relieves spasm and colic of the bowels, just as heat outside the abdomen relieves. Hot water dilutes the ropy secretions of the whole body, and renders them less adhesive and tenacious. It dissolves the abnormal crystalline substances that may be in the blood and urine. It washes out the stomach and leaves it fresh and clean for eating. It promotes elimination everywhere. As we are 75 per cent. water, to keep from stagnation we need continual renewal. The universal use of hot beverages at meal time is based on a physiological necessity. If hot water in due quantities is taken between meals there will be but little use of taking water at meals.

The Hired Girl's Awkward Predicament.

The other morning in a barn near Norristown, Pa., the hired man and two of the farmer's son, were competing arduously with each other on the barn floor to ascertain who could put one of his heels around his neck. The boys said they had seen a man in a circus put both of his heels around his neck at once. Strange, indeed, if they could not get one around. So they heaved and strained, and the hired man heaved and strained to accomplish the feat. Little did they know that the hired girl was watching the performance with breathless interest through a knot hole in the barn. A few hours later the hired girl was missing. After yelling for her a dozen times with no response a search was instituted. She was not in the house, neither was she at the barn. The searching party repaired to the milk house. There was the girl prostrate on the floor, with both heels around her neck, and utterly unable to get them loose. She said she would have died before calling for help.

She Knew the Word.

At 10 o'clock in the evening Clugston promptly put on his hat and overcoat and said he must be going. "What's the matter, Clugston?" said one of the members of the club; "we've only broken three bottles; say 'chrysanthemum.'" "Chrysanthemum," replied Clugston, easily. "You're all right for an hour yet." "No, no," said Clugston, sadly, "I can say that word after the sixth bottle, but my wife floored me last night with 'monarchial.' She'll be waiting for me to-night with 'statistician,' or 'inexplicable,' or some other horrible word that I haven't been practicing on. Good night, boys." And Mr. Clugston went out with an anxious and preoccupied look on his face.

BLUE BLOOD.

How Whisky will Thin and Debase It—Tale of Man's Selfishness and Woman's Wrongs.

Cincinnati Telegram.

"Yes, we see many different kinds of people in our business," said a landlady of a large boarding house in the central part of the city; "and have to be continually on the watch, to keep from being imposed upon, even by those of the most respectable appearance. With people who begin by talking of their respectability and blue blood it is always best to suspend judgment and allow circumstances to develope their character.

"Now, two winters ago," she continued, "I had a gentleman come here who told me his name was H——l, and said he came from Indianapolis; but it terminated that he came from Louisville. He said his wife would be here in a few days, and he wanted a suite of rooms. He got the rooms and the lady came. They kept the rooms for a few days, but they were too expensive, and they took just one room. They were not long here till it was plain that the lady would have to be cared for, and I gave him to understand she never could have any baby here. He went to a woman, to see if he could not have his wife go to her house; but she wouldn't take her for less than $100 or $200. I said, 'You can get her in the hospital.' So he took her to the hospital, and put her in a charitable ward, though he had $3,000 in money, diamonds, jewelry and a lot of nice things.

"After she went to the hospital he took to drinking. She was taken down with typhoid fever, and when she was likely to die he loved her to death. He kept on saying she was going to die, and he was going to drink himself to death. He thought if she did die it would all come out on him. She lay in the hospital with typhoid fever all of three months.

"There were two young men in the house—B. and C. They were his nurses that winter. They would bring whisky into him. They lived high, too, off him. He would set up fine dinners and order wine and cigars. He bought him a guitar that cost him $25, though he could neither sing nor play.

"I had him shut up two weeks. I took away his clothes so he couldn't go out. I saw he still got drunk; but he said the whisky was just getting out of him. One day when I went to 'red-up' the room I found two empty bottles under the carpet in a corner, and found a lot more in the wardrobe. He pawned several articles, and B. and C. were going for whisky for him and helping him drink it, while I was feeding him the best diet and trying to straighten him up.

"He spent $40 or $50 just that way. Finally B. and C. got jealous of each other and gave their game away.

"His drunk was kept up all winter. While she was at the hospital he got crazy drunk, and I put him there, too, at an expense to him of $15 a week, while she was in a charitable ward.

"I started with him to the hospital, and he stopped in four saloons and spent five dollars. He was there, I believe, two weeks. I went up to this charitable ward where she was and saw her. She was very nice and comfortable. I told her he was in the hospital, and she smiled and laughed over that.

"She worried because he never went to see her. She said when he went on drinking he would spend every cent he had. I said he would soon run out of money with the gang he was going with. He left his money everywhere. When he was drinking he'd take out a great roll of money and throw it round.

"He was drunker when he came out of the hospital than when he went in; and declared he could get all the whisky he liked by paying for it. He had several parties with whom he left money and jewelry, till they could not be bothered with him. He had $800 thus deposited with some one, and he lost that and never did find it. He said he got a receipt for the money from some saloon, and he lost the receipt. So he got busted up in a hurry. He came here along in November, and I believe it was toward the last of March he went away busted.

"He always boasted of his Southern blood. I told him it did'nt show for much if that was what caused him to put his wife into a charitable ward in the hospital. He always wanted to pay the servants for every little thing they did for him. He was a fine-looking man, and when he wasn't drinking he was very quiet and reserved.

"One day when I was away from home she came here with her baby. It hadn't been nursed. When I got home I went out and got a nursing-bottle and fed it. Then I went for him. He had now got other quarters at the Madison House. He came up that night drunk. He raved round for a nurse. He couldn't keep out of the room. The baby was cross, and along in the night he wanted a doctor. I told him there was nothing serious the matter, and finally got him quieted down and induced to go to bed.

"Next morning it came on 11 o'clock and she had nothing to eat. I said she should have breakfast, if only a cup of coffee and bread. She meekly said that was all she wanted. He went out and brought in a boy with the coffee and bread; but I made him go back and get a full breakfast. He went away to get the baby some clothes he said he had down at the hotel, but he never showed up. I got a hack and took her and the baby down to the hotel. On the way down I found out that they weren't married, and that his name was H——n, and hers H——t, and that she was from Louisville and he was from Nashville.

"When we got to the hotel and found him he didn't want to have anything to do with her. He whispered to her and tried to coax her to go to a boarding house. I spoke to him pretty plainly, and he said 'don't talk so loud.' I told him I would not only talk loud, but tell the whole story, if he didn't do right. He brought in a hack driver and tried to get him to help the poor girl to a boarding house, but I wouldn't allow it. I just told her to leave it to me, and she did as I said. Finally he led her up-stairs to a room, and I left him.

"She stayed at the hotel two weeks. In that time she got me to coax him to marry her. He had spent all his money, and she wouldn't go home till they were married. I got him to come up here, went with him and got a license; and then got 'Squire Anthony, and he performed the ceremony. Then they soaked her baggage and left on the boat for Louisville.

"I have learned since that his father went insane and died in Florida. They were a prominent family and very influential people in Tennessee. I did hear he was in Louisville yet, and living off his mother-in-law."

Paper Collars and Cuffs.

"Paper collars and cuffs are becoming popular again," said a Fulton street haberdasher to an *Eagle* reporter. "In la' years is was considered vulgar to wear them, but now they are affected by all classes of society. I have many wealthy customers who will wear nothing else. They are mostly elderly gentlemen who have been educated to the idea from boyhood and are loth to discard the style of linen worn by their daddies. Paper collars have the best sale in the rural districts. Farmers, if they wear collars at all, affect paper ones. A linen collar is almost unknown in some parts of the country, particularly in the west. Of late I have noticed that many young and dressy men wear paper-linen, and more especially in warm weather. Paper collars come cheap. Some brands are worth more than others. An excellent quality can be bought for 25 cents a box, which contains ten collars. Cuffs cost the same for a box containing five pairs. In hot weather paper collars are luxuries to men who perspire freely. They can be changed as often as desired, and are comparatively cheap, when it is taken into consideration that a box can be purchased at about the same price as would be paid for one linen collar. But few men can tell a paper collar at a glance. Some brands make nearly as good an appearance as linen. Celluloid collars and cuffs are now seldom worn. Some years ago they were very popular, but only in hot weather. False, or paper bosoms have also almost wholly disappeared."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Fatal Ace.

Indian papers tell the story of a shocking tragedy at Raniket, in which the ace of spades figures. A detachment of British soldiers made up their minds to murder an unpopular sergeant. They met and dealt round a pack of cards—he to whom the ace of spades should fall to do the deed. The ace fell to a young soldier, who, taking up the rifle, shot the sergeant dead as the latter entered the room where the soldiers were assembled. The murderer has been sentenced to death. The ace of spades has been so used before, and the expression "black as the ace of spades" has a double significance.

Recent Literature.

"The Poems of Sir John Suckling," edited by Frederick A. Stokes, and issued by White, Stokes & Allen, New York, is a very neat and tasteful volume which will be exceedingly welcome to the lovers of this old English poet. Graceful in form and witty in matter, these poems have always had a strong fascination, but the scarcity or high price of the various editions have prevented them from becoming accessible to the general reader. As a writer of light lyrical verse Sir John Suckling stands exceedingly high, and perhaps none have fairly equalled him. Some of it is too coarse for admission into a volume for general reading, but that was the result of the moral atmosphere of those licentious times. One of the most quaint and delicious things in the volume is "A Ballad Upon a Wedding," in which the following description of the bride is given:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Another notable book from the same house is "An Outline History of Architecture for Beginners and Students," by Clara Erskine Clement, already known to the public by her books upon "Painting," "Sculpture," etc., which have been very popular. The present volume gives a great deal of interesting information in a nut-shell regarding architecture. Most of the wonderful buildings of the ancients are described in the most delightful, although concise manner, and it also includes some of those of more modern times. The book is well illustrated, printed on fine paper, and, altogether, shows the fine workmanship for which the publishing house of White, Stokes & Allen is noted.

Another of their publications, in a dainty paper cover is "Lyrical Poems of Tennyson," selected and annotrated by Francis Y. Palgrave, which will be found to be a pretty edition for the admirers of Tennyson to keep upon their writing desks or library tables.

The Blade takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt from Messrs. F. V. White & Co., 31 Southampton street, Strand, London, a new novel, "Between Man and Wife," by Mrs. E. M. Davy, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mrs. Davy is one of the best of the modern short story writers, and for a number of years has contributed to the leading English magazines tales and sketches whose originality of plot and graceful diction have won for them the highest praise. Her new novel is even better than her magazine stories. It is out of the beaten paths of this class of literature, has a well-laid plot, and is replete with incidents, new and original, that claim the interest of the reader from first to last. The characters are drawn with rare grace and fidelity to nature, and the little drama they play is smoothly constructed, and just full enough of clever situations to make it thoroughly enjoyable throughout. It is safe to say that "Between Man and Wife" will prove an instant and lasting success.

G. P. Putnam Sons, New York, issue in their "Story of the Nations" that of the "Norman," in relation chiefly to their conquest of England, by Sarah Orme Jewett. This writer is too well known by the reading public for the latter to need to be told that the subject is presented in a most delightful way, while at the same time following historical lines in a most careful manner. The book is illustrated and has necessary maps, etc., for its clear understanding.

The second volume of Ben: Perley Poore's "Reminiscences of Sixty Years of the National Metropolis" has been issued by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, and will be warmly welcomed by the many delighted readers of the first one. Events are brought down to the immediate present, the historical part closing with the marriage of Pres. Cleveland. Of course it includes all of the exciting events of the war, the assassination of Lincoln and later on of Garfield, and describes in a lively, though necessarily concise manner, many interesting occurrences which always attract readers who desire information and amusement combined. A feature of the book which is pleasant is the variety of fac simile autographs of the great men of the nation that are scattered through the book. The illustrations are numerous and very good. The two volumes should find a place in every library.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, comes "Life of Thomas Hart Benton, by Theodore Roosevelt. This forms one of the series of "American Statesmen," edited by John T. Morse, jr. The subject of this book is intimately connected with the political life of the country, especially with that part of it relating to slavery. The present volume gives a very clear statement of Mr. Benton's connection with all of the leading events of his day, and it makes very interesting reading for those who desire a record of the past and of the actors in the drama.

"A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" by Bret Harte, comes from the same house. The volume contains two stories, "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready," and "Devil's Ford." All that is necessary to say of it is, that it is by Bret Harte. It is Bret Harte all the way through, and neither is better or worse than his first book he wrote or the last. It has been prophesied by the critics these twenty years of Harte that he would very soon work out the "Wild West" vein, that his miners, gamblers, stage drivers, school-mistresses and so forth would weary the public, but somehow they have been disappointed. He has just as firm a hold upon the public as ever he had, and his books are just as entertaining and as eagerly sought for as ever. This volume is in no way different from its predecessors. It grips the attention of the reader at the beginning, and the grip holds to the end. Like all of the Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s publications, it is faultless in paper, printing and binding.

"The Golden Justice," by William Henry Bishop, is a novel also published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The scene of the opening part of the story is laid at Keewaydin, a city on the shores of Lake Michigan, and the chapter describes a tragedy which thereafter affects the life of one of the principal characters whose handiwork was the unknown cause of the whole terrible trouble. His struggles to make confession, his final suppression of the truth, and the succeeding events in his life and those connected with him, all hinging upon the one act of sudden and unpremeditated evil, are all skilfully detailed and hold the reader to the end.

In the "No Name Series" issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston, comes "A Question of Identity," a pretty story with a fresh, unhackneyed plot, that is not perhaps used as strongly as it might have been, but is yet fairly developed. The story turns upon the strong resemblance existing between two twin sisters, which caused various degrees of trouble and confusion among those who were nearly connected with their lives. It is pleasant reading.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, send "Common Sense Science," by Grant Allen, who is known as one of the brightest and most interesting of writers on natural history topics and also upon what may be called everyday science. In the volume before us we have 28 chapters upon as many different subjects, none of them exhaustively treated, to be sure, but all of them suggestive, and calculated to awaken interest and induce further investigation. The papers include the following subjects: "The Balance of Nature;" "Instinct and Reasoning;" "The Origin of Bowing;" "The Earth's Interior;" "Knowledge and Opinion;" "Second Nature;" "Self-Consciousness;" "Sleep," etc. The volume is bound in library form, with gilt top and rough edges.

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man," by Octave Feuillet," is a French story, translated by Henry Hager, and published by William S. Gottsberger, New York. The story purports to be told by the young man himself, who is left penniless by the extravagance of his father, who had been constantly living beyond his income. It is a very well told story.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston, comes "Carving and Serving," by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, who is known as the author of the very popular "Boston Cook Book." Person who find a difficulty in handling the carving-knife and fork effectively, and to whom the process of serving is a dread, will do well to get this little book and study its pages carefully. They will learn much that will materially assist them in their tasks. Price 60 cents.

Literary Notes.

Paul Heyse has written a novel which he entitles "Der Roman der Stiftsdame."

The first number of the *Classical Review*, (London), will be published on the first of March.

"The Great Silver River" is the title chosen by Sir Horace Rumbold for his forthcoming volume, descriptive of life on the Rio Plata.

The real name of the popular novelist, Edna Lyall, is stated to be Ada Ellen Bayly. She has in press a new story entitled "The Knight Errant."

Abbe Liszt assigned to the Princess Sayn-Wittgenskin, his "universal heir" as he called her, the examination and publication of his writings.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. announce a series of "Imperial White Books," to be a species of digest of the Blue Books. A volume will be issued quarterly.

Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo, announce for early publication, a new book by the Rev. L. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," entitled "Tactics of Infidels."

Gen. G. C. Andrews, formerly U. S. Consul-General at Rio, has written a book which the Appletons will publish, entitled "Brazil; its Condition and Prospects."

The new *Scribner's Magazine* has taken very well in England—much better, it is said, than the new *Murray's*, which latter seems to have nothing special about it.

Charles A. Bates, Indianapolis, has now ready "Little Speeches for Little People," a new collection of fresh, bright recitations for children, said to be exceptionally good.

It is announced that Miss Laura B. March, who with her father edits the Durango, Cal., *Herald*, has taken the $500 prize for a story in the *Youth's Companion*.

Lee & Shepard announce in press "Synonyms Discriminated," by Richard Whateley, archbishop of Dublin, a new edition to be issued in their popular *Handbook Series*.

In *American Field* of January 22 a series of articles were commenced on "Hunting in Africa" by Prof. J. W. Edwards, and also one upon "Alaska," written by Lieut. Schwatka, both well worth reading.

The life of Capt. Mayne Reid, by Mr. Charles Ollivant, is about finished, and will be published at an early date. Mr. Ollivant was for a considerable period the private secretary of the novelist.

Mr. Dawson, formerly librarian of the Senate at Washington, and an intimate friend of the late John A. Logan, is writing a life of the general. He receives assistance from Mrs. Logan. The book will be published in Chicago.

Mr. O. B. Bunce, the literary adviser of the Appletons, states that "Charles Egbert Craddock" was a contributor to *Appleton's Journal* before 1886. So it seems that Miss Murfree was writing for more than ten years before she won any wide recognition.

It is said in New Orleans that the author of "Towards the Gulf," recently issued by Harper & Bros., is Mrs. Alice Morris Buckner, widow of Capt. Richard L. Buckner, a recently deceased cotton merchant of that city. She has another volume nearly ready for the press.

The March number of *Scribner's Magazine* is to have a story by Joel Chandler Harris, "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," which is said to be in a new vein. Mr. Harris, by the way, has adopted a quill, having found metal pens to cause an unpleasant numbness in his wrist and arm.

It is reported that the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent" is none other than Mrs. Kirk, the accomplished wife of the former editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, who, under the name of E. W. Olney, published, with the Lippincott's, the two fine stories, "Love in Idleness" and "Through Winding Ways."

The New Orleans *Picayune* is of opinion that it was under the "encouragement of the masses in the South that the remarkable school of humor which, under the subsequent treatment of Artemus Ward, Nasby, and others at the North, has grown so popular, was originated and developed," and reminds its readers that "Sut Lovengood," in the person of the late Judge Harris, of Knoxville, Tenn., was the father of "Uncle Remus," Joel Chandler Harris.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new serial, "Paul Patoff," which is now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is being translated into French, and will appear simultaneously in in the *Nouvelle Revue*. Several of Mr. Crawford's books have been translated into French, and "Mr. Isaacs" has a place upon the list of works of which a copy is sent to every municipal library in Paris; but none of his books have been hitherto published serially there.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a large record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. It will be mailed free to any applicant.

Secretary Endicott's Latest Frill.

Sec. Endicott has got a new frill. He was not satisfied with sitting behind double-guarded doors at the War department and making every person who called confess to his usher what his business was before admitting them, but he now spends most of his time at his residence to avoid the crowd. The friends of the secretary—and they have been reduced to very small numbers—explain that he is not accustomed to interruptions when he is at work, and it annoys him very much to have a member of Congress or a Senator break in upon him with some matter that is not the subject of his thoughts. Therefore he has been compelled to take his work to his house, and comes to the department but once a day to sign his mail. His chief clerk has to take a large bag of documents to the residence of the secretary every day in a government carriage because the mountain will not come to Mahomet.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Be Careful of Your Signature.

A gentleman of wealth, while practising penmanship one day, wrote his name upon a blank slip of paper and allowed it to lie on his desk. It attracted the attention of a neighbor, who, for a joke, filled the space above the signature in the form of a promissory note, and a few days afterward the joking neighbor presented the paper, with an offer to allow considerable discount if the apparent drawer would cash it at the time. The gentleman perceived the joke, and the holder of the document, placing it in his pocket, departed, and nothing more was said about it. Subsequently the holder was stricken with paralysis and died, and his executors, finding the note, and having no knowledge of the joke attached to it, brought suit and recovered the sum for which it was drawn.—*Youth's Companion.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

He Mustn't Bet on the Mugwump Vote.

We have said all along that the Mugwump vote in Massachusetts is a minus quantity, algebraically speaking. That is to say, the Mugwump vote reduces the strength of the candidate who receives its support. Here, for instance, are the two equations of 1883 and 1886:

Democrat=150,228.
Democrat x Mugwump=112,883.
Therefore, as it is easy to see:
Mugwump=—37,345.

Under these conditions we do not understand how Mr. Andrew and the "Democrats of like tendencies" can possibly have satisfied Mr. Cleveland that the chances of a Mugwump-Democratic victory in Massachusetts this year are good: that is, if the President possesses even a rudimentary knowledge of algebra. We advise Mr. Cleveland not to build too high on the pleasing but delusive representations of Mr. John F. Andrew and other Massachusetts mugwumps.—*New York Sun.*

Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Sold only in boxes.

"DON'T YOU WORRY."

How Shrewd Business Men Have Solved a Great Problem.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men?" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.

We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combatting other schools of practice, it might be satisfactorily answered.

The fights of "isms" reminds us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes, that were only too happy when annihilating each other.

If Allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race, Homœpathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If Homœpathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race, Allopathy attacks it.

It is absurd that these schools should fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.

Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize, is recognized by the public, and this public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession, eventually compels it to recognize it.

Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men? A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich, "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about doing them." It seems to us that the public have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have been wrangling about it.

By a careful examination of the insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examinations. (and that no man can get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney disorder,) because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence, no reliable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.

This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination, because, unknown to himself, his kidneys were diseased. The shrewd agent, however, did not give up the case. He had an eye to business and to his commission, and said: "Don't you worry; you get a half dozen bottles of Warner's safe cure, take it according to directions, and in about a month come around, and we will have another examination. I know you will find yourself all right and will get your policy."

The editor expressed surprise at the agent's faith, but the latter replied: "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when the find a customer rejected for this cause, give similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance."

What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as well as other shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming, in the form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?

In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except upon a basis of truth; indeed, they are published under a guarantee of $5,000 to any one who will disprove their correctness, and this offer has been standing, we are told, for more than four years.

Undoubted by this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.

We have not space nor time to discuss the proposition that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit even if pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.

Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty that they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary, hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy, and money cannot take away.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

M. Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, now 101 years old, attends meetings of the French academy and takes an active share in the proceedings.

The latest wrinkle for lunchens in New York is to serve the soup in cups instead of plates, and the china stores are selling two-handled cups for the purpose.

At the next annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Saratoga Springs in June, Chauncey M. Depew will be the orator and Wallace Bruce the poet.

The Rev. Dr. J. R. Paxton is to deliver the address to the graduates at the commencement next month, of the medical department of the university of the city of New York.

The new county clerk of Deadwood has given the following notice, which is posted in his office: "Lady applicants for positions will please weep in the ante-room, as the clerk suffers from damp feet."

Mr. E. C. Hegeler, a millionaire of La Salle, Ill., is the founder of the new philosophical journal at Chicago, *The Open Court*. He has engaged Mr. B. F. Underwood, lately of *The Index*, of Boston, as editor.

Sergt. Smith, of Richmond, Va., has been fined $50 for permitting more persons to witness the execution of Cluverius than allowed by law. The disembodied spirit of C. is supposed to smile at the receipt of this news.

Sen. Stanford's enthusiasm over his plan for erecting a great university in California is said to have reached such a pitch that he contemplates resigning his seat in the Senate in order to devote his whole time to the project.

A German paper says that with a funnel thick manila paper about sixteen inches long and six inches wide at the mouth, the smaller end being put into the opening of a receiver, one may talk in whispers through the telephone.

Sen. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, is said to be glad that his Congressional career is so near an end. His health has been poor throughout it, and his attendance at the capital has been at the cost of comfort. He has written his successor a notably warm letter of congratulation.

Johnson Whittaker, the colored cadet who was charged some years ago with mutilating his own ears while at West Point, is now a member of a successful law firm in Charleston, S. C. He also does a little newspaper work and is doubtless glad that he escaped a military life.

Rev. Byron Sunderland, the President's pastor, is daily besieged by countless office-seekers. He says: "It does not avail me much to declare that I have no influence at the White House. I dare say my mail is as large as a Cabinet officer's, and the requests cover everything in the range of probabilities."

Among the tickets for 1888 spoken of in hotel lobbies and on the street are "Blaine and Foraker," "Hill and Holman," "Cleveland and Voorhees," "Sherman and Hiscock," "Hawley and Harrison," "Carlisle and Hewitt," "Blaine and Carr," "Carlisle and Waller," and many others of a less pertinent and less permanent character.—*N. Y. World.*

The Baltimore *Sun* says: "Mr. George H. Pendleton said yesterday that after a few days' longer stay in Washington, he would go home to Cincinnati for a visit of a week or two, and then return to his post at Berlin. This would seem to dispose of the story that he was recalled by the President with a view to putting him at the head of the treasury department."

Atty. Gen. Garland carries out his ideas of simplicity even in the matter of lunch. Instead of going to a swell restaurant he carries his lunch every day in a small gilded wicker basket. Recently, after a cabinet meeting which lasted to a late hour in the afternoon, a visitor to the department of justice caught the attorney general enjoying his simple meal.

Cyrus Cheney, a Litchfield (Conn.) farmer, is a tall, well-preserved man of 60, and a bachelor. He was a brother-in-law of the late Horace Greeley, and is very wealthy. Mr. Cheney has a good share of New York *Tribune* stock. He has made a large part of his fortune by buying run down Connecticut farms cheap, restoring them to a good condition and selling them off at a large advance.

When Alfred Tennyson was a promising young poet crowned with Oxford's academic laurels, he wooed his first cousin, the story of which wooing he afterward wove into beautiful verse and gave to the world, as "Locksley Hall." Another suitor, the wealthy heir to the earldom of Boyne, however, appeared on the scene and the fair Amy, afterward so liberally adjectived as "false and servile," became a peeress. Mr. Tennyson's wounds healed like those of many another lovesick swain, but the successful suitor was often satirized by the defeated poet.

Do you ask for a test of SOZODONT'S power,
Just talk to a lady for half an hour;
If her breath is sweet, if her teeth are white,
If her gums are clean, if her gums are bright,
If her mouth is pure and her teeth are clean,
She uses the SOZODONT, then, we ween.

Call Her Evictoria.

The chief function of her British Majesty's government in Ireland seems to be the eviction of poor peasants, and Queen Victoria has fairly earned the name of Evictoria.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copyof St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

"SPRINGFIELD MOUNTINGS."

The Various Versions of the Famous Old Yankee Poem.

Somebody asked through the Boston *Transcript* for a copy of the original "Elegy on a Young Man Bitten by a Rattlesnake," popularly called "Springfield Mountains," and that paper publishes the following replies from correspondents:

Elegy on the young man bitten by a rattlesnake:

"On Springfield mountains there did dwell
A likely youth who was knowne full well,
Lieutenant Mirick, onley sone;
A likely youth, nigh twenty-one.

One friday morning he did go
in to the medow and did moe
A round or two, then he did feal
A pisin sarpent at his heal.

When he received his dedly wond
he dropt his sithe upon the ground
And strate for home wase his intent,
Caling aloude stil as he went.

tho all around his voys was hered
but none of his friends to him apiered
they thot it was some workman calld,
and there poor Timothy alone must fall.

So soon his Carful father went
to seak his son with discontent,
and there his onley son he found
ded as a stone upon the ground.

And there he lay down sopose to rest,
with both his hands Acrost his brest,
his mouth and eyes Closed fast,
And there poor man he slept his last.

his father vieude his track with great consarn
Where he had ran across the corn,
uneven tracks where he did go
did appear to stagger to and frow

The seventh of August sixty-one
this fatal axsident was done,
Let this a warning be to all
to be Prepared when God does call."

This poem of Springfield, Wilbraham Mountains, has had a wide circulation in both manuscript and print, and can be found quoted in Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins's address at the centennial celebration of the town of Wilbraham in 1863. S. B. S.

There are several versions of this old song. One of them begins thus:

"In Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A love-ly youth I knew full well—
Leftenant Carter's only son,
A comly youth nigh twenty-one.

One morning ear-ly he did go
Down in the mead-ow for to mow;
He hadn't mowed three spears of grass
When he saw a pes-ky sarpint pass.

He turned about and then did feel
The pisen critter bit his heel.
"Oh! Sal-ly, Sal-ly, come and see
Where a pes-ky sar-pent has bit me.'"

That is all I remember, but I think it was sung by the Hutchinsons.—B.

Another version has the first stanza substantially like that of the last given. It then proceeds—

"One day this young man he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow;
He hadn't mowed half round the field
When a pizen sarpent bit his heel.

And when he felt the sarpent bite
He raised his scythe with all his might
And dealt it such a deadly blow
As quickly laid the sarpent low.

He took the sarpent in his hand
And straightway went to Molly Brand
Saying, "Molly Brand, 't is here you see
The pizen sarpent what bit me."

Now Molly had a rosy lip,
With which she did the pizen sip;
Now Molly had a rotten tooth,
And quickly pizened were they both.

They laid them down upon the bed
Where they both quickly di-i-ed.
Their bodies were all speckled o'er
With the colors that the sarpent bore.

When this young man gave up the ghost,
To Abraham's bosom he went post,
Crying out, as up he went,
"Oh, cruel, cruel Sa-ar-pent!"

Fifty or sixty years ago this version was popular as a burlesque song throughout New England. It was alwas sung with a chorus. The first line was given with a long peculiar drawl, and the second very rapidly, the chorus following every couplet. H. E. C.

LARGE OPERATIONS

To Be Entered Upon by the American Electric Manufacturing Co.

A New York dispatch in Boston *Globe*, of 15th said: Some of the most prominent business men and banking houses of this city are beginning to realize the great value of the American system of Electric lighting and the Gas and Electric Light Combination which have been so long and earnestly advocated by President Goff of the American Company, and are investing heavily in it.

A member of one of the most prominent banking houses in this city said to-day that he "had been investigating the business and plans of the American Company carefully, and although at first strongly prejudiced against it, had made up his mind there was more money in it than in any new business since the great boom in Bell Telephone."

The American Company have unquestionably got the inside track with the entire gas interest of the country, and are allying their interest with gas everywhere.

The American Company and several of its friends are investigating heavily in stock of several Gas Companies with the intention of combining the gas with electric light plants to be furnished by the American Company. One of these purchases has just been completed in the Saratoga Gas Company. The works will be immediately remodelled and enlarged with the American Electric Light added for lighting the streets. The Company will be under the supervision of Col. Wm. A. Stedman, Treasurer of the American Company. This is only a beginning of this work; there is a syndicate of capitalists here, representing several millions of dollars, which will hereafter work in close alliance with the American Company and Mr. Goff in all these combinations.

President Goff's success has been so marked here that he can now easily raise all the capital wanted for the consummation of any of these schemes.

The business of the American company has more than doubled during the past four months, and now an extensive foreign business is to be done. The "American International Electric Light company" was organized last week, among strong capitalists here. It is expected Hon. L. M. Bates, one of the most successful retired millionaire merchants in New York, will become President of the Company and devote considerable time to its affairs. Mr. W. W. Monroe, late Secretary of the Thomson-Houston Foreign Company, has left that Company, and connects himself with the new Company, which will have entire sale of the American system abroad.

The American Company have secured the entire second floor of the new Metropolitan Telephone building, on Courtlandt street, for their executive offices. The building is one of the finest in New York, and will be completed and ready for occupancy May 1st.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Why the Governor of Ohio Has No Veto Power.

While Ohio was yet a territory and Arthur St. Clair was its governor, his salary, which was a small one, was supplemented by a revenue derived from marriage licenses. The tax for that purpose was regarded as onerous and unjust by the people. When the territorial legislature assembled one year it was represented to Gov. St. Clair that there was considerable dissatisfaction among the people on account of the tax on marriage. He admitted the force of their representations, but said that the salary of his office was so meagre that he could hardly afford to lose his income from the licenses. The legislators replied that they would arrange the matter to his satisfaction. Two bills were introduced, passed and sent to the governor for his approval at the same time. One of them increased the governor's salary by a sum equal to the estimated yearly receipts from the tax on marriages, and the other repealed that tax. The frugal governor promptly approved the bill to increase his salary and vetoed the one which would deprive him of the fees for the issue of marriage licenses. This made such an impression on the people that when the constitution of 1802 was formed the governor was deprived of the veto power, and the provision has since remained.

Marvellous Little Moxie.

The Moxie craze is the latest, and it bids fair to last, as the physicians say it takes the place of stimulants and tonics, leaving no reaction. Consequently its place cannot be filled. The medical world, it is said, have been waiting for some one to discover its like, as stimulants are only a temporary relief, and are eventually as destructive to nerve force as overwork and exhaustion. Stimulants and medicines never cure nervousness or nervous exhaustion. It is said the Moxie does at once. Stops the appetite for liquors as well, satisfies the nervous system as well, at once, leaving only the best results.

Best Route to the East.

The Pennsylvania Line is the best route to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Pullman sleeper from Toledo at 9 p. m. daily, except Sundays.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

The reverse of the old saying that "there is no great loss without some small gain" is quite as true as the saying itself, as a little careful observation will show. The Salad server has been struck with this in the case of the invention of the sewing machine. That it is a great gain to the world of workers is certain, but one of the results has been the almost entire decay of the art of hand-sewing. Time was when the hemming upon a fine handkerchief or napkin was a thing of beauty and joy forever. The stitches were placed by a hand skilled in the work as evenly and smoothly as if printed there, and it was a matter of pride that they should be so. Beautiful hand-sewing was a not uncommon accomplishment, and to obtain it little girls were early trained in the first lessons. Now, however, machine sewing is so much the rule that the necessity for education in this direction is no longer felt, and the consequence is that the handsewing done by the younger people is a sorry affair.

This may seem an exaggeration but it is not. Not long since a professional woman desired to have some very handsome napkins which were to be a present to a friend hand-hemmed. Unable to command the time for the work herself, she gave them to a society, the members of which expressed their willingness thus to add to their funds. That they would be done neatly she had no manner of doubt, but alas, for the vanity of human expectations! To one accustomed to the old-time neat handiwork, the result seemed sorry enough. And yet, she said in speaking of it, that she had no doubt these young people did the best they could, for they had not been trained to sew. It seems a pity that the art should be so nearly lost, but perhaps there is compensation in the additional time thus afforded for intellectual acquirement, or in out-of-door excercise which gives greater physical vigor. The important question is as to whether it is used generally in either or both ways.

A good many sermons are preached about the folly of trying to keep up appearances when the effort involves a wear and tear almost beyond endurance. The application of the sermons depends upon just what is meant by "keeping up appearances." If it consists of living in a house and wearing clothes that cannot be paid for, of setting food upon the table the cost of which is far beyond the means, of giving entertainments for which somebody else must foot the bills, of appearing to be what one is not at the expense of others, and without their consent, then it is a wrong for which there is no excuse. It is worse than that: it is a shameless robbery. There is, however, another side to the matter of "keeping up appearances." When an air of cheerful prosperity is not assumed to deceive others in order to rob them, it is better to wear it, even though one is out at both heels and toes. Keep the holes out of sight, make the world believe you are doing well and it is ready to help you along in your prosperous way.

The truth which Ella Wheeler Wilcox put in the following lines, might as well be recognized by everybody first as last:

"The world is a queer old fellow;
As you journey along by his side
You had better conceal any trouble you feel
If you want to tickle his pride.
No matter how heavy your burden—
Don't tell him about it, pray;
He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder
And hurriedly walk away."

People do not like to be worried with troubles in which they have no immediate personal interest, and even the very best and most charitably disposed will grow weary with the continual striking of a single chord, though it drew forth a responsive thrill at first. It is better then, unless there is a business reason for frankness, to show a brave front to the world which smiles only upon success.

It is unfortunate, though, that at the very time help is most needed the world is often least ready to bestow it. No truer words were ever spoken than that nothing succeeds like success. When anybody is upon the high road to fortune, there is no lack of persons ready to give a helping push forward. Turned the other way, and they are too ready to pass by on the other side, and to believe that misfortune must have come from misdoing. This does not spring so much from unkindness or cruelty, but because it is far pleasanter to look upon bright things than dark ones, and from a disposition to escape responsibility when it can be done without too severe a strain upon the conscience. And yet the world is not so bad, if we can learn the philosophy of taking it as we find it, thankful for the good, fighting the bad when to fight is a possibility, and for the rest, letting it wag on as it will without losing appetite or sleep through its short comings.

—Architect Edmond Legendre, 419 Sutter street, Sao Francisco, Cal., states that having suffered for a long time with a severe cough, and failing to obtain any relief from doctors and the numerous preparations he took, he became alarmed. Tried Red Star Cough Cure, and one bottle entirely cured him.

ENGLISH FARM LANDS.

he Soil Will Not Now Bear the " hree Old Profits."

T. Bowick, of Harpenden, England, writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman*: "Which is to go—the landlord, the farmer, or the laborer? It is clear that land will not now bear Mr. Disraeli's famous 'three profits.' In many cases the landlord has in effect gone, or at least gets nothing for his land. This not in Ireland alone, but in the very best parts of England and Scotland. I question whether a good old-fashioned rent-roll, that totaled up its £60,000 in the sixth decade of the century, is in almost any case good for one-third of the amount. In thousands upon thousands of instances the farmer has gone—gone to the wall, without a hope to cheer the future—and, alas! many more good men and true to follow. And as the laborer, there are three typical English counties in South Midlands that have lessened their rural population by more than 10 per cent. in the last ten years. 'Then, surely, bottom has been touched at last.' This is by no means certain. When the Duke of this or the Earl of that is doling out a temporary abatement of 10 or 15 per cent. on the half year's rent it does not look like it. Let them face the facts and recognize that more trivial abatements have nothing to do with it—that a permanent reduction of 50 per cent. is much nearer the fair value of the land. Meantime time land goes out of cultivation, or is laid down to grass (after a fashion), while proverty of soil, with increase of weeds, means a disheartening future under any circumstances. The drop in prices of general farm produce is of a unique character, though there are slight signs of an amendment now."

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Ben. Butler's Kindness.

It is very well remembered that Mumford was hanged in New Orleans in 1862, by Gen. Butler's orders, for hauling down the flag on the United States mint, but there is a sequel to that historical fact that has never been published. A few years after the war, Gen. Butler was a member of Congress, and learned that Mrs. Mumford was in a small Virginia town, with her children, in an almost destitute condition. A week after that Mrs. Mumford was appointed to a clerkship in the interior department. She had no idea where the influence came from that put her in the position, and could not learn. It enabled her to live comfortably and educate her children.

With the first change of administration she lost her place, and was in great distress. Again the unknown influence came to her aid, and she was given another place and her salary increased. A year or two afterward, by accident, she found out who had been her unknown friend. When she found that he was the man she had always considered the wonton murderer of her husband, she had a terrible struggle with herself, but at last, sought Gen. Butler to thank him. It is said the scene between them was a most moving and pathetic one.—*Col. Fred Mussey.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

On the Skirmish Line.

We are indebted to J. S. Coffman for the New York *Tribune's* verses on brave Gen. Lyon published shortly after his death. Mr. Coffman desires someone of Gen. Lyon's regiment to write a short history of the battle.

William Brower, Sherman, Wy. Ter., asks J. J. Howsman if he remembers of Col. McNulta calling for 50 volunteers to take a pit; of a piece of shell killing a man in Co. A, of the 94th Ill., by the name of Slagle from Bloomington; of the storming of Blakely, Ala., in the night; of the bombarding of Ft. Morgan, Ala. He regards it as a great favor which the Blade is conferring upon the old soldiers in thus furnishing a medium through which they can talk over the old times.

H. G. Miller, of Russellville, Tenn., writes as follows: "I like the Camp Fire, and especially the war songs. I am a member of the B. T. L. I have read the Blade two years, and I think it is the best paper in America. I would like to tell an interesting story of my father's capture and imprisonment at Madison, Ga., by the Rebs while attempting to make his escape to Kentucky, and also the shooting of Jim Lane, a Union pilot, which my father witnessed. But as this is my first, I must make it brief. I am a Republican and Prohibitionist from the head down to the toe."

W. P. Debevoise, Co. E, 135th O. V. I., of Newark, contributes a very interesting account of the flood at Andersonville, which he says occurred in August, 1864. The account, we believe, has been published in substance before.

G. W. Gaudy, of Co. F, 30th Ia., does not understand why there should be a distinction between private soldiers and commissioned officers in the granting of pensions. Perhaps in many cases there should be none, or rather, perhaps, there are many commissioned officers who deserve no larger pensions than private soldiers. But, as a rule, an officer is considered to be of greater value than a private soldier in war, and for that reason he is entitled to greater remuneration for disability.

A. F. Paden, Co. D, 55th Ill., like a large number of other comrades, objects in very forcible terms to the appointment of Dr. Dabney. He makes it a subject of a strong plea to the soldiers to resent the insult at the next election.

BRAVE LYON.

Sing, birds, on green Missouri's plain
The saddest songs of sorrow.
Drop tears, O clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow.
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh.
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

U prose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory.
Upcurled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud, gray and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men as brave and true
As ere went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing;
They feared not men; blessed the field
That patriot soldiers died on;
Fair freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon.

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul, the burden of the north
That pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
'Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us," loud the cry
From a brass band was ringing,
"Lead us and we will stop or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded no wound knowing,
The fire of battle in his blood,
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed, for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly.
Serene he lay, while past him pressed
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest,
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died and well may flowers,
His place of burial cover;
For never had this land of ours,
A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love, he naught desired,
To her, and to her sighing.

Rest, patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee;
Long may the land thou died'st to save,
Her bannered stars were on thee;
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on fames glowing portal;
She'll write the grand heroic saga,
And grave thy name immortal.
—*New York Tribune.*

Ex-Union Prisoners of War.

Editor Camp Fire:—Please let me come in for a chat, while I put a block on to recruit the blaze and sizzle my "sow abdomen." I want a cup of coffee and a "tack." I notice a comrade from Titusville, Pa., not long since asked for a survivor of Andersonville, Charleston, Florence and Salisbury who knows of the hanging of the Andersonville raiders, of the famous providential spring, of the rain and big washout, of the attempt to escape and its frustration, supposed to be by a one-legged Chickamauga prisoner, who forced the guards afterwards to shoot him, and other noted scenes of Andersonville; of our being placed under Gilmore's guns, who was shelling the city; of the mixture of grub with swamp angel shells, etc., at Charleston, and of the complete shutting off of the meat rations, hanging by the thumbs, shooting into the crowd by the commander in person; of our voluntary fast of four days to hide a tunnel and thereby let some one get away; and let our Northern friends know exactly our starved and dying condition in hopes of speedy relief at Florence. Yes, comrades, I know all these things, but have not time to write them up to-day; I wrote some of them up for the *National Tribune* some years ago and many of them were republished at the time, but I am afraid were I to write one-tenth of them to-day, your editor could not find space, though the Camp Fire covered a whole page of the Blade. In my reading of the Blade I think I have only noticed letters from two survivors of my brigade (Wessell's), which was captured, wholesale, at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864; one of these of the 85th N. Y. V. V., claims to be the only survivor of his regiment. In this he is mistaken, as I know of one other that I met at the Grand Encampment at San Francisco last August. But, comrades, those were the days that tried men's souls, and bodies too; also their loyalty to country, for if ever men were put to crucial tests as to loyalty to country, the ex-Union prisoners of war were. I was a prisoner nearly eleven months, and, during that time, I never saw the day that any of us could not be released, be better clothed, get plenty of food and comfortable shelter, by taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. A few died, but what became of them? I know of only one, and he, at last accounts, was in a Western state. If the Titusville comrade will take the trouble to come down here some day, I will try to enlighten him on points he inquires after; also I will, if he comes on our meeting day, introduce him to, I think, one of the largest, if not the largest, association of ex-prisoners in existence. We have a good association organized here. We have about 50 names on her list and the comrades representing them live within a radius of 20 miles, and are bona fide, too. We expect to just worry Congress from this on until justice is done the ex-prisoners. The bondholder has had his pound of flesh and 250 per cent. interest on original investment; the war claimant has been paid double what he lost; all worthy wounded, crippled, and disabled comrades at least stand a show to get something. We have stood back so far; now we ask only simply justice; not 250 per cent. on the investment, but just justice. I hope every ex-prison comrade will just do his level best to flood his representative in Congress with letters, calling their attention to this matter until justice is given us. Present pension laws will not reach our case; we want laws that will.—Robt. P. Black, (Plymouth Pilgrim) late Co. E, 103d Pa. Vet. Vol's.

Experience Meeting.

Editor Camp Fire:—I must tell a little experience of Co. B, 177th O. V. I., down in North Carolina. You see, we did so well in Tennessee, Old Abe sent for the 23d A. C. to come down to Washington, get some clean clothes, and go down to "Carlina" and take Fort Fisher and Wilmington, etc. Ben Butler had been down there with about 99 gunboats, and a lot of those Eastern men, and skirmished around a little and came back and told Old Abe that it couldn't be taken. But Gen. Terry says to Old Abe: "Send me that 23d corps that flaxed h—l out of Hood at Franklin and Nashville, and I'll bet my bottom dollar that Fort Fisher can be taken," and such a time as we had getting down there, too. We marched through the woods and swamps and creeks from Frankfort to Clifton on the Tennessee river, boarded a steamer and up the Ohio we went toward home, and a few of the boys didn't stop until they got there, either. At Cincinnati we took the cars for Washington by the way of Columbus, Wheeling, Harper's Ferry. They packed us in good, cold box cars in mid-winter, and nary a stove to warm us, snow a foot deep and two weeks on the road. Nobody, except the "western boys" could stand such treatment; but old Abe received us kindly, and seemed glad to see us. He told us what he wanted, gave us some clean duds, and a couple of good dinners, and sent us on our way to Carolina rejoicing. We passed through Baltimore and Annapolis, took passage on an ocean steamer down the bay to the Atlantic ocean, and were soon steaming to the south, over the "bounding billows." The next day toward night the billows began to bound too lively for us, and many a poor fellow had to eat another dinner. Somehow or other, you couldn't keep it down, pile in all the "hard tack" you were a mind to—it would come up in spite of you. Sometimes one end of the ship would be 40 feet higher than the other, and then it would come down just as easy, and leave you up in the air with nothing to stand on and kind o' tired like. It's a dreadful experience, the first ride on the ocean. You feel as though all your friends had deserted you, and life were not worth living. You'd ought to have seen Francis Adams Allen, "his mother's second best son," pop out of the hold and make for the ropes, his eyes and cheeks puffed out and with both hands clinching something desperately. He hadn't made but one lunge till his feet slipped out from under him and away he went across the deck and landed across the ropes. Some of the boys asked him where he was going, "What's your hurry, Frank?" etc. As soon as he could speak he blubbered out that he was "going home to see mother." Seven days and nights we were tossed around on the ocean's bosom and finally she quieted down a little and we jumped off right there by Ft. Fisher. Terry had already taken the fort and the next day, the bombardment of Fort Anderson was commenced. Meanwhile we were recruiting up our stomachs on fresh fish and oysters. The Cape Fear river seemed to be full of small fish about eight or nine inches long and while the "great guns" were throwing shell by the hogshead over into Fort Anderson, we rolled up our pants and waded in after fresh oysters and felt that it was "good to be there." We soon crossed over the river, after several unsuccessful attempts to cross a lagoon near the sea shore, and marched around the fort, took the Johnnies in, 300 of them, and in the evening were in sight of Wilmington.—Jeb Towle, Defiance, O.

He Would Whip the Hide Off of Them.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been reading your paper with much interest, though I am not a subscriber. You know that though the old vets. are covered with glory and ragged clothes, that is about all the most of us can boast of, and confess that I am reduced to the humiliating necessity of borrowing my copy of the Blade. Nevertheless, my chestnut rail, I hope, will help the blaze; and every old soldier in a chestnut country will know how to avoid the sparks, as most of them remember how blankets, etc., were more or less damaged in their first experience with them.

I was a member of the First Iowa cav. Co. E. In February 1865 our regiment with others made a reconnoisance in force, under Gen. Carr, from Little Rock down to Camden, Ark., and returned from there to Pine Bluffs. The trip lasted 30 days, and was known by us as the "Wet raid," for it rained nearly every day, and the roads were simply horrible. I remember one day while plodding along, and the rain if possible, outdoing itself, the men hungry, for we had been some time on quarter rations; we were anathematizing the weather, the country, and everything generally, as only a wet and hungry lot of soldiers could, when Geo H—, the tallest and one of the best soldiers in my company was relieving his mind in a way that made everything savor of brimstone, when Gen. Carr came riding along. George's extemporaneous remarks arrested his attention, and riding up to him, the general began to talk to him, telling him that his language was unsoldierly, that no good soldier would talk in such a manner.

George looked at him quizzically till he finished, and then replied, "Whether I am a good soldier or not, I guess when there's a fight on, the boys will tell you I am generally there. But, general, if I live to get home, and I should get married, and should have some children, when I sit down by my fireside and tell them about this trip, if they don't cry, I'll whale the hide off of them."

It is needless to say that the general rode on, followed by a perfect shriek of laughter.—J. R. Martin, late Co. E, First Iowa Cavalry, Shawneetown, Ill.

Battle of New Hope Church.

Editor Camp Fire:—As a number of my comrades have, through the columns of the *National Tribune*, related their recollections of the battle of New Hope Church, I feel constrained to add my mite to the fire. As nearly as I can remember, on the evening of May 26, 1864, our advance struck the enemy at the crossing of a creek that I presume to be Pumpkin Vine, and after a somewhat stubborn resistance, carried the field. My understanding at the time was that our advance was a part of the 20th Corps. During the night and all of the forenoon of the 27th, we were held in reserve. About 12 noon, of the 27th, we began to move steadily to our left, endeavoring to turn the enemy's right. How much of the 3d division, 4th corps, was in advance, I am unable to say, but think that both brigades, 2d and 3d, preceded us, the 1st, better known as Willich's. About 4 o'clock we were ordered to deploy skirmishers Co. A, 49th O. V. I., and Co. B of the same regiment, and 1st and 10th companies of the 32d Ind. were deployed in such a manner as to cover the front of the brigade, consisting of the 15th and 49th O. V. I., 25th, 35th and 89th Ill. V. I., 32d Ind., 15th Wis., and 8th Kan., Gen. Howard. Our corps commander was present on the field and superintended everything personally. Our skirmish line had barely completed formation when the charge was sounded. We advanced, or rather, were driven forward by the impetuous charge of the brigadier until we were so near to the Confederate works that further advance meant death or capture. Why the brigade was ordered to charge without assembling skirmishers, I never knew. I do know, however, that this was the first time in my experience, that such a thing was done. My company, A, 49th Ohio, went into the battle with 44 enlisted men and three commissioned officers, the next day twelve men reported for duty and one commissioned officer, and, so far as I know, I was the only unwounded man captured. One comrade says that Willick should have used his lungs and not horns in that battle. My opinion is that the comrade does not belong to the command or he would know that Gen. Willick was wounded at Resaca May 15, 1864, and that Gen. Gibson, then Col. 49th Ohio, was in command of a Brigade, and as we were drilled to the Prussian bugle call, we obeyed it more readily than we could any spoken command of any officer. Any comrade of the 49th, 15th, 89th or 32d, will bear me out in this statement. After 22 years have elapsed, it is a little hard on us to have others come in and claim the honors we are entitled to on the one hand, or to have on the other, comrades condemn our general, because he followed tactics in battle we had been drilled in for years. New Hope Church was one of that series of indecisive battles that made up and made successful the Atlanta campaign. If anybody blundered, and I do not say they did not, it was neither Gen. Gibson nor Gen. Wood. My belief is that officers and men alike were ignorant of the strength of the enemy, fully as ignorant as are comrades who contend that this battle was fought on the 25th of May and by the 14th corps. For my own part in this affair, I have this to say: It is in time and circumstance indelibly stamped upon my memory, not that I did such hard fighting or demeaned myself so bravely, but that it led to nine months of torture unequalled in the annals of civilized countries.

For the honor of the old brigade, I protest against any other organizations attempting to steal our laurels. In the name of the "Old Man" who is now dead, I object to any one criticising him until at least they can combine the greatest essential quality of criticism, truth, with their statements. As an orator (in English) the "Old Man" was not a success, but he had the knack of teaching us how to fight, whether English or Dutch. Our colonel, now Gen. Gibson, was one of those combative, tonguey fellows who was good on the forum or the battlefield, and I think that there is not a man living of the old brigade who will not resent any imputations upon his manliness and courage as a soldier, officer and gentleman.—S. H. Dixon.

A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

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THE USE OF WORDS.

A Canadian says that the word "tobeggan" should be pronounced with the second o long, as in open.

Citizens of Depere, Wis., are about to take a vote to determine whether the name of their city shall be spelled with a small or with a capital P.

A student of Indian tongues declares that the word "Chicago" was used by the Pottawatomie Indians long ago to designate a place where wild onions abounded—literally, an onion patch.

The word "polyg" is in constant among the people of Utah in conversat and in print to designate a Mormon. hab" is applied to a person convicte unlawful cohabitation and less freq to a person of improper habits.

The verb "to jounce" and the su tive, "jouncer," are becoming curre certain society circles as terms by wh to denote respectively "mash" and "mas er." The idea involved is that of the reduction of the victim to the condition of jolting helplessness typified by the jelly-fish.

The term "pigeon English," used to designate the *lingua franca* which passes current between English-speaking people and the Chinese, is said to be a corruption of "business English," the word "pigeon" being the nearest approach that a Chinaman can make to the pronunciation of the English word "business."

Miss Fortescue, the actress, told a Chicago reporter, the other day, that the adjective "elegant" is never used in London in cultivated conversation. "Over here it is rightly and I notice frequently used," said she; "but in England we use it but for one thing in the whole world, and what do you think that is? In advertisements of flats, 'elegant new flats to let,' you know."

It is the proper thing in St. Paul and Minneapolis now to call a dude of a certain class a "fade." To come strictly under this designation a dude must be not too old nor too stout, and his most prominent characteristics must be a melancholy mien and a habit of profound silence where speech is not absolutely necessary. He should smile only rarely, and in taking leave of a person should vanish gently as if fading away.

A Terrible Fire

arouses the apprehensions of a whole city. And yet the wild havoc of disease startles no one. Sad to relate, women suffer from year to year with chronic diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex, knowing that they are growing worse with every day, and still take no measure for their own relief. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the result of life-long and learned study of female complaints. It is guaranteed to cure.

Making a Bank Weary.

A Boston bank recently declined to accept a merchant's check in payment of a draft. All subsequent drafts which came through the offending bank were paid in silver dollars, one draft paid in this way amounting to $15,000. When at length the sub-treasurer refused to supply him with dollars he appealed to Sec. Manning, who ordered the delivery to him of all the dollars which he desired to purchase. This unique style of warfare was continued until the merchant himself became tired; but it is safe to say that the bank people became weary long before his own patience was exhausted.—*Providence Journal.*

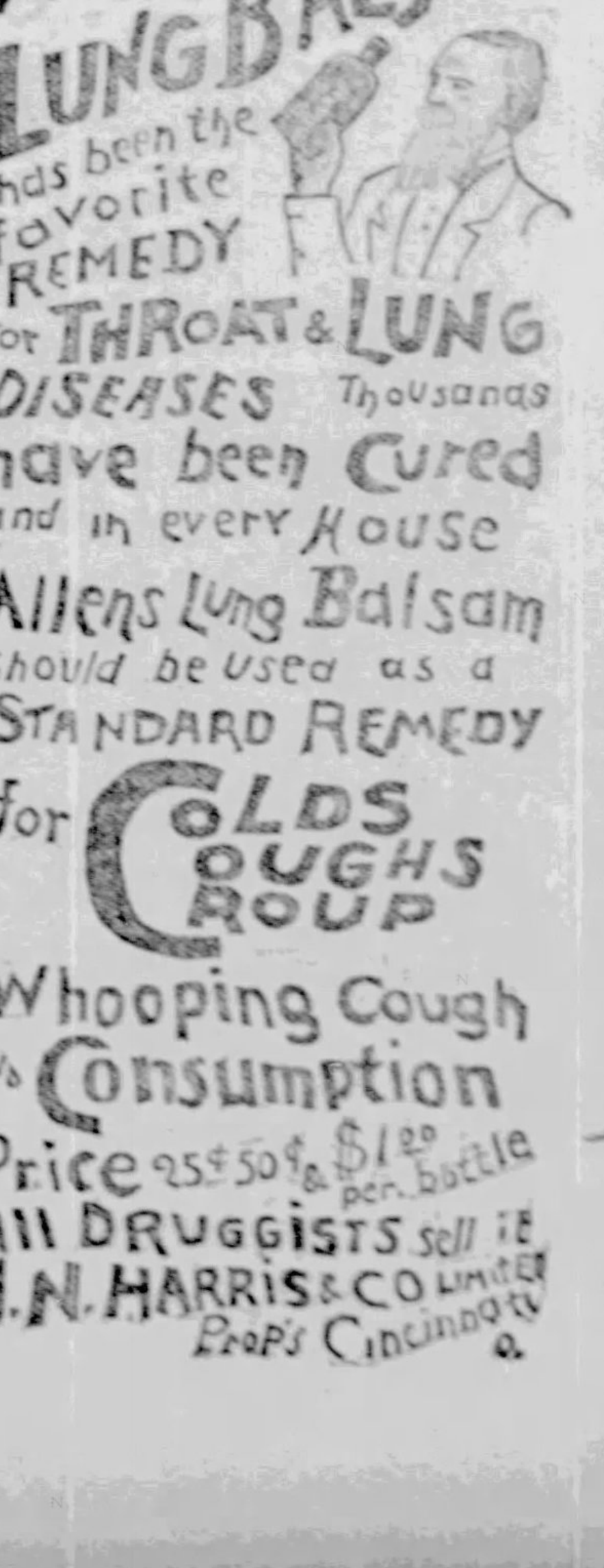
HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

For Overworked Females.

Dr. J. P. Cowan, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."

Massowah.

Massowah, which has come so prominently into notice of late, is a small, fortified town at the southern extremity of the Red Sea, which was occupied by the Italians as a military station in 1885. The Abyssinians have always resented this, as they regard the town as the natural seaport of their country. The city is dependent for its water supply upon wells situated some miles distant with which it is connected by an aqueduct. A garrison has been kept at the wells and the whole line has to be guarded; and King Ras Alula has probably made an attempt to overpower the out-station and thus drive the Italians from Massowah itself.



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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Perry's Victory.

Published by Request.]

Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry where cannon did roar;
Your valor hath gained you immortal glory
And renown that will last till time is no more.

Columbian tars are the true sons of Mars,
They rake fore-and-aft when they fight on the deep;
In the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caused many Brittons to take their last sleep.

The tenth of September, we all shall remember,
As long as the globe on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen,
They made the proud flag of Great Britain come down.

The van of our fleet the British did meet,
Commanded by Perry on the Lawrence bore down;
Her guns did roar with terrific power,
The savages trembled at the dreadful sound.

The Lawrence sustained a terrible fire,
She fought one to three, for two glasses or more,
Whilst Perry, commander, did firmly stand by her
And on the proud foe heavy broadsides did pour.

In this situation, the pride of our nation
By Heaven was guarded unhurt through the tide,
When lowering the boat, which carried the standard,
A ball whistled through her close by his side.

Says Perry, "Those villians intend now to wreck us,
Push on, my brave boys, you never need fear;"
So he with his coat soon plugged up the boat
And through sulphur and smoke away he did steer.

But, mark you and wonder, while elements thunder,
When death and destruction was threatened all round;
The flag then he carried on board the Niagara,
Greater valor on record never was found.

Brave Elliot, whose valor must now be recorded,
On board the Niagara had well played his part;
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,
We'll place in the second on Lake Erie's chart.

In the midst of the battle, where guns loud did rattle,
The Lawrence a wreck, and her men almost slain;
Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
By this grand maneuver the victory was gained.

The rear of our fleet was brought up complete;
The signal was given to break through the line,
While from starboard and larboard and every quarter
The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The whole British fleet was captured complete,
Not one single vessel from us got away;
And prisoners some hundred—Columbia wondered
To see them all anchored and moored in our bay.

Oh! had you been there, I vow and declare,
That so great a sight you had ne'er seen before;
Six or eight bloody flags, that no longer could wave,
There laid at the feet of our brave Commodore.

Columbians, sing and make the woods ring,
And toast those brave heroes by sea and by land,
While Britons drink cherry, let Yankees drink Perry,
We'll toast them about with a full glass in hand.

Sovereigns of France and Scotland.

F. S., Strawberry, Iowa:

1. Please give the names of the French sovereigns, date of reign, and their relation to the preceding rulers. 2. Also the Scottish sovereigns.

1. Following is the record of the Merovingian race: Pharamond (his existence doubtful). Clodion, his supposed son, 428. Merovæus, son in-law of Clodion, 447. Childeric, son of Merovæus, 458. Clovis, the Great, his son, and the real founder of the monarch. He left four sons, who divided the empire—Childebert, Paris; Clodomir, Orleans; Thierry, Metz; Clotaire, Soisson—511. Theodebert, Metz, 534, Theodald succeeded in Metz, 548. Clotaire, sole ruler of France, 558. Upon his death, 561, the kingdom was again divided between his four sons, viz.: Chiarbert ruled at Paris; Gontram in Orleans and Bergundy; Sigebert at Metz; Chilperic at Soissons; the two last were assassinated. Childebert II., 575. Clotaire II, Soissons, 584. Thierry II, son of Childebert, in Orleans, 596; Theodebert II., in Metz, 596. Clotaire II. became sole King, 613. Dagobert the Great, son of Clotaire II, 628; he divided the kingdom, of which he had become sole monarch, between his two sons, in 638; Clovis II. has Burgundy and Neustria, and Sigebert II. has Austrasia. Clotaire III., son of Clovis II., 656. Childeric II, 670; he became king of the whole realm of France; assassinated, with his queen and his son Dagobert. (At this time, says Henault, Thiery III. rules in Burgundy and Neustria, and Dagobert II., son of Sigebert, in Austrasia. Dagobert is assassinated, and Thiery reigns alone.) Clovis III., 691; Pepin, mayor of the palace, rules the kingdom in the name of this sovereign, who is succeeded by his brother, Childebert III., in 695; in this reign Pepin also exercises the royal power. Dagobert III., son of Childebert, 711. Chilperic II. (Daniel); he is governed, and at length deposed, by Charles Martel, mayor of the palace, whose sway is now unbounded. Clotaire IV., 719; of obscure origin, raised by Charles Martel to the throne; dies soon after, and Chilperic is recalled, 720; dies shortly afterward; succeeded by Thiery IV., son of Dagobert III.; died in 736; Charles Martel now reigns under the new title of "Duke of the French;" died 741. Childeric III., son of Chilperic II., 742.

The Carlovingians come next. Pepin the Short, son of Chaules Martel, 752; he is succeeded by his two sons, 768, Charlemagne and Carloman; the former, surnamed the Great, crowned "Emperor of the West" by Leo III., in 800. Carloman reigned but three years. Louis I. 814, Emperor; dethroned, but restored to his dominions. Charles, surnamed the Bald, King, 840; Emperor in 875. Louis II., son of Charles, King, 877. Louis III. and Carloman II., 879; the former died in 882, and Carloman reigned alone. Charles III. *le Gros*, a usurper, 884. Endes, or Hugh, Count of Paris, 887. Charles III. (or IV.), the Simple, 898; died in prison, 929. Robert, brother of Endes, 922. Rudolf, Duke of Burgurdy, 922; never acknowledged by the southern provinces. Louis IV., 936; son of Charles III. (or IV.) Lothaire, his son, 954. Louis V., son of Lothaire, 986; in this prince ended the race of Charlemagne, and the Capets come on the stage.

Hugh Capet, 987. Robert II., son, 996. Henry I., son, 1031. Philip I., the Fair, son, 1060. Louis VI., son, 1108. Louis VII., son, 1137. Philip II., son, 1180. Louis VIII., son, 1223. Louis IX., son, called St. Louis, 1226. Philip III., the Hardy, son, 1270. Philip IV., the Fair, son, 1285. Louis X., son, 1314. John, a posthumous son of Louis X., 1316; succeeded by his brother Philip V. Charles IV., brother, 1322.

Next comes the house of Valois. Philip V., grandson of Philip the Hardy, 1328. John II., son, 1350. Charles V., son, 1364. Charles VII., son, 1422. Louis XI., son, 1461. Charles VIII., son, 1483. Louis XII., Duke of Orleans, great grandson of Charles V., 1498. Francis I., great-great-grandson of Charles V., 1515. Henry II., son, 1547. Francis II., son, 1559. Charles IX., brother, 1560; Catharine of Medicis, his mother, obtained the regency. Henry III., brother, 1754. This closes the Capet rule, and the house of Bourbon commences.

Henry IV., the Great, son-in-law of Henry II., 1589. Louis XIII., son, 1610. Louis XIV., the Great, son, 1643. Louis XV., great grandson, 1715. Louis XVI., his grandson, 1774. Louis XVII., son of Louis XVI., 1793; though numbered with the kings, this prince never reigned. The Republic, 1792. The Directory, 1795. The Consulate, 1799. The Empire, 1804; Napoleon (Bonaparte) I. Bourbons restored, 1814; Louis XVIII., brother of Louis XVI.; died without issue. Charles X., his brother, 1824. House of Orleans, 1820; Louis Philippe. New Republic, 1848, Charles-Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, President. French Empire revived, 1852; Napoleon (Charles-Louis) III.

2. The early accounts of the Kings of Scotland are by many historians deemed in a great measure fabulous. The series of Kings is carried as far back as Alexander the Great. Fergus I., 330. Eugenius I., 357; slain in battle; an interregnum of 27 years. Fergus II., 404. Eugenius, II., son, 420. Dongardus, brother of Eugenius, 451. Constantine I., brother, 457. Congallus I., 479. Goranus, brother, 501. Eugenius, nephew, 535. Congallus II., brother, 558. Kinnatellus, brother, 569. Aldan, son of Goranus, 570. Kenneth, son of Congallus II., 605. Eugenius IV., son of Aldan, 606. Ferchard I., son, 621. Donald IV., brother, 632. Ferchard II., son, 646. Malduinus, son of Donald IV., 664. Eugenius V., brother, 684. Eugenius VI., son of Ferchard II., 688. Amberkeletus, nephew, 698. Eugenius VII., brother, 699. Mordachus, 715. Etfinus, son of Eugenus VII., 730. Eugenius VIII., son of Mordachus, 761. Fergus III., son of Etfinus, 764, Salvathius, son of Eugenius, 767. Achains, 787. Congallus III., 819. Dongal, son of Salvathius, 824. Alpine, 831. Donald V., brother, 854. Constantine II., 858. Ethus, 874. Gregory the Great, 876; Donald V., son of Constantine, 893. Constantine III., 904. Malcolm I., son of Donald, 944. Gondulph, 953. Duff, son of Malcolm, 961. Cullen, 965. Kenneth III., 970. Constantine IV., 994. Grimus, 995. Malcolm II., 1003. Duncan I., grandson, 1033. Macbeth, usurper, 1039. Malcolm, son of Duncan, 1057. Donald VII., brother of the usurper, 1093. Duncan II., son of Malcolm, 1094. Edgar, son of Malcolm, 109[illegible]. Alexander, brother, 1107. David I., brother, 1124. Malcolm, IV., grandson, 1153. William, brother, [illegible]165. Alexander II., son, 1214. Alexander II., 1249. Margaret, 1286. John Baliol, 1292; interregnum. Robert (Bruce) I., 1306, David (Bruce) II., son, 1329. Edward Baliol. 1332. David II., again, 1342. Robert (Stuart) II., nephew, 1371. Robert III., son, 1390. James I., second son, 1406. James II., son, 1497. James III., 1460. James IV., son, 1488. James V., son, 1513. Mary, daughter, 1542. James VI., son, 1567, succeed to the throne of England, and the kingdoms became united, 1603.

Thomas Paine.

C. J. H., Mound City, Minn:

Please publish as long an account as possible of Thomas Paine's life. Was he a poor man? Where is he buried?

He was born at Thetford, England, January 29, 1737. He learned under his father, a Quaker, the trade of staymaking. About 1755 he shipped in a privateer, and in 1759 settled at Sandwich, where he worked at his trade, and preached occasionally as a dissenting minister. Benjamin Franklin having advised him to go to America, he arrived in Philadelphia in December, 1774, and was employed as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. His "Common Sense," a pamphlet advocating an independent republic, made a profound impression, and is said to have had a wider circulation than any paper published until that time in America, and contributed much to the dissemination of republican ideas. The legislature gave him £500, and the university of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the honorary degree of M. A. The work was first published anonymously, and without copyright, and its great circulation did not reimburse the author. After independence was declared, Paine was aide-de-camp to Gen. Greene.

In December, 1776, he published his first "Crisis," and other numbers appeared at irregular intervals until the attainment of peace, April 19, 1783. In 1791 appeared the first part of his "Rights of Man," which had an immense circulation. In September, 1792, a deputation from France announced to Paine his election to the French national convention. He met with a triumphant reception in Paris. The revolutionary doctrines of the "Rights of Man" caused his indictment in London for sedition. The following December his trial took place, and, not returning to receive his sentence, he was outlawed. As a member of the French national convention, he advocated the trial of Louis XIV.; but when the sentence of that unfortunate monarch came up for discussion, he opposed his death, and suggested his banishment to America. He incurred the ill-will of the extreme party, and was imprisoned by Robespierre as a foreigner. On his way to prison he placed the manuscript of the first part of his "Age of Reason" in the hands of Joel Barlow. His confinement lasted from January to November, 1794. When he was first arrested the Americans in Paris went in a body to apply for the release of "the apostle of liberty in America," as they styled him; but they were unsuccessful. A few months after the death of Robespierre, James Monroe, the American minister in France, procured his liberation, and tendered him a home in his own family, which Paine enjoyed for about 18 months. In December he resumed his seat in the national convention, on the invitation of its members. In 1795 the second part of the "Age of Reason" appeared. It was denounced as atheistical, but unjustly. It assailed Christianity with great boldness, though not advancing many new arguments, or displaying any great study of the question. Its position is deistical, declaring a belief in God and a future life.

In 1802 Paine returned to the United States, arriving in Baltimore, October 30. His admirers honored him with public dinners; his enemies thought that he and Jefferson "should dangle from the same gallows." He finally settled in New York, occassionally passing a few months on his farm at New Rochelle. Just before his death, which occurred in New York, June 8, 1809, he requested to be interred in a Quaker burial ground; but the Quakers refusing to permit this, his remains were taken to New Rochelle and buried on his farm. In 1819 William Cobden, the English reformer, took his bones to England. A monument was erected to his memory in 1839 within a few feet of the spot where he was originally buried. A memorial building was dedicated in Boston, January 29, 1875, having over the entrance the inscription: "Paine Memorial Building and Home of the Boston Investigator."

Brazil—The Argentine Republic.

S. J. P., Oreana, Idaho:

Please publish any information regarding Brazil and the Argentine Republic that would be likely to be beneficial to one who was thinking of going to one of those countries to live.

The area of Brazil is estimated at 3,219,000 English square miles, with a population of about 10,000,000, in addition to 250,000 wandering aborigines. There are twenty provinces, which enjoy local self-government. There are four powers in the state—the legislative, the executive, the judicial, and the "moderating" power, or the royal prerogative. The established religion of the empire is Roman Catholic, but all other religions are tolerated, "with their domestic or private form of worship, in buildings destined for this purpose, but without the exterior forms or temples." No person can be persecuted for religious acts or motives. Public education is at a very low ebb, but since compulsory education is demanded in some of the provinces, and primary education is gratuitous, a better state of affairs is expected to obtain. The depreciation of paper currency as compared to gold is about 30 per cent. Exemption from military service may be obtained by either personal substitution or on payment of the sum of $120 to the government. The duration of service is six years in the active army, and three in the reserve. The nominal strength of the standing army is fixed at 13,500 on the peace-footing, and 32,000 on the war-footing. A bill for the gradual extinction of slavery was passed in September, 1885, and by 1892 it is expected there will be no more slaves in the country. Of the immigrants in 1884, 5,933 were Italians, 8,683 Portuguese, 1,240 Germans, and 576 Spaniards. Coffee is the principal item in the list of exports. The empire possessed in January, 1886, railways of a total length of 4,143 English miles open for traffic, besides 1,300 miles in course of construction, and 3,000 miles projected. Most of the railways have been buit with the guarantee of the interest on the capital by the government. Gold and silver coins have almost disappeared, and the only circulating medinm is an inconvertible paper currency, consisting of treasury notes, depreciated in value, together with copper and bronze coins. There is no inducement for any man to leave the United States for Brazil.

The constitution of the Argentine republic, with certain small exceptions, is identical with that of the United States. The provinces elect their own legislatures, and have complete control over their own affairs. Although Roman Catholicism is recognized as the religion of the state, all other creeds are tolerated. The population is estimated at 3,000,000, including 400,000 foreigners, viz.: 130,000 Italians, 60,000 French, 60,000 Spaniards, 20,000 English, 10,000 Germans, and the rest of various nationalities. Buenos Ayres, the capital, has a population of about 200,000, of whom 100,000 are foreigners. Cattle and sheep breeding is an important industry, and their chief products represent 55 per cent. of the total exports. There are about 4,000 miles of railroad and 21,000 miles of telegraph. The same remarks hold good, as applied to Brazil.

Fire Brick—Tanning.

E. J. H., Ellendale, Dak.:

1. Give method of making fire brick, especially quality of clay and sand required, and proportion of each, with method of burning. 2. What progress, if any, has been made in the production of aluminum since your articles last winter? 3. Please republish recipe for tanning skins with fur on. Cannot find it in six months' back numbers.

1. They are made of the most infusible clays, such as contain from 63 to 80 per cent. of silica, with from 18 to 25 per cent. of alumina, and the remainder water. Lime would render the mixture fusible, and that is necessarily always absent. The material is indurated, so that it is broken up like soft stone. When used, it is ground in a mill, and mixed with fragments of previously baked fire brick or of some refractory stone, or with a coarse, clean, silicious sand and gravel. The materials are made into a paste with water, moulded in hard moulds, and baked in permanent kilns at a very high temperature. Fire brick are prepared of a variety of sizes and shapes, but the standard size is 9 inches in length, 4½ in breadth, and 2½ in width; of these the weight is seven pounds. 2. Very little, if any.

3. After having cut off the useless parts, and softened the skin by soaking, remove the fatty matter from the inside, and soak it in warm water for an hour. Next, mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre, and glauber salts sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about one-half ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste; spread this with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean and apply, in the same manner as before, a mixture of one ounce sal-soda, one-half ounce borax, and two ounces hard white soap, melted slowly together, without being allowed to boil; fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve four ounces alum, eight ounces salt, and two ounces saleratus in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for twelve hours; then wring out and hang it up to dry. When dry, repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sand-paper and pumice-stone.

Shetland Islands and Shetland Ponies.

G. O., Orwood, Neb.:

Please give information concerning the Shetland pony. In what countries do they abound? Can they be reared successfully in this latitude?

The Shetland pony, compared with the dray horse, is like a pocket edition of a book beside a great folio. Sometimes it does not exceed a large dog in stature, and a strong man can lift a small one in his arms, or he can ride on its back, with his feet on each side on the ground. So you see the pony is a handy thing to have around. They are very hardy, remarkably strong, and will probably thrive anywhere, if fed, or allowed to "rustle" for themselves.

Shetland is a group of about 100 islands in the Atlantic ocean, forming the northernmost part of Great Britain, 23 of which are inhabited. The population is between 35,000 and 45,000, scattered over a superficial extent of land estimated at 400,000 acres, of which about 27,000 are under cultivation. No wood grows in the country, and the supplies of timber are drawn chiefly from Norway. The principal articles of export are dried salt fish, herrings, fish-oil, cattle, horses, eggs, and woolen articles knitted by hand. The last are remarkable for their beauty and fineness of workmanship. Fishing is the chief employment of the male population. The sheep and ponies, which run at large, are marked, and the mark of each tenant is registered. Men and women still wear the *rivlin*, a kind of sandal, made of untanned leather.

Of the original inhabitants of Shetland we have little or no knowledge, but the physiognomy, character, and language of the present population point to a Norse or Scandinavian origin. Places of worship are numerous, and nearly all the inhabitants can read and write. The people are small, active, and hardy. Shetland is supposed to be the Thule of the ancients. When James III. of Scotland married the Princess Margaret of Denmark, in 1469, he received as a pledge for the payment of her dowry the Orkney and Shetland islands, and they were never redeemed. The Shetland islands, with the Orkneys, form a district which returns one member to the English parliament.

"Fifty-four Forty, or Fight."

Sub., Perryopolis, Pa.:

1. Was Christopher Columbus a Spaniard or an Italian? 2. Will you publish the poem entitled "No Sect in Heaven?" 3. What was the meaning of the campaign cry, "Fifty-four forty, or fight?"

1. He was born in Italy. 2. Yes, when poems now on hand are disposed of. 3. It had reference to the Oregon boundary question. The claims of Great Britain to certain portions of Oregon were long a subject of dispute between the two countries. Capt. Gray, of Boston, entered the mouth of the Columbia river in 1792, and Capts. Lewis and Clark explored that region, from the Rocky mountains westward, in 1804-05. In 1811 J. J. Astor established a trading station at the mouth of the Columbia river. The British doctrine, always practiced by them, that the entrance of a vessel of a civilized nation into the mouth of a river gives title, by right of discovery, to the territory watered by that river and its tributaries, clearly gave Oregon to 54 degrees 40 minutes to the United States, for the discovery by Capt. Gray, in 1792, was not disputed.

In 1818 it was mutually agreed that each nation should equally enjoy the privileges of all the bays and harbors on the coast, for ten years. This agreement was renewed in 1827, for an indefinite time, with the stipulation that either party might rescind it by giving the other party twelve months' notice. Such notice was given by the United States in 1846, and the boundary was then fixed by treaty, made at Washington, in June of that year. Great Britain claimed the whole territory to 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, the right to which was disputed by the United States. The boundary line was finally fixed at latitude 49 degrees, and in 1848 a territorial government was established. In March, 1853, Oregon was divided, and the northern portion was made a separate domain, by the title of Wasaington territory.

Miscellaneous.

Sub., Bloomville, O.:

Please publish and explain the Inter-State Commerce bill.

You will find a full explanation in the editorial article, Fourth page, this week.

J. L. J., Ingleside, Pa.:

Please give me the correct pronunciation of the word toboggan.

Toe-bow-gan, long o in first and second syllables, accent on second.

J. W., Thurman, Kan.:

Will you please republish a poem entitled "Mary," that was published several years ago?

"Several years ago" is rather indefinite. Would not know where to look for it.

F. A. G., Bloomington, Ill.:

Explain the origin of the phrase, "the almighty dollar."

The expression originated with Washington Irving. "The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages."

S. B., Palmyra, Ills.:

When and what was the first railroad built in Illinois? Swinton's History says the first railroad in Illinois was built in 1854, which is not correct.

According to Poor's Railroad Manual, the Chicago & Rock Island railroad was chartered February 7, 1851, and opened from Chicago to the Mississippi river July 10, 1854. So far as we can learn, this was the first railroad opened for business in Illinois.

J. B., Beech Creek, Pa.:

Give a short description of "Death Valley" in California.

Death Valley, or Amargosa Desert, is in Inyo county, between the Amargosa mountains on the east and the Panamint mountains on the west. Its surface is 159 feet below sea-level. It is a gloomy desert tract, receiving the scanty waters of the Amargosa river.

J. H. W., Johnson's Corners, O.:

You say there is no law to collect taxes on land before the patent has been issued. I have paid heavy taxes on land in Dakota for several years, and am again notified that taxes are due. Why must I pay taxes if there is no law to collect them? My patent has not been issued. Please explain why things are thus.

That is our understanding of the law—that a homesteader does not pay taxes until he receives his patent. Perhaps you are not a homesteader.

W. H. E., Schoharie, Kan.:

1. Give an account of the issue of greenbacks. 2. Tell how a candidate for President may receive a majority of the popular vote and not be elected.

1. Has been given. 2. It is simple enough. Take the two states of Texas and New York, for instance: A carries New York by 200 majority, and thereby secures 36 electoral votes; B carries Texas by 100,000 majority, and only secures 13 electoral votes.

H. A. M., Erie, Ill.:

1. What was the Milan decree? 2. Where was the treaty of the Mexican war signed? 3. What is the capital of Bolivia, and when was it made the capital?

1. The celebrated decree of Napoleon against all continental intercourse with England, declaring England in a state of blockade, was issued from Milan, December 17, 1807. 2. Guadaloupe, Hidalgo. 3. The city of Sucre or Chuquisaca was the capital at the last advices, the seat of government having been removed from La Paz in the latter part of 1885 or the first of 1886. It is liable to change any day, however.

H. C. C., (no postoffice):

What is the meaning of manganese?

Manganese is a metal. The following are the principal manganese minerals, the first being the chief ore of commerce: Pyrolusite, braunite, manganite, rhodonite, hausmanite, alabandine, diallagite, wad, psilomelane, franklinite, crednerite, columbite, wolfram, triphiline, and manganese alum. The alloy of manganese and copper is very hard, and capable of a high polish. In England there are 36 patents involving the use of manganese in iron and steel, the earliest of which was taken out in 1799.

J. A. M., Moran, Kan.:

1. Whose army was saved by a message in a spool of thread? 2. Is there a duty paid to the United States on goods raised in this country and exported to foreign countries? 3. Name in their order and length of term all persons that have been Chief Justices of the United States.

1. Do not remember. 2. No. 3. John Jay, six years; John Rutledge, presided one term, appointment not confirmed; Oliver Ellsworth, five years; John Marshall, 34 years; Roger B. Taney, 28 years: Salmon P. Chase, nine years; Morrison R. Waite, appointed in 1874.

Sub., Pleasant Grove, Minn.:

1. Please describe Lake Mistassini. 2. The Yukon river. 3. What has been done about Oklahoma?

1. It is close to the height of land which divides the waters of the Saguenay from those flowing into Hudson's bay. This lake forms the headwaters of Rupert river, flowing into James's bay. Its length is about 100 miles, and width about 15 miles. 2. It rises about latitude 57 degrees 45 minutes north, longitude 130 degrees 45 minutes west, runs generally westward, and enters the Pacific ocean by several mouths, one of which is called Knickhpak. Length about 2,000 miles, for three-fourths of which it is navigable by steamers, even through the Rocky mountains, which it traverses by a narrow, deep, and very swift channel, without falls or obstructions. The scenery of this pass is very grand. The Yukon receives many large tributaries, and is itself the largest American river flowing to the Pacific. 3. Nothing.

L. T. B., Georgetown, Ill.:

In your issue of February 3, "E. L." of Brooklyn, Iowa, asks the question: "Who was president of the United States for one day only?" Your answer was "no one." George M. Dallas was vice president under James K. Polk, whose term expired March 4, 1849, but the new president, Zachary Taylor, was not inaugurated until March 5, the 4th being Sunday. Who then was president from the expiration of Polk's term, March 4, till the inauguration of the new president, Gen. Taylor?

Nobody was, if there was a vacancy, and it is doubtful if there was any. Do you suppose the government would go to eternal smash if there were no president for a few hours? Vice Pres. Dallas's term expired at the same moment that Polk's did. To be president, the person filling the office must take the official oath. Nobody took it at this time, and consequently there was nobody "President for one day." We don't want to hear anything about this mouldy old chestnut again. In point of fact, there was no vacancy, even for those 24 hours; for it is always understood that an outgoing official holds his position *de facto* until his successor is duly qualified. Hence, if there had been any emergency requiring the official action of the President of the United States, Polk would have exercised the duties of the office. In point of fact, Polk was President *de facto* till Taylor's inauguration.

Decay of the Bones.

with some thirty other symptoms, mark the progress of that terrible disease known as catarrh. It advances from stage to stage of fearful annoyances, and if neglected, is certain to end in general debility, and possibly in consumption or insanity. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it at any stage. This medicine has been long before the public, and thousands have been restored to health by its never-failing virtues.

A Young Compositor.

The Calicoon, N. Y., *Echo* is not a large or pretentious newspaper, but it conspicuously claims that its present circulation is 700 copies per week, with a tendency to icrease. The editor announces that he has a daughter, now in her ninth year, who assists him in getting out the paper by setting type. He says:

Our little compositor is her ninth year and no doubt is the youngest known in the trade. She sets the type (the above "solid" paragragh is precisely as set by her), justifies her own lines, but is not yet able to empty her "sticks." Incredible as it may seem, this little typesetter often sets from one to four stickfuls from our manuscript, sometimes correcting a slip in our grammar or spelling, and is never as happy as when sitting at the case "helping papa."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address **F. Hiscox**, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them, with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Billous Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va. ††

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Gambling Poor Business.

Speaking of mines and mining, do you know that Jack Haverly, the theatrical manager, had a bonanza in a silver mine once and sold it for a 'song? When he started his mining exchange in Chicago in 1879, he had a half interest in a mine that netted him $160,000 profit in a short time, but he invested it in theatrical leases and in poker, and where is he to-day? There is a man who could command $1,000,000 seven years ago and had such men as George M. Pullman and Henry Wadsworth behind him. He had too many irons in the fire, and was eternally looking for something else. I was with him one night in the Mills building in New York, when he sat down to a game of poker with several millionaires, and when Haverly quit at 3 o'clock in the morning he was out just $38,000. The leasing of Niblo's in New York, and the Bush street theater in San Francisco, was a terrible drain on Haverly's funds, and since then he must have lost half a million in one way or another. But he will always have a competency, for his wife has $100,000 invested in government bonds in her own name, and she will never part with the fund.—*St. Louis Republican.*

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH

Will buy a farm in Claremont Colony. Maps and full particulars free. J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va.

Knee Breeches Coming In.

A movement is in progress in Chicago for the restoration of knee-breeches, and club men are signing pledges to wear them. There is no reason why such a reform should not succeed except the natural perversity of the human heart and the tendency of man to anything that he is accustomed to, especially if it be expensive, ugly, and inconvenient.

There is nothing in the whole category of the equipments of civilization so awkward and illy adapted to the end in view as the pantaloons of this period. * * * Knee breeches were superseded by trousers to hide the deformity in a prince's kneepan, and now we have a garment that never fits, that always bags at the knee, that looks old while it is yet new, that gets awfully bedraggled around the bottom, and that is uncomfortable to wear and hideous to look at. The knee-breeches reform is ten times more important than the bonnet reform or the bustle reform.—*Chicago News.*

Cannot Tell Oleomargarine.

In most cases where revenue collectors have seized what they supposed was oleomargarine it has turned out that the stuff was pure butter. The discovery of the mistake has rested upon the analysis of the National chemist at Washington, local officials being unable to determine with any degree of certainty the character of the product before them.

These incidents exhibit in strong light the difficulty of legislating effectively upon this subject. The imitation of butter has reached a state of perfection which practically defies detection. It conceals its own character not only, but by its general excellence it sometimes casts suspicion upon the genuine article. Having produced so choice a production it is a wonder that the imitation butter makers do not adopt some new color for their compound and thus make a distinctive contribution to the food supply of the age as well as escape the tax which is laid upon it as a counterfeit.

Physicians Have Found Out

That a contaminating and foreign element in the blood, developed by indigestion, is the cause of rheumatism. This settles upon the sensitive sub-cutaneous covering of the muscles and ligaments of the joints, causing constant and shifting pain, and aggregating as a calcareous, chalky deposit which produces stiffness and distortion of the joints. No fact which experience has demonstrated in regard to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has stronger evidence to support than this, namely, that this medicine of comprehensive uses checks the formidable and atrocious disease, nor is it less positively established that it is preferable to the poisons often used to arrest it, since the medicine contains only salutary ingredients. It is also a signal remedy for malarial fevers, constipation, dyspepsia, kidney and bladder ailments, debility and other disorders. See that you get the genuine.

Like Two-Forty.

The golden text for a certain Sunday school was: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit."—Luke ii. 40.

Little Ted's hand went up like a flash when the superintendent asked:

"Can any of these bright, smiling little boys or girls repeat the golden text for today? Ah! how glad it makes my heart to see so many little hands go up! Teddy, my boy, you may repeat it; and speak out good and loud so that all may hear."

And they all heard this: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit like 2-40."

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TRIED IN THE CRUCIBLE. S.S.S.

About twenty years ago I discovered a little sore on my cheek, and the doctors pronounced it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit. Among the number were one or two specialists. The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years—I had a hacking cough and spit blood continually. I had a severe pain in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had been for several years. My cancer has healed over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise every one with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial.

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Ashe Grove, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.
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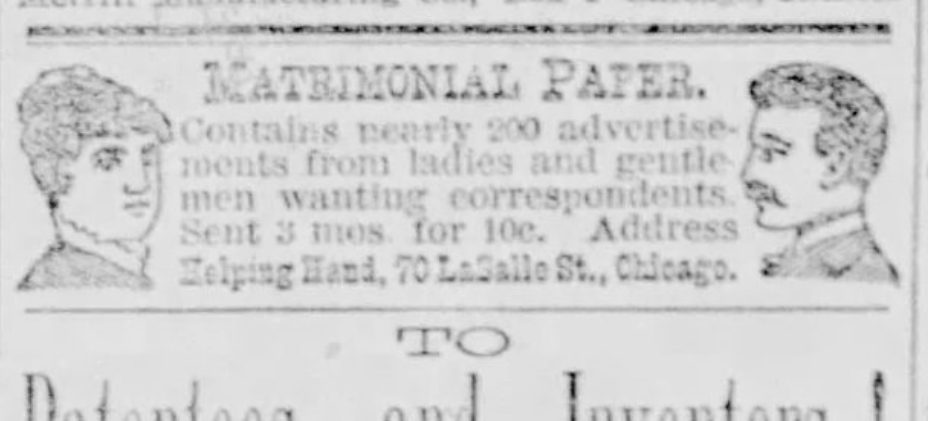

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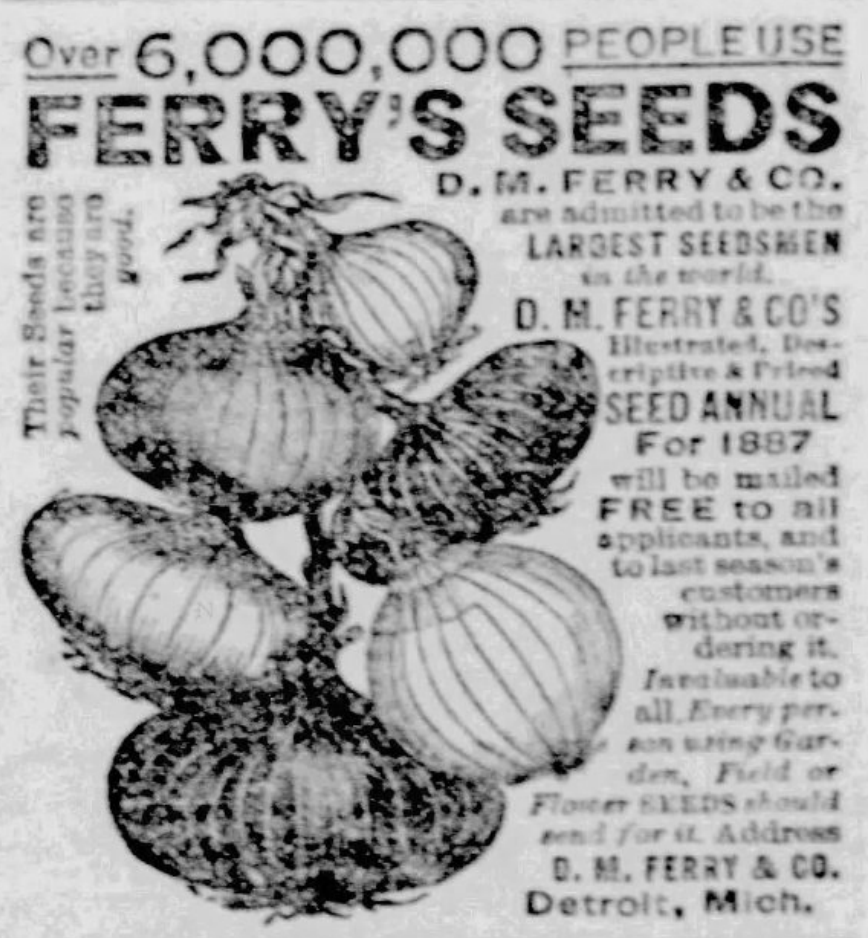

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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Are You CONSUMPTIVE. [illegible]

Electric Belt Free [illegible]

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS [illegible]

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DR. RICE, 322 Market Street, Louisville, Ky. [illegible] Cures all forms of PRIVATE, CHRONIC and SEXUAL DISEASES. Spermatorrhea and Impotency, [illegible] SYPHILIS [illegible] Gonorrhea, GLEET [illegible] PRIVATE COUNSELOR [illegible]

IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?

Geo. N. Stoddard Chemist and Druggist.

Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any, or all of these symptoms, send 36 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1226 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., who will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still, at my age (67), are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers, and they all verify the goods results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt attention."

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SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. KRUSE, M. C., 2236 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

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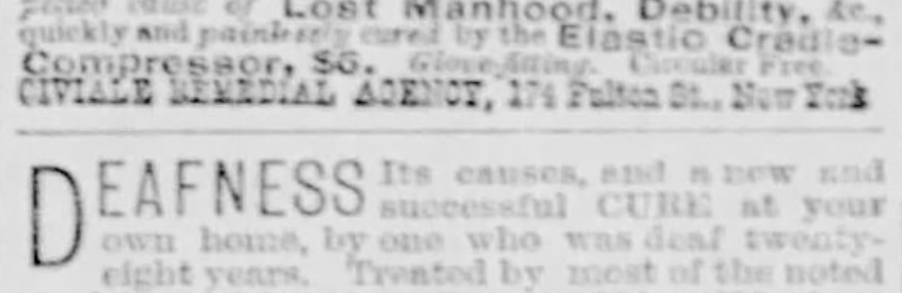

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR [illegible]

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

CANCER AND Tumors Treated scientifically and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BUSH, 165 Plum St., Cincinnati. Mention this paper.

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CANCER Cured without the use of knife. Pamphlet on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

WANTED MEN NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly and permanently cured. [illegible]

BOOKS FREE [illegible]

UNMARRIED LADIES and GENTLEMEN [illegible] MATRIMONIAL ASSOCIATION [illegible] WALTER McDONNELL, [illegible]

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG [illegible]

I CURE FITS! [illegible]

CONSUMPTION cured [illegible]

OF INTEREST TO MEN [illegible] VON GRAEF TROCHEE CO., 59 Park Place, New York.

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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND COPAIBA [illegible]

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ERRORS OF YOUTH [illegible] Perfect, Lasting Cure and Full Vigor [illegible] CRAIGIE MEDICATED PEARLS [illegible] CRAIGIE MEDICAL CLINIC, 35 Nassau St., New York.

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Circulation Last Week, 105,000.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THERE is nothing particularly new in the last week's trade report. The tendency to advance prices seems to have ended completely. During the past seven days, there has been an absence of anything like a general impulse or tendency carrying prices in a common direction, but each branch of trade and speculation has made out its own special record. The iron markets present the same general features as in the last week or two, firmness in prices and quietude in the present market movement. Iron producers and consumers are engaged, the first on engagements previously made, and the latter in working up the irons previously contracted for; probably this state of affairs will continue into, if not through, the second half of the year. Prices are stationary at all points, the advancing tendency being fully checked. Steel and steel goods are firmer than iron, and large contracts in Europe for blooms and pig are reported.

ALL reports, except from Kansas, indicate a favorable condition for the growing crop of winter wheat.

THE iron furnaces of the United States in blast on February 1 numbered 353, with a working capacity of 136,255 tons, and there are 235 out of blast. A year ago 268 were in blast with a working capacity of 93,780 tons. The January product is stated at 573,909 tons.

A WASHINGTON dispatch makes the statement that Mr. RANDALL has signified his intention to thwart, if possible, the passage of the $21,000,000 ordnance and coast defence bill and also the $10,000,000 substitute fortification bill. These measures have been referred by the House Appropriations committee to a sub-committee, made up of Messrs. RANDALL, BUTTERWORTH, FORNEY, RYAN and HOLMAN.

THE following is the status of the Congressional appropriation bills: The army bill is a law. The Indian, sundry civil, pensions and postoffice bills have passed both houses, and now await concurrence by the House in the Senate amendments for the adjustment of differences by conference. The river and harbor bill, Military Academy, District of Columbia and agricultural bills have passed the House, and are in the hands of Senate committees. The legislative, diplomatic and consular and naval bill await the action of the House. The deficiency and fortifications (this year's) bills are yet to be reported by the House. Last year's fortifications bill is still in conference, with little prospect of agreement. The House of Representatives is expected to devote most of this week to consideration of appropriation bills.

THE efforts to bring before the House of Representatives the Blair bill and the Mrs. Logan pension bill was frustrated by the ruling on the motions by Speaker CARLISLE, who is giving great offense by his autocratic and arbitrary conduct during the closing weeks of the session.

THERE are 1,175 bills on the House calendar, and only eight days of the session remaining.

GEN. SHERIDAN was before the House committee on Military Affairs by invitation on Friday, the McAdoo bill for coast defences being under consideration. The general said that he had heretofore refrained from expressing any expert opinion on the subject of coast defences, but in his view what the country needs at present is guns. When these have been procured it will be proper to take up the question of fortifications.

SEN. ALLISON declares that the much-talked-of treasury surplus is only about $15,000,000.

THE Senate has passed a bill to provide for the building of ten steel cruisers, and another to increase of the naval establishment by the construction of heavily-armed coast defense vessels, also gunboats and torpedo-boats. "Millions for defense" should be our motto.

THE Senate committee on printing has reported adversely on the nomination of Public Printer BENEDICT, for the reason that he is not a practical printer, as the law requires.

THE President has not yet selected a single one of the five inter-state commerce commissioners yet. Three hundred applications have been filed with him, and more will continue to come in until the names are announced.

AND now the rumor goes at Washington that Speaker CARLISLE has been urgently requested by the President to accept the secretaryship of the Treasury, on the promise that if CLEVELAND succeeds himself, CARLISLE shall have the office in perpetuity for the second term. But the blue-grass statesman is snifty, and will have none of it.

THE Senate has agreed to the conference report on the anti-polygamy bill, and the measure will now go to the President for his signature. Its provisions apply to all the territories, including the District of Columbia, which is probably a very wise feature. It is far-reaching in its provisions, and, as far as any mere legal enactment can go, it will be effective in checking the progress of the "twin relic of barbarism."

THE Great Eastern, which cost, at her completion in 1859, $4,000,000, has been sold at auction for $130,000. She is the largest vessel ever built, but so large as to be useless.

THE Missouri House of Representatives has passed the joint resolution providing that the question of prohibition be submitted to a vote of the people of the state, by a vote of 76 to 53.

MRS. LOGAN is in Chicago. She made the trip to qualify as administratrix of her late husband's estate, but it is probable that she may also come to a decision as to a burial and monumental site for the deceased general.

THE governor of Kansas has signed the bill conferring municipal suffrage upon women, and it is now a law. We shall watch with interest this new experiment in female suffrage.

THE feeling in the South over pension legislation is thus voiced by the Macon *Telegraph:*

"All pension bills should be bunched and vetoed."

THE Philadelphia city election on the 15th was a solid Republican triumph. The majority for FITLER (Rep.) for mayor was 28,293. All the Republican candidates were elected. The vote for the highest labor candidate was 1,664. The largest Republican majority ever before given for city officers in Philadelphia was in 1875, when WILLIAM S. STOKELEY defeated Col. ALEX. K. MCCLURE by 10,995.

CAPT. GREELY has been appointed chief signal officer, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Gen. HAZEN.

THE Tennessee House on Monday adopted the Senate resolution submitting to a vote of the people a prohibition amendment to the constitution. The vote stood ayes 87, nays 4.

THE Senatorial dead-locks in New Jersey and West Virginia still continue.

IT seems that it was not a broken rail that caused the Vermont Central railroad horror, but that an axle on the forward truck of the rear Pullman car broke some distance back of the broken rail. The rail was afterwards broken by a journal from the damaged truck.

ACCORDING to the report of Gen. BRAYTON, chief of the state police in Rhode Island, drunken men in Providence under six months of prohibition, fell off 42 per cent., in Newport 33 per cent., in Woonsocket 20 per cent., in Johnston 40 per cent., in East Providence 45 per cent., etc. The chief complains of apathy on the part of friends of the prohibitory amendment as regards support of its enforcement.

THAT the nations of Europe consider the situation at present as a very grave one is evident from the unanimity with which all are putting themselves in readiness for war. During the past week the lower house of the Hungarian Diet passed by a unanimous vote the extra credit of $3,110,000 for the equipment of the Hungarian Landwehr. The Prime Minister spoke at length upon the subject, saying that he regarded the unanimity of the vote as an expression of patriotism and political tact without which no government could exist. While the object of the government was to maintain peace, yet the interests of the country were to be protected, and therefore it was desirable to take certain precautionary measures against the contingency of war. Applications to the number of 20,000 have been received for officers' commissions in the Hungarian Landsturm.

ON Saturday the English Cabinet held a meeting to make the beginning of a policy for the Conservative party to pursue during the present session of Parliament. Lord SALISBURY has, without doubt, decided upon a programme for legislation. There is no question as to the determination of the leading Tories to press for the severest kind of coercion in Ireland. All idea of concession has been given up, so that the probabilities of exciting debates are very strong. Mr. PARNELL is determined to do all that he can to obstruct public business, if there is no prospect of legislation for Irish self-government. He can in this way make the session almost barren of legislation.

THE action of the speaker in the House of Commons last Thursday in bringing Mr. DILLON'S speech on jury packing in Dublin to so sudden and unexpected a close is causing a good deal of comment in political circles. Naturally the Irish members are a good deal incensed, as it deprived them of their opportunity to make a concerted protest against the proceedings of the Crown at that time. Mr. GLADSTONE is expected to make a strong speech in favor of the protest against the ruling.

THE general election which took place in Germany on Monday was the outcome of the recent refusal of the Reichstag to pass the government bill increasing the strength of the army and making appropriations for seven years instead of three years, which BISMARCK declared was an innovation that could not be submitted to. Upon this refusal the Reichstag was at once dissolved. The result of the election is not yet decidedly apparent, though it is thought the Government is defeated. The exact strength of the latter in the Reichstag cannot, however, be known until one or two votes have been taken. Should it prove that the Government has lost ground, another dissolution will take place and another election follow. The effect of BISMARCK'S possible defeat, which it was prophesied would be war, will be watched with great anxiety.

A GOOD deal of excitement has been caused by the publication in the Russian organ, *Le Nord*, of an article declaring that the insurmountable national aversion to the Berlin treaty will prevent any lasting understanding between Russia and Germany. It is further declared that the former has allowed the Bulgarian question to recede into the background, in order to be free to prevent Germany from annihilating France and upsetting European equilibrium. The present quiet in regard to Bulgaria gives some probability to the declaration.

KING HUMBERT has issued a general order telling the Italian army that their dead comrades who fell in the recent battles with the Abyssinians, have shed imperishable honor upon the Italian name. It is well that some cause for congratulation can be found in the terrible event in Abyssinia.

THE letters issued from the Vatican and signed by Cardinal JACOBINI, which was the outcome of the arrangement between BISMARCK and the Pope, have been the subject of warm discussion in all European circles. That they will have strong influence in the German elections is certain, as the Chancellor well knew.

FRANCE evidently intends to defy Australian protests against the establishment of a French stronghold off the coast of Australia, as she is proceeding to strongly fortify the New Hebrides Island.

THE jubilee year of Queen VICTORIA is being celebrated all over India in an imposing manner. Thanksgiving ceremonies are held in Christian churches, Mohammedan mosques and Pagan temples with equal favor, and 25,000 prisoners have been liberated in honor of the anniversary.

TAXING THE RUM TRAFFIC TO DEATH.

The plan of increasing the national revenue tax upon the manufacture and sale of Rum to such a point that the traffic would be practically extinguished meets with considerable favor from those patrons of the BLADE who have so far expressed any opinion thereon. There are some, however, who do not seem to have considered the matter far enough in all its bearings to understand it fully. For the benefit of these let us recapitulate:

There is not the slightest doubt of the power of the national government to exercise the taxing power in any degree, even up to a practically prohibitory point. This power has already been exercised, in cases which we have heretofore cited. The Supreme court of the United States, the highest tribunal in the land, has decided that the taxing power of the federal government is practically unlimited; and, in rendering that decision, if we are not mistaken, the maxim was enunciated that "the power to tax is the power to prohibit."

The advantages of this mode of reaching practical Prohibition are many. Let us recapitulate some of them:

First—National Prohibition is reached at one blow. The only other method of obtaining it is by the election of legislatures in three-fourths of the states who will vote affirmatively on a proposition to ratify an amendment to the constitution of the United States whereby the manufacture and sale of Rum is prohibited. There is before the friends of Prohibition a long and arduous struggle, extending over years, before this point can be reached.

Second—The question of compensation to distillers and others could not be raised. The law, while it would, in effect, have the effect of a prohibitory enactment, would not be in that form. The manufacture and sale would not be prohibited, but merely subjected to a very heavy tax. The option of discontinuing the business, or of continuing it and paying the tax, would rest with the manufacturers and dealers.

Third—The work of seeing that there were no evasions of the tax would be far more efficiently done by the legal machinery of the internal revenue bureau, than could prohibitory laws be enforced by the officials of a state government in a community which is inimical thereto.

Fourth—It would avoid a vast amount of trouble in handling the liquor question, by simply turning the whole matter over to the supervision of the federal government instead of its remaining a bone of contention in every state and territory of the Union.

We hope that the readers of the BLADE will carefully note what our correspondents say upon this subject in the letters given elsewhere. Meanwhile, our columns are open for the publication of *very short* communications upon this matter. They *must* be brief, compact, and to the point, as we will not use them. We have not room for long-winded disquisitions.

And right here, it seems fitting that the BLADE shall, for the benefit of a number of its newer subscribers, define again its position upon the liquor question. We believe in Prohibition, state and national. But we are not willing that the Rum Power shall go on unchecked until such time as it shall be possible to reach Prohibition in a state or nation. Hence we favor all restrictive measures, that will hinder and harass the Rum Demon, that will curb the tyranny of the Rum Power. We believe in them and advocate them, not as ends, but as measures to the great end of Pulverizing the Rum Power. We do not advocate license, because it gives distinct legal recognition to the infernal Rum traffic, and puts that traffic under the protection of the law—because it protects the tyrant, and leaves his victims without protection. It puts the business of making and selling Rum into the preferred list, so to speak, and gives it a governmental recognition which it does not merit. Taxation does not do this. It recognizes the Rum traffic, not as a business but as an evil, and seeks to control it by levying a tax upon it.

Furthermore, we recognize fully the fact, patent to every unprejudiced observer, that in the states where Prohibition has been reached it has been treated as a moral question, not as a political one. The grand success of Prohibition in the South through local option is proof positive that non-partisan methods are the best. We have never believed, nor do we now see any reason to change that belief, that the voters of the country will not leave their present political affiliations in any great numbers to unite with a party which presents to them but one issue—that of Prohibition. We believe in accepting facts, and in not wasting efforts in endeavoring to do that which can not be done. We recognize the fact that the people of the United States, rightly or wrongly, hold certain political issues and beliefs to be as vital as this moral issue of Prohibition, and that they adhere to the political party whose tenets meet their approval.

Politically, as every one knows, the BLADE believes in and advocates the doctrines of the Republican party. We do not believe in attempting to make Prohibition a political issue, either in one of the two great parties, nor in a separate party. Hence, we most decidedly cannot support the third, or Prohibition party—first, because we do not believe it can ever be successful, as a party; Prohibition may and will come, but it will not be through that party. Second, the aim of its leaders seems, first to build up a party, and second, to work for Prohibition. We propose to work with all our strength for Prohibition, but we care nothing for the third party. Third, the third party leaders are most venomous enemies of Republicanism, and think it their duty to first destroy the Republican party before going in to work for Prohibition. For ourselves, we welcome as fellow-workers all men, whether Democrats or Republicans, who are willing to unite to take any steps that will aid in the great effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every post-office. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it.

THE first state election this year is that in Rhode Island, and it will possess a number of interesting features. A full ticket of state officers and members of the legislature will be chosen, and an attempt will be made to bring about a revision of the constitution by the elimination of the property qualification for voters. Then the prohibition question will cut quite a figure in the contest, and add an element of uncertainty to the canvass. The voters of the state will also have to elect a Representative in Congress, as at the November election last year no candidate got a clear majority of all the votes cast for that office, therefore, according to the state law, there was no choice. This is the only member of the next House who is yet to be chosen.

THE sentiment in favor of secession from the Canadian union is said to be growing in Nova Scotia.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

For the benefit of many readers of the BLADE who have carelessly omitted to follow the different steps by which the inter-state commerce bill became a law, we give, in as brief space as possible, a synopsis of its provisions.

The provisions of the act apply to any common carrier transporting passengers or freight, either by all rail or part rail and part water, under one control or management or arrangement, from one state or territory into another, or from one point in this country into a foreign country, or for any other place in this country. It does not apply where the business is carried on entirely in one state or territory.

The law declares that all charges for transportation of passengers or freight shall be "reasonable and just," and any charge that is not so is declared unlawful. This is a provision which is necessarily vague, and the question as to whether a given rate is or is not "reasonable and just" will lie in the power of the commission to decide.

Section 2 prohibits "unjust discrimination" in charges for transporting passengers or freight, and defines this to be the receiving from one person, for similar service, either a greater or less compensation than from another, directly or indirectly. It prohibits all special rates, rebates, "drawbacks," or any other device which has this result.

The third section makes it unlawful to give any preference or advantage to any person, firm, corporation or locality, or any preference to any particular kind of traffic, in any respect whatever; or to subject the same to any disadvantage. It also compels every common carrier to afford "all reasonable, proper and equal facilities" for interchanging traffic between lines, and for the transfer or prompt delivery of freight or passengers to and from connecting lines, and also forbids discrimination in rates and charges among such connecting lines; all must be treated equally.

Section 4 is the celebrated "short and long haul" provision. It declares it unlawful for any common carrier to charge or receive any greater compensation for carrying passengers or freight, under substantially similar circumstances, for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line, in the same direction—the shorter being included in the longer distance. And it is further declared that they shall not charge as much for the short haul as for the long haul. Hence, as they may not charge an equal sum, nor a greater one, the price of the short haul must necessarily be less than a long one.

There is an important qualifying clause inserted, however. It provides that the commission (created by a subsequent section) may, in special cases, after due investigation, allow a road to charge *less* for a long haul than for a short one. This clause gives immense discretionary power to the commission, and it will be liable to abuse unless that body is composed of the very best men possible.

Section 5 prohibits all pooling, or division of either aggregate or net proceeds of their business between competing lines of railway. Section 6 requires the schedules of rates and fares to be printed and kept posted for public inspection in every depot on its lines. No advance can be made in these rates except after ten days' public notice, but reductions may be made without previous notice. It is unlawful to receive or demand more or less than the sum thus publicly posted, or to make any charge not embraced in the printed schedule. Copies of these schedules are to be filed with the commission, as well as any changes afterward made. This filing must also be done with all contracts or agreements between lines, and with joint rates between lines. For violation of the provisions of section 6, the offending road is subjected to severe penalties, even to the stoppage of its business by the proper Circuit court of the United States.

Section 7 provides against any evasion of the provisions of the law with regard to continuous shipments, by a combination between roads, expressed or implied, to prevent continuous shipments—by change of time schedule, carriage in different cars, or in any other way. Section 8 makes roads liable to damages to whoever is injured by the doing of anything prohibited by this law, or by the failure to do things which the law requires to be done.

Section 9 empowers persons claiming to be damaged to either make complaint to the commission, or to bring suit in the United States District or Circuit court for damages, but not to do both. In case of a suit, the court can compel the railway officials to appear and testify, and to produce the books and papers, and the claim that such testimony may tend to criminate the road shall not excuse the testimony.

Every common carrier is, by section 10, bound by the acts of its officers, agents and employes; and when anything is done or permitted to be done contrary to this law, or where there is any omission to do what is required by it, or where there is any infraction of this law, or any aiding or abetting in any of these things, the offense is made a misdemeanor, punishable, upon conviction in the United States District court having jurisdiction of the place, by a fine not exceeding $5,000.

Section 11 establishes the Inter-State Commerce commission. This is a board of five men, appointed by the President, each holding office for six years, except the first five appointed, who shall be appointed for two, three, four, five and six years respectively from January 1, 1887; so that, on January 1, 1889, one man's term will expire, and one each year thereafter. These commissioners can be removed by the President for "inefficiency, neglect of duty, or malfeasance in office." Not more than three shall be appointed from one political party. No one shall be appointed who is an officer or employe of a railway, or who owns its stock or bonds, or is pecuniarily interested in it in any way. Their salaries are $7,500 per year each, and they are prohibited from engaging in any other business or employment.

The commission is given large powers. They have full authority to inquire into the management of all railways, are required to keep themselves posted on the methods in which their business is conducted, and can compel the roads to furnish any such information they may need, or to produce all books, papers, contracts, etc., through the United States courts. These provisions are very sweeping, and extremely strict. Any person, corporation, etc., which has a complaint of transgression or omission can appeal to the commission, who shall call on the road concerned, which shall answer the charge or satisfy the complainant, within a specified time. If this is not done, the commission shall investigate. The commission may inaugurate an investigation of any matter of its own motion, without formal complaint. After any investigation, the comission shall make a written report, with a recommendation as to what reparation, if any, shall be made to the damaged person, which report shall contain the findings of fact on which the report is based, and which findings shall be *prima facie* evidence before a court.

When the commission shall find that anything contrary to this law has been done, or that it has not been carried out, or any other law violated, by any common carrier, or any damage sustained by the complainant, the road shall be notified to stop the violation or make reparation, within a given time. When this is done, the road is released from liability. If it is not done, the commission shall take the case to the proper United States Circuit court, which shall proceed to hear the case as speedily as possible, and to remedy the wrong, if it finds one has been committed. Appeal may be taken to the Supreme court of the United States, when the subject in dispute amounts to $2,000 or over. The sections relating to these matters are voluminous, and not of general interest.

All roads shall make full and explicit report to the commission annually, and the latter to the secretary of the Interior. The exceptions to the law are as follows: The carriage of property for federal, state or municipal governments free, or at reduced rates, or for charitable purposes, or to and from fairs or expositions, for exhibition, is permitted; roads are allowed to issue mileage, excursion or commutation tickets, and give reduced rates to ministers; they may carry their own officers and employes free, and exchange passes or tickets with other roads for their officers and employes. It will be seen that legislative, newspaper and other passes are not excepted. These can probably be issued to be good within a state, but not to cross state lines.

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Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

ENGLAND'S TRADE DEPRESSION.

The labor question is not alone an American one. Our cousins in Great Britain are bestowing quite as much attention upon it as are we. With the mother country there is this additional disadvantage—that the increase of population among the working classes is far in excess of the demands of industry, and the only safety-valve is emigration. In this country, the wide stretches of country in the mighty West, an area great enough to make a dozen states the size of England, absorbs, in a measurable degree, our own surplus population, and the thousands of immigrants who are dumped upon our shores yearly from Europe.

The great manufacturing centers of Great Britain all show the effects of over-production and a restricted field for the export of manufactured products. And another feature of evil which the present condition of that county presents, and which is happily absent here, is that the agricultural interest is suffering equally with all industrial interests. Our farmers have a far better chance than there fellow agriculturists of England. In fact, the latter have been the chief sufferers from the great depression in trade and industry in that country, while ours have been largely exempt from the effects of a similar depression here.

The Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of these troubles can find no solution for them. No two members, apparently, agree as to the proper remedy. Then separate reports were made, each differing widely from the others. And the problem in England is one hopeless of a solution through the law-making power, for no law of Parliament can make foreign nations repeal their tariffs, shut up their own factories, and buy their goods of England instead of making them themselves. And the misery of it is, that all avenues of labor are so filled, so choked, with work-people, that wages are down to the lowest point possible consistent with existence, and it is impossible for the average English wage-worker to save any money; and if the loss of foreign trade, or a depression of industries, throws a number of them out of work, the result is terrible. They can find nothing else to do, for there is a surplus of labor in every possible line; and the unemployed ones must starve, or become a burden on the public—become paupers, in fact.

England is reaping, after many years, the fruits of her unsound industrial policy. She extended her manufactures enormously by the adoption of free trade years ago. It seemed good policy then, for England was in advance of the world in manufacturing. The design was, to have all other countries become producers of raw material, which England would manufacture into goods of every kind. She was to be the world's manufacturer. But one country after another fostered its own industries by protective duties, and the enormously developed manufacturing interests of England naturally began to cut their prices, so as to compete with foreign manufacturers on their own territory. And as the competition became more intense, the workmen's wages were cut down until they reached about the lowest possible point. The result of this policy is now seen. She has more manufactories than are needed to supply her home needs and her export trade, and an enormous body of pauper work people, for whom she can find no work. Her industries were over-developed.

MEXICAN PENSIONERS.

The beneficiaries of the Mexican pension bill must come under the following conditions: No one is entitled to the pension of $8 per month unless he was in the service 60 days, is 62 years of age, or is disabled, or is dependent. If in service less than 60 days, he is also entitled to the benefits of the bill if he is 62, or is disabled, or is dependent, or was actually in battle with the enemy. The following points are important to be understood, in order that applicants may have no trouble on account of informality:

The claimant must, in every case, where he can reach a clerk of a court of record, personally appear before that clerk of the court of record and take the oath affixed to the declaration, and his signature must be witnessed by two competent and reliable persons in the neighborhood, and witnesses, if possible, also to the facts set up in his declaration:

In cases where the claimant is not able by reason of the infirmity of age to travel to a court of record, then the oath may be executed before any officer competent under the laws of the state in which the claimant resides, or under the laws of the United States, to execute affidavits for general purposes; but the execution of the oath before any other than the clerk of a court of record is not allowed except in the case pointed out by the law where the claimant can not, on account of infirmity of age, reach the office having charge of the seal of the court, and the oath of infirmity must also be executed and returned.

The most essential point for establishment is the question of the identity of the soldier on account of whose services pension is claimed, and therefore special attention should be paid to this by the claimant in his first application, and to the end that the office may be aided in determining this and other questions blank forms of affidavits and oaths for neighbors and comrades have been prepared. The officer attesting will be required to attest his knowledge of the witnesses, their credibility and standing.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

P. T. BARNUM, the showman, proposes a somewhat novel plan of high license. He would have one liquor license for every 100 male adults, and these licenses he would have sold to the highest bidders at auction, the first bid to be not less than $200.

IT is reported that the President will select for the inter-state railroad commission one man each from New England, New York, Ohio, the South, and the far West.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

THE EXPIRING CONGRESS.

This session of the Forty-ninth Congress has been a most disappointing one to the people of the nation. There were certain things that needed doing, and that the people expected it to do; but how does the record stand? Congress had, besides numerous minor bits of legislation, the following matters demanding decisive action:

First—The matter of disposing of the government revenues, which can not be used in extinguishing the bonded debt after the last of the 3 per cents are called and paid, which will occur by next July. No other outstanding bonds can be called before 1892. A business-like view of the situation would have been to have gone upon the market and purchased bonds to the amount of the available surplus, retiring them, and thus lightening the burden of interest upon the people. The debt is to be paid, and the sooner it is done the less interest we shall have to pay.

Second—The matter of changing the basis of the national bank circulation, in view of the gradual payment of the debt and the lessening of the amount of bonds outstanding, needs prompt and statesmanlike action.

Third—The silver question needs adjustment.

Fourth—The question of defending our unprotected coasts needs immediate attention.

Fifth—The dependent soldiers of the Union, who are spending their days in almshouses and on poor farms, should be cared for by the government they helped to save.

Sixth—The nation needs a new navy.

Of these important questions, which has been settled? The dependent pension bill was passed by Congress, but vetoed by the bull-necked toady to the Southern brigadiers, who, by a series of lucky chances, sits in the Presidential chair. If Congress were awake to its duty, it would pass it over his veto. We will have some steps taken for coast defence; and beyond these things, nothing has been done. The Democratic majority in Congress have shown themselves incapable of striking out a consistent, business-like policy for the nation. They are afraid to trust their own administration with the expenditure of any large sum of money, probably being fearful of its being squandered. There is, in fact, nothing that they are agreed upon. So long as the government could be run upon the lines left by the Republican administration, they could manage, after a fashion. Now that new emergencies arise, which necessitate the elaboration of new lines of policy, they haggle and quarrel and cannot decide.

The plain fact is, that for 25 years the Democratic party has not had to do anything but sit on the back seats and howl, "I object!" It requires but little statesmanship to do that. Any mob can destroy, but it requires wisdom and knowledge to plan, and skill and foresight to erect a new structure. Now, when the people call upon the Democrats to do this, they fail ignominiously. They cannot agree upon any tariff legislation. They are at loggerheads on the silver question, and on the disposal of the revenue. They have not talent enough to discern a plan for continuing the national banking system, they dare not destroy it, and if they did, would have nothing whatever to supply its place; nor have they statesmanship enough to devise a method of preventing the contraction of the currency which is inevitable from the retirement of the 3 per cents this summer. They howled for years about internal revenue taxation, and now that it might be abandoned without detriment to the nation's interest, they have not intelligence enough to remove it, wholly or in part.

The Democratic Congressional contingent has shown itself utterly incapable of taking a broad, comprehensive, statesmanlike view of any public question. There is not a Representative among them who does not think more of what his "deestrick" will think of his vote on any measure, than of the needs of the nation at large. As a rule, they are a lot of miserable place-hunters, badgering their President and the departments to find places for a lot of worthless henchmen, whose claim for office is not fitness and intelligence, but the performance of some piece of dirty political work. The Democratic Congressmen are afraid of their own President, and distrustful of their own administration. They are afraid to trust anybody to do anything, lest they shall steal something. They form an incompetent mob of political tricksters, who are a disgrace to the people they misrepresent.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

FOR PROHIBITION.

The following note will be read by all who have the furtherance of the temperance movement at heart with great interest:

> Will you please call attention to the offer of a Prize Banner to the New England state which reports the largest per cent of increase in membership, including regular and honorary members of the W. C. T. U., and the "Y.'s"; also to the Middle, Southern and Western states which makes this report, with one for the state beyond the Missouri, having the largest per cent of increase in its membership, and one for the territory that leads in this respect during the present year. Thus the weakest state is placed on a level, at the start, with the strongest. The banner will be presented at Nashville next autumn at the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U.
>
> Yours for Prohibition,
>
> FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Now is the time for temperance workers to put forth their energies in order to roll up the list of names of those who will adhere to total abstinence principles, and who will labor for its spread everywhere. It means final victory for prohibition, and meaning that, no effort is too great, no expenditure of energy too much to multiply the names upon the membership roll of the organizations mentioned. It is only by creating a strong public sentiment in its favor that any great measure can be carried, and it is true of this one, the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been brought before the people. Temperance workers should begin a most thorough canvass at once, and carry it on steadily through all of the summer months. Only by this way of working can success be won for prohibition.

CONGRESS'S CLOSING DAYS.

A cast-iron programme has been laid down for the expedition of business before the Senate for the few remaining days of the session. Until 2 o'clock, each day's session will be devoted to miscellaneous matters not otherwise provided for, and in which extended debate is unnecessary. This includes bills which have passed the House and have been favorably reported by the Senate's committees. After 2 o'clock, the appropriation bills have the right of way, so long as any remain upon the calendar. This will only be interrupted by the presentation of conference reports, which is always in order, and action thereon; and by pension bills, which, by tacit consent, are given special privileges where possible. The remainder of the daily sessions will be devoted to certain bills which have been given precedence in the following order:

The Nicaragua canal bill, the resolution for an investigation of the Pacific railroads' accounts, the bill creating a department of Agriculture, the bill for the relief of depositors in the Freedmen's bank, the pleuro-pneumonia bill (if it shall be reported from the committee on Agriculture in time), the arbitration (labor) bill and any land-grant forfeiture bills, the bill to prohibit the use of the mails to newspapers publishing lottery advertisements, the Des Moines land grant bill, the bill authorizing suits to be brought in certain cases against the United States, the bills to settle private land claims in certain states and territories, the bill to reimburse certain states for the moneys expended in the war of 1812, the bill to establish an international copyright system, and the bill to quiet certain land titles.

In the House there is no such arrangement for the expedition of the work. The Democratic members seem to have no idea of business; and, besides, are so jealous of each other, and so selfish in pushing pet measures that will enable the members to receive cross-roads commendation from their "deestricks," that any unity of action is simply impossible. The Republicans, being in the minority, can do nothing to mend this state of things. The sundry appropriation bill will be up this afternoon, and on Wednesday the retaliatory bill on the fisheries question, already passed by the Senate, will be the order of business. The veto of the dependent relatives' pension bill comes up on Thursday, and appropriation bills will fill out the remainder of the week. As the last six days of this Congress begins Friday, during that time it is in order to move the passage of any measure by a two-thirds vote under a suspension of the rules. To keep "jobs" out, there seems to be a sort of understanding that appropriation bills and other privileged matters will be used to fill up the time.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

WILL THERE BE AN EXTRA SESSION?

The opinion seems to be gaining ground in Washington that the President will call an extra session of the Senate immediately after the adjournment of Congress. The main business which should be acted upon is the extradition treaty negotiated last June between Great Britain and the United States. The Senate does no approve, it seems, of all its stipulations. Sen. VEST moved, on the last occasion that it was before the Senate, to strike out the section providing for extradition for political offenses, and a long and heated discussion took place upon the subject, showing radical differences of opinion among the Senators. No definite understanding was reached at that time, and so the matter stands.

There are other points in the proposed treaty to which there are objections, it is said, though they have not been discussed in the Senate as yet. On account of these irreconcilable differences of opinion, which would take much time in settlement, and whose discussion would trench seriously upon the waning session, every hour of which is needed for the discussion of other bills and measures, the treaty has not been brought up since three or four weeks ago, and will probably not be during the week or so that shall elapse until the Forty-ninth Congress expires by limitation. It is understood that Minister PHELPS has been endeavoring to ascertain what modifications can be made to the treaty that will still leave it acceptable to the British government.

CLEVELAND and BAYARD are both anxious to have the treaty ratified, as the time is drawing near for the selection of Presidential candidates, and there has been nothing done by the executive that can be used as an appeal to the people. Voters don't enthuse over a President who denies himself to the people through boorish exclusiveness, and whose idea of fulfilling the duties of the Presidency is sitting at a big desk and doing work that properly belongs to a $12 a week clerk. Hence the disposition to call an extra session of the Senate to push this treaty through.

Of course, if there is an extra session of the Senate, many other matters will come up. The nominations for a number of important positions will likely fail, for lack of confirmation. The President will probably reappoint all of these immediately after March 4, and the Senate can act on them. Then the Indiana Senatorial case will come up, and TURPIE'S right to a seat whose title he holds through fraud will be tested.

GEN. FAIRCHILD'S CIRCULAR.

Gen. FAIRCHILD, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued the following circular to all posts and comrades of that organization, which we commend to the immediate attention of our local G. A. R. men:

"In view of the recent veto of the dependent pension bill, and of the very great importance of that measure to many of our disabled comrades who are in need and are justly entitled to help:

"It is recommended that posts and comrades everywhere, by resolutions and letters, immediately inform members of Congress,—who are entitled to, and will gladly receive these expressions of opinion,—of their approval or disapproval of the principles involved in the vetoed bill.

"Comrades are requested to move at once without waiting for printed circular."

THAT *vade mecum* of the politician and statistician, the New York *Tribune* Almanac, has just been issued for 1887. It is a work of supererogation to descant upon the merits of this little annual, for everybody knows that it is a complete political register of the year just past, including all congressional legislation, party movements, tables of trade and business, full vote of all state and congressional elections, etc. We could wish that every reader of the BLADE would possess himself of it, as it would save us answering hundreds of queries in the Question Bureau. Price 30 cents. The *Tribune*, New York.

A VILLAGE called Glenwood has been started in Northern Wisconsin, the founders of which have inserted in all the deeds a proviso that the sale of ardent spirits of any kind on the lot shall cause the property to revert to the original owner.

THE Indiana House of Representatives has passed a local option bill, but as the Senate and House are at loggerheads it is probable that it will be rejected by the Senate.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sam Jones defines infidelity as only a great big mouth that goes around talking.

Maj. J. M. Bundy, of the New York *Mail and Express*, is a relative of Gov. Foraker's wife.

Since Mr. Gladstone has chopped down so many trees, it is now remarked that he ought to plant some.

The Ohio society in New York proposes to admit ladies to its annual banquet, which will be given after Lent.

The gorge and flood at Lyons, Mich., left 1,000 acres of ice from five to twenty feet thick. The summer is provided for.

THE governor of Kansas has approved the bill, thus making it a law, conferring municipal suffrage upon women.

Chautauqua is an Indian word, and said to mean a bag tied in the middle. That is about the shape of Chautauqua lake.

The late Francis Smith, proprietor of the New York *Weekly*, made a fortune of over $1,000,000 out of that story paper.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE advocates the nonpayment of taxes, with which, he says, the government buys police bludgeons.

Gail Hamilton says "that a woman of woman of twenty should be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic as of being drunk."

THE New York Senate, by a vote of 20 ayes to 9 nays, passed a bill granting women the right to vote in municipal elections.

Prince Louis, the second son of Prince Napoleon, has taken service in the Italian army and thus forfeited his French nationality.

The display of diamonds made by Mrs. Hicks-Lord at the New York charity ball, was never equaled by woman in this country.

A prodigious number of children are being christened Victoria or Victor this year in England, in memory of the Queen's jubilee.

THE President has nominated Captain Adolphus W. Greely, Fifth Cavalry, to be chief signal officer, with the rank of brigadier general.

Flavius Josephus has been appointed to a postmastership in Maine. Some of the Democrats had to wait a long time for recognition.

August Belmont's real name is said to be Schonberg. When he came to this country from Germany he assumed the name he now bears.

Attorney General Kirkpatrick, of Pennsylvania, when a boy, used to attend his blind father, who sold printed songs in the streets of Easton, Pa.

Henry Clay, D. Webster and Charles Benton were the names of the three leading candidates for receiver of taxes at the late election in Philadelphia.

Viscount Eversley is the oldest member of the British peerage. He is 92 years old, just 90 years ahead of H. R. H. the Duke of Albany, the youngest on the list.

Luther Beecher proposes to give the Biddle house and grounds for the benefit of the poor of Detroit. It is an immense structure, and is valued at $500,000.

Henry W. Grady is said to have made his first "few thousand dollars" by a lucky investment in Louisville & Nashville stock, made on a "tip" from Victor Newcombe.

"Nellie Bly," a well-known female correspondent of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, who is only 20 years old, is about to go on the stage. Arthur Rehan will bring her out.

THE *North German Gazette*, Prince Bismarck's organ, says that the reichstag will be again dissolved unless the government secures a majority in the coming elections.

THE business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 222, and for Canada 39, against 267 last week and 286 the corresponding week of last year.

THE London papers fully approve of the action of the Speaker of the House of Commons in closing the "tiresome and obstructive debate" on the address in reply to the queen's speech.

THE visible supply of grain on February 19, as compiled by the secretary of the Chicago Board of Trade, shows a decrease of 1,440,000 bushels of wheat, and a decrease of 255,000 bushels of corn.

Despite his sonorous voice and distinct enunciation, Lord Randolph Churchill is a terror to reporters, because of the rapidity of his speech. He seldom falls below the rate of 150 words a minute.

Sam Jones to the Bostonians: "A fellow told me, 'Jones, you ought not to say fool in the in the pulpit.' 'Why,' I answered, 'that's the given name of half my crowd. I couldn't get along without it.'"

THE first allowance under the recent act of Congress pensioning survivors and widows of the Mexican war was made by the commissioner of pensions Thursday, to Sen. John S. Williams, of Kentucky.

Gen. Banks, who is now 71 years of age, still holds the office of United States marshal in Boston and runs an experimental farm of 60 acres just outside the city.

THE government receipts so far this month amount to $18,5000,000, an average of over $1,000,000 daily. The expenditures have been unusually heavy, the pension payments amounting to $20,000,000.

Of the 408 members of Congress 283 are connected with churches. Of these 283 connected with churches such connection would not be suspected of more than 25. The wonders of mathematics are marvelous.

THE McGlynn committee met in New York, decided to issue an address to the workingmen of the United States and Canada to favor Rev. Dr. McGlynn and his land theories, and to subscribe to the McGlynn fund.

Mary Anderson says she will not marry until she leaves the stage, and she won't leave the stage until old age compels her to. The chance of her becoming somebody's grandmother is not particularly hopeful.

THE next step in the settlement of the estate left by the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart, will be the sale by private auction of all her personal effects. All of Mrs. Stewart's jewelry, valued at some $40,000, will also be sold.

W. T. BRIGHAM, a prominent lawyer of Boston, has been arrested for the embezzlement of $17,000 from the estate of two old ladies of which he was trustee. He had invested the money in a Southern enterprise.

THE President has requested Sec. Manning to continue in office until April 1. The President will nominate a successor to Sec. Manning before the adjournment of Congress, but the appointment will not take effect before April 1.

GOV. FORAKER has issued a proclamation, in accordance with the resolution of the legislature, offering a reward of $5,000 for the capture of McMunn and the Ravenna train outlaws, or $1,000 for the capture of any one of them.

In 1863, in one of his letters, Nasby spoke of one of his Democratic neighbors as having named his son "Jesse D. Brite Fernandywood Vallandigum," and then remarked "the boy has a strong constitution and may live."—*Bucyrus Journal.*

IT is stated on high authority that the Canadian Pacific Co. is about to conclude negotiations for the purchase of three of the fastest steamers of the Cunard line, which will be put on the British Columbia and Australia route in the spring.

IT is stated that Herr Von Radowitz, German ambassador to the Porte, has informed the Bulgarian deputation that in the event of the failure to settle the Bulgarian question by the negotiations pending, Russia will occupy Bulgaria with the consent of Germany and Austria.

Sidney Dillon has adopted the Vanderbilt tactics, barring profanity, toward the public. In a late interview he said: "What do I care for the public? The public amounts to nothing!" and he looked so fierce and thundered so that the reporter trembled for the poor and patient public.

IT is believed that Baron Von Scholezer, the Prussian representative at the Vatican, is urging the transfer of the Nuncio at Munich to Berlin, and that if he succeeds, Monsignor Ferrati, who is a favorite in Paris, will be appointed Nuncio at Paris, in order to conciliate the French government.

THE local board of health of Des Moines has arrested and quarantined a clergyman who conducted the funeral services of children who died from diphtheria, contrary to regulations prohibiting public funerals in such cases. He has appealed to the state board of health, which affirms the action of the local board.

Henry Clews, the Wall street broker, remarks that "the man who can't make milk and honey to live on out of the prosperity which is going to prevail throughout the country for the entire year of 1887 ought to die for the benefit of his family." When a man has a few millions to begin with the crop of milk and honey is very easily harvested.

Charles A. Pillsbury, the great Minneapolis miller, was poor when, in 1863, he was graduated from Dartmouth. Four years later, still poor, he went to Minneapolis and established a business which to-day is the largest of its kind in the world. His mills turn out 10,000 barrels of flour daily, and he pays freight alone on his wheat $1,500,000 yearly.

Bob Taylor, who fiddled himself into the Tennessee governorship, has already fallen into Democratic disfavor, though scarcely warm in his seat. A leading Nashville Democrat says: "His message was a great surprise and humiliation. He has surrounded himself with mugwumps, and has not done one thing that a single Democratic leader indorses since his inauguration. His administration will be a dead failure—worse than Tyler's in 1841. He will not get 100 votes in the next gubernatorial convention."

THE municipal authorities of Stratford-on-the-Avon have just decided on the site and the design for a drinking fountain, which is the jubilee gift of Mr. George W. Childs to Shakespearestown. The fountain will be a granite structure, 50 feet high, faced with an antique clock, with an archway under the center cut through the base, and wide enough for one vehicle. Upon the panel of the base is the inscription, "The gift of an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the jubilee year of Queen Victoria." The cost will not exceed $5,000.

Lillie Stuck, the 14-year-old daughter of the Pennsylvania state librarian, composed the words and music of a "Slumber Song." Her music teacher advised her to allow him to rearrange and publish it, as he said it was so intricate, so delicate, and so difficult of rendition that ordinary singers could not do justice to it. She declared she would not have the score changed, saying she had made it unusually difficult for a special purpose. Then she sent it to Adelina Patti, signing an assumed name. A few days ago she heard from Mme. Patti's private secretary that the diva was singing the "Slumber Song" in concerts in the West.

MARVELOUS CHANGES.

What the Future Will be to Those Who Refuse to Believe.

Is this country unconsciously undergoing a wonderful change, is the change to take place before we are aware of the fact, and when it has taken place will we wonder why we did not see it before it was too late?

Those that see the changes early avail themselves early, and thereby receive benefits.

The shrewd iron man sees the iron interest transferred from Pittsburg and Pennsylvania to Birmingham, Alabama, and in his far-sightedness sees the furnaces in Pennsylvania torn down and deserted for this new and prolific field. It is claimed by the iron men of Alabama that the low price at which iron can be produced there will revolutionize the iron interests of the world.

We have seen the grain-growing centers of this country shifted to the West. We have seen the pork-packing industry flit from Cincinnati to Chicago, and from thence to Kansas City and Omaha. Southern cotton mills undersell New England and American markets, and challenge the world.

We have seen and are seeing all this take place before our eyes, and know that other changes are taking place equally as prominent, and we wonder as we behold them. Ten years ago the insurance companies only required an analysis of the fluids when they were taking insurance for very large amounts. To-day no first class company will insure any amount unless they have a rigid analysis of the fluids passed, and if any traces of certain disorders are apparent, the application is rejected. In their reports they show that the death of 60 of every 100 people in this country, is due either directly or indirectly to such disorders. The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, England, reports that 60 of every 100 victims of consumption also have serious disorders of the kidneys.

Among scientists for the treatment of this dread malady the question is being discussed:

"Is not this disorder the real cause of consumption?"

Ten years ago the microscope was something seldom found in a physician's office; now every physician of standing has one and seldom visits his patients without calling for a sample of fluids for examination.

Why is all this? Is it possible that we of the present generation are to die of diseases caused by kidney disorders? or shall we master the cause by Warner's safe cure, the only recognized specific, and thus remove the effects? It is established beyond a doubt that a very large percentage of deaths in this country are traceable to diseased kidneys. For years the proprietors of Warner's safe cure have been insisting that there is no sound health when the kidneys are diseased, and they enthusiastically press their specific for this terrible disorder upon public attention. We are continually hearing its praises sounded.

This means wonders!

Cannot the proprietors of this great remedy, who have been warning us of the danger, tell us how to avoid a disease that at first is so unimportant, and is so fatal in its termination? Are we to hope against hope, and wait without our reward?

The most significant of all changes, however, that we of to-day can note is this radical change of view to which the public has been educated: It was formerly thought that the kidneys were of very small importance; to-day, we believe it is generally admitted that there can be no such thing as sound health in any organ if they are in the least degree deranged.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

One of the Queer People Bob Burdette Sometimes Meets.

One, in the dead heart of the pitiless winter, I had drawn my good two-handed Lecture with the Terrible Name, and was smiting all the coasts of Pennsylvania with it, sparing neither (pronounced nyther) young nor old, and wearing at my belt the scalps of many a pale-face audience. One night I reached Erie, the pleasant, just as the clocks in the lord mayor's castle struck 21. It was bitter, biting, stinging cold, and there was no ambulance in the station, while there was a good hotel there. I went in and registered, and a man of commanding presence, tailor-built clothes and a brown beard of most refined culture, followed me, and under my plebeian scrawl made the register luminous with his patrician cognomen. I stood a little in awe of this majestic being, about as little as I usually stand in the presence of any majestic creature, and when, in a deep bass, commanding voice, he ordered a room, I had a great mind—something that I always carry with me when I travel—to go out and get him one. The gentlemanly and urbane night clerk, who also seemed to be deeply impressed—as is the habit of the night clerk—with the gentleman's responsible-to-any-amount toot on sawmbel, said he was sorry, but he had but one vacant room, and it contained but one bed. "Still," he said, as he became a man who was bound to stand for his house if it hadn't a bed in it, "it was a very wide bed, very wide and quite long. Two gentlemen could sleep in it quite comfortably, and if——" But the commanding Being at my side said that was quite altogether out of the question entirely. Quite. He was sorry for the—here he looked at me, hesitated, but finally said—gentleman, but He couldn't share His room with him. He was sorry for the—gentleman and hoped he might find comfortable lodgings, but He couldn't permit him to occupy even a portion of His bed. Then the clerk begged pardon, and was sorry, and all that, but this other gentleman had registered first, and it was for him to say what disposition should be made of this lonely room and solitary bed. I hastened to assure the majestic being that it was all right; he was welcome to two-thirds of the room, all the looking-glass and one-half of the bed. "No," he said, very abruptly, "I will sit here by the stove and sleep in a chair. I thank you, sir, but I would not sleep with my own brother. I prefer a room to myself." I meekly told him that I didn't know what kind of a man his brother was, but no doubt he did, and therefore I must conclude that he wasn't a fit man to sleep with. But his brother was out of the question, and if he wanted part of my couch, he might have it and welcome, and I would agree not to think of his brother. "No, sir," he said, "I will sleep in no man's bed." I said I wouldn't either, if I wasn't sleepy, but when I was sleepy I didn't care; I'd sleep with the king of England or the President, and wouldn't care a cent who knew it.

Well, I went to bed. I curled up under the warm, soft blankets, and heard the wind shriek and wail and whistle and yell—how like all creation the wind can blow in Erie—and as the night grew colder and colder every minute, I fell asleep and dreamed that heaven was just 48 miles west of Dunkirk. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock there came a thundering rap at the door, and with a vague, half-waking impression in my dream that somebody from other place was trying to get in, I said:

"What is it?"

"It is I," answered a splendid voice, which I recognized at once. "I am the gentleman who came on the train with you."

"Yes," I said, "and what is the matter?"

The splendid voice was a trifle humble as it replied:

"I have changed my mind about sleeping with another man."

"So have I!" I howled, so joyously that the very winds laughed in merry echo; "So have I! I wouldn't get out of this warm bed to open that door for my own brother!"

I will close this story here. If I should write the language that went down that dim, cold hall outside my door you wouldn't print it. And when next morning I went skipping down stairs as fresh as a rose, and saw that majestic being knotted up in a hard arm chair, looking a hundred years old, I said:

"Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king, who knoweth not how to be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas, also he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor." This also is vanity.—*Burdette.*

Eating Under Difficulties.

Country Groom (to bride, who has ordered a Charlotte Russe at a venture)—How's the puddin', Mariar?

Bride (essaying paper cover and all)—The flavor is about the best I ever tasted, John, but the crust is tough an' hard to swaller.

Artificial Limb Manufacturing Company.

The Artificial Limb Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., the members of which each wear artificial limbs, was established under charter from the state twenty years ago. Their limbs are known and acknowledge to be the best and most comfortable that are manufactured, and their large sale extending into every state in the Union, proves the fact that they are very popular. Their limbs are made of the best material and by careful, competent workmen, and are warranted to be perfect. The Secretary and Manager of the company is Dr. J. W. Thompson, a gentlemen who has had years of experience in this line of business. By his skill and efficient, careful management they have built up a trade and reputation second to none, and it may safely be said to be the largest and most prominent concern of the kind in the country, if not in the world. To those in need of anything in their manufacture, we would heartily recommend this firm, who, during their long career, have proved to be worthy of the public patronage.

'WHY NOT TAX THE RUM TRAFFIC OUT OF EXISTENCE?"

What the Readers of the Blade hink of the Feasibility of the Project.

Those who have written to the BLADE upon the proposition to tax the Rum traffic out of existence, by raising the internal revenue tax on the manufacturers and sale, and the tariff on imports, to such a figure as to be practically prohibitory, have, in most cases, been too voluminous in their replies. Brief, pointed articles are what we want. We have no room for long screeds. We give the salient points of a number of replies below:

The editorial entitled, "Why not tax the Rum Traffic out of Existence?" came to me almost as a revelation, and is worth a year's subscription to the BLADE. We have, within the last few weeks, organized a local "*Non-partisan Prohibition League*" in our village, composed, at present, of nearly 100 legal voters, with the intention of extending the organization over the state, in order to compel our legislature to submit a prohibitory amendment to our constitution, to a vote of the people.

But I believe, that if your position be correct, as to the power of Congress to tax the infernal traffic out of existence, then that is certainly the shortest and surest route.

Let the people organize, everywhere, non-partisan leagues, composed of *voters*, and bring their influence to bear upon their representatives in Congress, to the end that this remedy may be applied *speedily*. I am one of those who still have a strong faith in the power of the people to *Pulverize the Rum Power*.—W. H. HANCOCK, Neoga, Ill.

My ideas of putting down the Rum traffic have partly been met by what you say in regard to taxing it out of existence. Our village of 1,200 population has seven saloons and three pool rooms, where they gamble for money. It is fast becoming a nuisance, and it seems that our citizens in business who are opposed to it are afraid to deal with it as it should be dealt with, while at the same time they see their children and grand-children going to ruin. The business of the place is being seriously affected by it, and property is decreasing in value on account of it, for the simple reason that no one having means to invest wants to make purchase of property in such a place; while on the other hand the best citizens are selling out at a sacrifice and going West, or to some other place.—W. H. MALLORY, Clarington, Ohio.

We believe that this plan will encounter the most determined opposition, but we also believe that if a bill can be passed embodying the views you advocate, and receive the President's signature, that the law will be enforced. We further believe that there has not been, and is not likely to be, a more auspicious time for an effort in this direction than now. The Southern states, during the past year, have been much exercised over the liquor question and are now, if reports are correct, ripe for active permanent work. Undoubtedly a majority of the members of Congress, North and West, would hail with delight some plan by which they would be relieved of the anxieties now attending this question; therefore, let the bill to tax the liquor traffic to death be introduced, voted upon, passed, receive the President's signature, and the work is done. That the law will be enforced, no one need doubt. Supposing, however, that Congress will not consider this plan, in this way; what then? Why, the American patriot trembles to contemplate the future of his country. The traffic is increasing, men are becoming more bold in violating law therewith. Our present Congress know this. They realize the danger. They have the power to call a halt, and say to this traffic: you are ruining our country and can go no further. This would be glorious news, but if Congress will do nothing then the hateful traffic will go on until it terminates with a suddenness and violence that will be appalling.—ANDREW JACKSON, Gratiot, Wis.

The persistent efforts of the BLADE to keep up a hearty and active sentiment in favor of crushing the rum power, is not only appreciated by the friends of order and good government, but its fruits are recognized throughout the various states included in its broad circulation. While differences of opinion as to methods and policy adopted honestly exist, a large charity and allowance for these differences must be tolerated in order to command united action in practical and efficient work. Your editorial in the issue of February 10, entitled, "Why not tax the rum traffic out of existence?" and inviting discussion on the proposition, inclines the writer to ask you to join him in taking a prospective view of the situation.

If I rightly understand the position of the BLADE, it advocates prohibition in its practical application, with all appliances to that end—taxing liquor-dealers—*i. e.*, the present Ohio law—embarrassing, yea, throttling, the cursed traffic wherever it can be reached by law or moral and mental labor, and rearing up future generations to respect the laws of God and humanity exempt from the base practices now brutalizing mankind.

To accomplish this great end by national taxation is indeed a gigantic work, covering no less extent than the misguided aim of the political Prohibition party. "What do you think of it?" The political Prohibitionist says: "No. Total prohibition is the only remedy." The great body politic answers: "This is a free country; the majority govern; and until you can control that majority, what are you going to do about it?" To cover our vast territory, receiving a constant influx of habits of the depressed and depraved of the Old World—a free ballot and the power of the immense wealth enlisted in the warfare against us, victory must seem remote without the preliminary education and harmonious action of all the various branches of our labor, and a full co-operation of different theorists working in separate departments adapted to the peculiar views they entertain.

We cannot ignore the formidable obstructions we must encounter before reaching the power to so great an end. A majority of the people to act with us is imperative to establish legal prohibition in whatever form we may attempt. The national Congress, as well as state legislatures, must be revolutionized from the debauchery that yet disgraces them, and a determined public opinion to respect and enforce such an edict is an absolute necessity. To effect this, in the face of all antagonizing forces, is not the work of a mere generation; ages will not cover it without the strenuous efforts of a united people to neutralize the undercurrent continually setting in against it. We must train up successors for soldiers in this grand army.

It is indeed a matter of regret that so many different views are entertained by the friends of temperance which come into collision with those of equally kind intentions, who are willing workers. Temperance men must do something wiser than split hairs and dissect the meaning of language, to ensure progress in so important a work.

Let concession and conservatism on minor points—and unity of labor on all that is material, be the rule. We must come to this before we can be able to effectually overthrow so gigantic an evil.—M., Madison, Wis.

I write to endorse your editorial on taxing the liquor traffic out of existence by means of federal taxation. As you say, state prohibition is necessarily imperfect so long as intoxicants are manufactured in large quantities and sold at cheap rates in adjoining states. What we most need is national prohibition. To amend the constitution of the United States is a long and tedious process, and national prohibition in this manner is a long way off. But the plan you propose does not require the ratification of three-fourths of the states. It is a short cut into the heart of the liquor problem.

If we raise the tax to $10 a gallon on alcoholic liquors and to a dollar on malt liquors, we deal a death blow to saloons and the liquor traffic in general. And as you suggest it might be well to add a government license or tax of $500 a year upon retail dealers. The adoption of such a plan would effectually crush the whole liquor trade—from the largest manufacturer to the lowest retail doggery. And one of the great beauties about this plan is that it will abolish the liquor traffic without the struggles and animosities in communities, and the sneaking, purjury and violations of law that occur under county and state prohibition.

But how can the plan be carried out? The BLADE's plan in state prohibition, viz.: non-partisan selection of members of the legislature, I think, can be adopted in the national fight. Let Prohibitionists of all arties resolve to vote for no candidate for Congress who will not promise to vote for a prohibition tax rate on the liquor traffic. I hope the BLADE will take the lead in this or some other plan by which a Congress and President can be selected that will give us Prohibition taxes on the liquor business.—N. M. TAYLOR, Danville, Ind.

It is claimed that we must have alcohol and liquor for scientific and medical purposes. If so, let it be made and sold upon the following conditions: First, let Congress pass a general law that all distilled and fermented liquor shall be known and recognized only as poison. Second, that no one shall be permitted to manufacture it without paying to the general government a license of $——, and they shall also give bonds to the amount of $——, that they will not sell or give to any but licensed druggists; the license and bond to govern each individual or firm regardless of the amount they may manufacture. Third, that no one shall be permitted to sell any except druggists having a special license for that purpose, and then only when prescribed by a regular physician practicing in the same county, and the names of all prescribed for shall be recorded in a book for that purpose by the druggist, which shall be open to the inspection of all. Each druggist having a special license to sell liquor shall pay the sum of $—— for the same, and shall also give bonds to the sum of $—— that he will not sell or give it to any one except upon a physician's prescription as provided by law. Fourth—Every physician shall give bonds to the amount of $——, that he will not prescribe any liquor or beer as medicine to any patient unless the case absolutely requires it. Fifth—Any manufacturer of liquor or beer, druggist or physician violating the law shall be fined a sum equal to the amount of his license or bond, at the discretion of the court, and shall forever be debarred from engaging in his business or practice, one-third of the fine to be paid to the person or persons entering the complaint.—MATTHEW KIRSCH, Binghamton, N. Y.

Fortunate at Eighty-two.

R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., 82 years of age, says: I suffered from Liver Complaint for thirty years. I also had a stroke of apoplexy. All the natural attendants on the liver disorder—namely impaired digestion, and impure blood, added to my suffering. When my advanced age is remembered I think you will justify me in having about made up my mind that no aid was to be looked for. But help was nearer than I knew. I was persuaded to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. Words cannot express how I rejoice at the providence that led me to do so, for

My Liver Trouble is Cured.

My appetite is uniform, I digest my food without difficulty and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who, in the order of nature is and must be, so near his journey's end. Comment on this truthful story is scarcely called for. To other sufferers it is only necessary to say that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is constantly working cures equally wonderful in all Diseases of the Blood, Liver and KidneyS.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

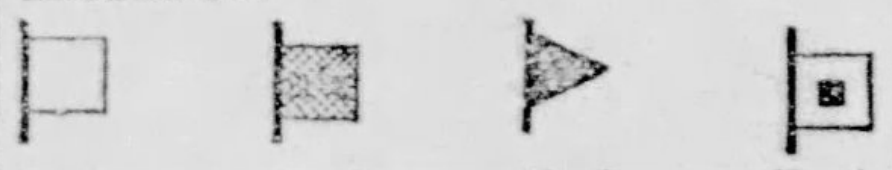
Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

NEW WEATHER SIGNALS.

The Chief Signal Officer's New Code of Railway and Flag Weather Signals.

The chief signal officer has issued a circular containing the new codes of weather, temperature and cold wave signals, adopted by the signal service for genera use on and after March 1.

These signals are for general use in the interior, and are expected to take the place of the present state code, which vary in different states, with a view to securing a uniform system of signals. The flags adopted for this purpose are four in number and on the form and dimensions indicated below:



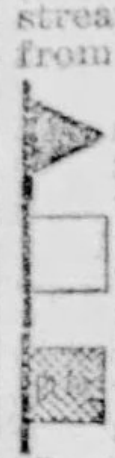
No. 1, white flag, six feet square, indicates clear or fair weather.

No. 2, blue flag, six feet square, indicates rain or snow.

No. 3, black triangular flag, four feet at the base and six feet in length, always refers to the temperature. When placed above Nos. 1 or 2 it indicates warmer weather; when placed below Nos. 1 or 2 it indicates colder weather; when not displayed the indications are that the temperature will remain stationary; that the change in temperature will not vary five degrees from the temperature of the same hour on the preceding day.

No. 4, white flag, six feet square, with black square in the center, indicates the approach of a sudden and decided fall in temperature. This signal is usually ordered at least 24 hours in advance of the cold wave. It is not displayed unless a temperature of 45 degrees or lower is expected. When No. 4 is displayed, No. 3 is always omitted.

When displayed on poles the signals are arranged to read downward; when displayed from horizontal supports a small streamer is attached to indicate the point from which the signals are to be read.



Here is an example of their use, the signals being those of the prediction made at 10 o'clock this morning, which was, "Warmer, fair weather, followed by local rains." The white flag in the middle indicates "fair weather;" the triangular black flag indicates "warmer" by being *above* the white square; if it were below, the signals would read, "fair, colder." The local rains to follow are indicated by the blue rain flag placed under the fair weather flag.

By remembering these flags—white, fair; blue, rain or snow; warmer when the black triangle is above, and colder when it is below, no one will have any difficulty in interpreting them.

A GREAT INVENTION.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated Self-Operating Washing Machines. Over 30,000 were sold in New York in 4 months. If you want one, send your name and address at once to Monarch Laundry Works, 82 Warren St., N. Y.

MORE ABOUT SENECA OIL.

Another Correspondent Who Knew Petroleum in Its Early Day.

The article on "Seneca Oil," printed in this paper, last week, has attracted considerable attention and has discovered a number of old settlers who remember the stuff as it was 44 years ago. The latest communication on the subject is one from C. Sheeler, Canal Dover, O. He says that he sold, as early as 1833, Seneca oil or petroleum put in bottles which came thus from Pittsburg.

He says he always understood that the oil was gathered by the Indians, not far from Pittsburg, in this unique manner. The Indians would go along the mountain streams, one on each side, dragging blankets, or other heavy woolen, along the surface of the water as though they were seining for fish. The water would run through the blankets and the oil would be retained in the fabric, which would subsequently be squeezed to produce the petroleum. In this primitive manner was obtained all the oil that was marketed at that time.

The Force of Habit.

A tall, lank man, with long, brown hair and a sombrero, shuffled into the Boston Oyster House yesterday afternoon. As he opened the door the head waiter, or floor-walker, levelled his finger at the stranger as a sign for him to follow. The latter did not appear to view the outstretched finger as a friendly omen, for he dodged behind a post, yelling as he did so:

"Hyar, thar! You've got the drop on me this time. Just lower that for a minute and give a feller a fair shake."

An explanation followed, and the man from the West sat down to a dozen of Blue Points without further incident.

Penny Christians.

A good man was telling about his deceased wife. He said once, after he had given his children a cent a piece to carry to the Sunday school for their weekly offerings, his wife called the children aside and gave each a dime in exchange for the penny. Then she very tenderly explained and apologized to her husband, saying: "If our children are to be trained to give the smallest possible sum to the cause of religion, when they grow up they will be penny Christians, if Christians at all." The doctor said that remark of his sainted wife did him good, and from that day to this his children have never failed to take with them to the Sunday school larger currency than pennies.

How to Tell Them Apart.

The skin of the genuine sardine has a distinct scale; that of the Maine herring is more like an eel's. Herrings are bigger than sardines, and packers have to cut off their tails to get them in a box. You can't cram more than six Maine mock-sardines in a small box. The herring hasn't a blue back; the sardine has. The United States eat now about 2,500,000 tons of French sardines every year. I should say the annual product of Maine herring amounts to 6,000,000.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Where the Danger Lurks.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* concludes that "England is our one enemy among the powers of Christendom." Correct, esteemed contemporary, and her cannon are less dangerous than the persistent cajolery with which she seeks to obtain control of our markets through the destruction of the American tariff.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Who Said Anything About——

If the Washington toadies make so much fuss over the newly arrived baby of the Secretary of the Navy, what will they do when——[*Chicago Mail.* They have already engaged the Marine Band to play the "Nanon" waltz for a week when——.—*Washington Republican.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt.
Green Spring, Ohio.

L.S.L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. THIRD GRAND DRAWING, CLASS C, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, March 15, 1887,—202d Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000....	$150,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000....	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000....	20,000
2	LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000....	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000....	20,000
20	PRIZES OF	1,000....	20,000
50	"	500....	25,000
100	"	300....	30,000
200	"	200....	40,000
500	"	100....	50,000
1,000	"	50....	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$300....	$30,000
100	" "	200....	20,000
100	" "	100....	10,000

2,179 Prizes, amounting to.................... $535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans. For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements, are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

MEDICAL BUREAU—"CASE 180."

All three prescriptions, for cure of Seminal Weakness, in case 180, Medical Bureau, prepared in SOLID FORM, so as to be sent by mail. Write full history of case, symptoms, &c. Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

Louis Pankerey, an Italian, was fatally stabbed in a row about a woman at Iron Mountain, Mich., Sunday night. The murderer is under arrest.

Publishers' Column.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There s no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either..................	6 cents.
Six copies..................	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies..................	30 cents.
One Hundred copies..................	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

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TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN PREMIUMS.

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For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issu and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth........	$650 00
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To the one sending the third largest number, A FIRST-CLASS SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth........	75 00
To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each........	18 00
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each........	3 50
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs, each a Waterbury Watch, worth each........	3 50
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each........	1 00
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at........	1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the commissions you are entitled to, in accordance with our terms to agents, which have been sent all who applied for them, just the same. These premiums are over and above commissions, and have nothing to do with them. If you send ten subscribers you retain your commission just the same, paying you for your work, anyhow, and if the ten should entitle you to one of these premiums you get the premium in addition to your commissions. Now note

CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing name and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

We will not accept checks upon country banks, as it costs a heavy percentage to collect. Currency in registered letters, drafts on New York or Chicago, postal orders and postal notes are what we take. Never send postage stamps if you can help it.

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IN CONCLUSION.

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE, the old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

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The machine came in due time and in good order, and the freight bill to this place (Dodge City, Kas.,) was $1.99. It is every way perfectly satisfactory. The machine is first class in all its parts. Wife says it is as good a machine as she ever sewed on. It is simple, durable and light-running, and is a much finer-looking machine than we expected for the price. The Blade Co. is rendering a great service to housekeepers all over the land by producing so good a machine at so small a price. It is a daisy, and we take pride in recommending it to every body. You may publish this if you wish to.
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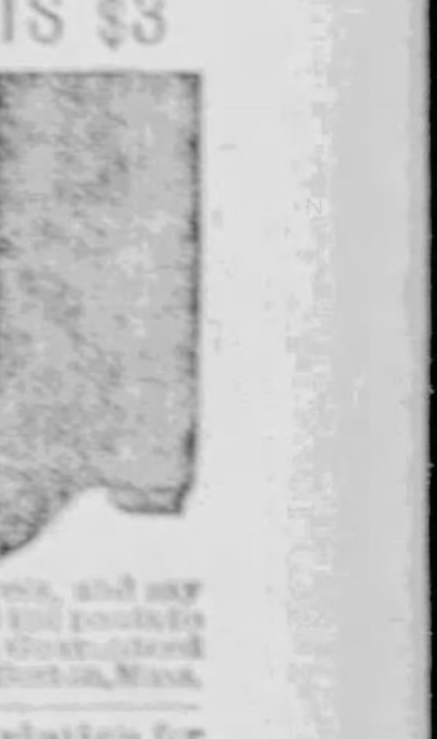

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"Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

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The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to
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and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

SILK RIBBONS!

We have purchased at recent wholesale auction sales several large lots of Remnants of Silk Ribbons at prices which will enable us to offer special bargains. These remnants are all from two to three yards and upwards in length, and many of them are the finest quality of Ribbons in the market, of different widths, in a variety of fashionable shades, in fact, nearly all colors are represented, also different kinds of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimming for hats, and dresses, bows, scarfs etc., etc. No lady can purchase such fine ribbons at any store in the land for four times the money. We will send a carefully assorted package of Silk Ribbons and THE HOME three months for $1 cents. THE HOME is a 16-page, 64 column paper, containing in every issue nearly 1,000 Hints and Helps for the housewife, which includes a department for Cooking recipes, Laundry notes, Fancy Work department, interesting stories for both old and young, a Medical department, and an illustrated page of the latest Fashions. Address PEOPLES PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

II.—(Continued.)

This done, she wrapped the whole arm in the soft cotton batting, using the vaseline only upon that portion where there were no blisters, the reason for which she explained to me afterwards. She put the cotton on loosely, having it between one or two inches in thickness, then wound lightly around that, a bandage from the roll which I had brought from the drawer. Lastly, she made a sling of old muslin, which was wide enough to reach from the elbow to the tips of the fingers, and tied it around the neck.

"Now," she said cheerily when she had finished, kissing him fondly, "my brave Ted will have to let his arm rest awhile until it gets well, just as the soldiers used to when the bullets went tearing through their arms, or the shells exploded and took away a leg. I wonder if my little boy will bear pain as they did."

"I'll try, mamma," said the little fellow, "but, oh, it does hurt so," and his face twitched, and his hands worked convulsively with the effort to repress all expressions of suffering. I looked on with absolute wonder at such an exhibition of fortitude in one so young, for I knew well what pain a much smaller burn would produce.

"Mamma knows it is very bad, but she will soon make you feel better," my friend said, lifting him tenderly in her arms, and, motioning me to follow, she carried him into her room, a large, bright, airy apartment, into which the morning sun came through the soft draperies that tempered its rays.

"I am going to undress and put him to bed," she said, in response to my inquiring look. "And will you, dear, while I am taking off his clothes, get the paregoric and the dropping tube for me? You will find them in the drawer. And ask Mary, please, to bring me some hot water and sugar."

In less time than I have taken to tell it, Ted was resting nicely in bed, and his mother proceeded to put 20 drops or a third of a teaspoonful of the paregoric into a glass, one-fourth full, perhaps, of hot water, which she sweetened, and then deftly raising him, gave it to him to drink.

"Hold Ted's hand," he said, after she had laid him down again and drawn a chair to the bedside. Taking the little unhurt hand in her warm clasp, and with the other gently stroking the hair from his forehead, singing the while in low, soft tones, some quaint mother-song the children were fond of, we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the marks of pain pass away and sleep settle down upon the eyelids, which gently closed, and his trouble for the time was forgotten. Then for a moment the mother heart gave way, and I saw what the tension had been. It soon passed, however, and she was her own calm self again.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked me later on, when we were sitting together, Ted still sleeping quietly. "You look at me in a questioning sort of way as if you were bursting with curiosity about something. What is it?"

'Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you,'"

she added, smiling, conning the commencement of the old ditty.

"I am puzzled," I replied, "to know how you came to learn what to do in such an emergency as this, just as well as if a physician stood by giving the orders."

"It is the simplest thing in the world," she answered. "With four such boys, and Ned away all of the time, I knew somebody must be ready in case of an accident to be mistress of the situation, or there would be any amount of trouble in store for me. In these days of cheap books one can get all the necessary instruction from the best authorities, and that is what I did. It took some time and patience, but it is reward enough to feel that I am tolerably secure in my knowledge of the best measures to take in all ordinary happenings in a family."

"I wish I knew it all," I answered, "but I'm too lazy to read so much as you have had to. Would you mind telling me about some of the things I saw you do to-day?"

"I should be delighted," she answered, laughing. "You know there is nothing that one likes so well as to be regarded a superior being possessing superior wisdom. It gives a feeling of self-satisfaction that can be had in no other way, so proceed with your catechism."

"Why were you so anxious to put poor little Ted asleep when the pain seemed to be diminishing? You know what a wide-awake child he is, anyway, when evening comes, and when he sleeps all day, as he seems likely to do, he will not want to close his eyes in all night. I should think the best thing would have been to entertain him, and make him forget his burn in that way."

"That would be just exactly the wrong way," she answered. "Only think what a shock to the nerves of the little fellow such a burn must be, and what a severe reaction is likely. To go to work and excite his brain, even pleasantly, would be cruel, when you understand the almost certain consequences. All good physicians now insist in the strongest terms upon rest and sleep after any severe accident in order to give Nature a chance to work. It is considered of absolute importance, and is a thing that every body ought to know and remember. So anxious was I about it, that as you saw, I gave him an anodyne to produce sleep."

"How did you know how much to give him?"

"I just did an easy sum in arithmetic. Now put on your memory cap and I'll tell you a nice little rule the doctors have to go by, and the very best of them use it too. The dose of paregoric that would be prescribed for you or me, or any other grown-up person is 60 drops or one teaspoonful diluted in hot water and a little sugar. For a child of twelve and under you decide the dose in this way: Add the number twelve to the age, divide the sum by the age, and you have the proportion. Ted is six, you know. Twelve and six are eighteen. Dividing that by six and it gives you three. The teaspoonful or 60 drops was three times what I needed, so I gave him 20 drops, or one-third of a teaspoonful. Do you understand? It is not a very complex problem."

"I think my intellect *is* equal to grasping that, though just now it seems rather weak. Does the rule hold good for children over twelve?"

"It isn't necessary," she replied. "From twelve to twenty the dose is three-fourths of that for an adult, and after that the full measure. You make the same calculation in using laudanum. Ten drops are given to the grown-up individual who is so unfortunate as to need it. One-third of that would have been enough for Ted."

"Suppose Ted had not gone to sleep," I said.

"In an hour's time I should have repeated the dose, and if still he was not relieved, I should have continued them at intervals of two hours until he was comfortable. Of course there there is a great difference in the readiness with which constitutions respond to medicine. Willie would never have succumbed to one dose."

"Oh, most sapient counsellor," I said after a moment's silence, "let me ask you one thing more. Why did you put vaseline upon the burn below the elbow, and none above? I must confess I can see no shadow of reason in that, though I suppose you must have had one."

"You are right. There was a most excellent one," she replied. "Above the elbow the skin was blistered. You saw that I pricked it to draw off the water before I applied the cotton. It is more than likely that more matter will be secreted and run out of the opening. If I had put vaseline upon that part, the acid which is in the secretion would have acted upon the oil in the vaseline and formed a poison. The result would have been inflammation and a sore that would take much longer to heal than it will now. Below the elbow where there were no blisters and no chance of a broken skin, that danger did not exist, and the vaseline was cooling and healing, so I used it there."

"What are you going to do next?"

"Wait until Ted wakes, and then I can tell you better," was the reply, as she rose from the chair and went to the side of the child, who still slumbered on.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be Continued.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

A Daisy Apron.—Get plain Congress canvas the length you wish. Face the width of a satin ribbon of whatever color desired upon the outside across the bottom. Put two parallel rows of ribbon above this one, fastening all down with fancy stitches. Make daisies of rick-rack braid and fill in the centers with yellow silk, using the French knot stitch for the purpose. Arrange these daisies upon the ribbon, placing them so they will alternate with each other in position upon the stripes of ribbon. Put a broad hem up the sides and across the top. Make a pocket of the canvas crossing the ribbon upon it, fastening it down with a daisy. Put the ribbon for this through the top hem, leaving it long enough for full long loops and ends.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which will describe many pretty articles of household adornment to be made for the spring freshening up.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON FABRIC PAINTING—GRAPES AND LEAVES.—This design, No. 479, size 21x9, is suited for a panel for dining room decoration. Academy board will be a good material, but if desired gray or black velvet may be used. The design may be stamped directly on the board. To set the stamping, hold in front of a brisk fire. A palette, palette knife, pale drying oil, three brushes, the red sable are the best for this branch of work, Nos. 2, 4 and 6, and the following Windsor and Newton tube oil colors will be required: Flake white, rose madder, permanent blue, burnt sienna, chrome green, terre verte green, lemon yellow. Paint the entire design first in white, laying on the paint very evenly. This gives a clear body color to work upon. When this is dry then paint the ripe grapes. A rich purple can be made by mixing rose madder and permanent blue, using less of blue than of the madder. To heighten the shade blend in white. For the green grapes, one cluster may be painted part green and part turning ripe; use chrome green heightened with lemon yellow. For a darker shade use terre verte. For the stems use chrome green and burnt sienna; use also these shades for the tendrils. For the leaves, use chrome green heightened with yellow, veining them after this coat is dry, with burnt sienna, using the finest brush for veining. On some of the grapes a touch of pure white may be given, after the other coats are dry on one side. This will represent the light falling.

If this design is executed on velvet, pursue the same method with the exception of using turpentine as the mixing oil.

A pane of glass answers very well for a palette. All the necessary paints, brushes and oils may be found at any reliable art store. Questions in regard to this department answered, if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Indiana.

Pattern for Tidy.—Get bright colored dress braid, cut three inches long, sew the ends together, gather on one edge, draw up tight, take No. 8 thread, crochet around twice. That makes one wheel; it takes 37 wheels. Sew seven in 1st row, six in next, five in next, four in next. Then make fringe about three inches long.—MAGGIE STOUP, Myoma, Butler County, Pa.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind · o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t. treble; sh c. short crochet.

Antique Wheel Lace.—Cast on 32 stitches Knit across twice plain. 1st row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 4—n—o twice—n—k 5—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 2d row—k 12—o—n—k 6—p 1—k rest plain; 3d row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—n—o twice—n—n—o twice—n—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 4th row—k 13—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k rest plain; 5th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 4—n—o twice—n—k 5—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 6th row—k 14—o—n—k 6—p 1—k rest plain; 7th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—n—o twice—n—n—o twice—n—k 3—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 8th row—k 15—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k rest plain; 9th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 4—n—o twice—n—k 5—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 10th row—k 16—o—n—k 6—p 1—k rest plain; 11th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 13—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 12th row—k 17—o—n—k rest plain; 13th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 13—o—n—k rest plain; 14th row—k 17—o—n—k rest plain; 15th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 13—o—n—k rest plain; 16th row—Bind off 6—k 11—o—n—k rest plain. Repeat from first row.—MRS. A. V. BENEDICT, Allison, Mo.

Tricotee Crochet Stitch:—This is an admirably warm stitch for children's winter clothing, presents for poor people, etc. It is simple crochet tricotee, with a row of looped chrochets over it. Suppose you wish to make a trimming for a jacket. choose the wool and the color desired, make a chain of twelve stitches, take up all the loops, one after the other, and work off. Second row—Take up each long loop successively and work them off. Third row—Hold the side of the work towards you, make one chain. Put the needle between the first long loop and the edge stitch. Take the whole of the long loop on your needle, the wool on the needle, and make a chain stitch in the same manner, making a chain stitch over each, finish by drawing the wool through the edge stitch; turn back, hold edge of loop towards you, the chain stitch row from you. Make a chain, one single crochet on the next chain stitch (*a*), three chains, miss one chain, one single crochet on next chain. Repeat from (*a*), one single crochet in last chain. Then take up the row of loops in second row, these will be found just above the row of chain stitches and loops. Repeat these two rows throughout.

Correspondence.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN—No 14.—But, were I to frame a wish in regard to the woman with only one idea, it would be for her reformation and rational improvement. Nothing more. I could wish that she would cease to drive on relentlessly through the holiest feelings and the very lives of those about her, like a piece of heavy machinery. But women of that class seldom reform. They never accept any advice, though tendered in love. To anything of that kind the usual answer, always on hand, is: "I'm in my own house." "I know my own business." And they continue in their follies and absurdities and sins.

Yes, I know that there are many writers who extol what they term Spartan virtues, but they do not understand the truth, that the Spartans never possessed any virtues. They were a false, treacherous people, their women abject slaves. Was there virtue among a people who threw the feeble children out into the fields to perish? Were they just and righteous laws by which the slaves were murdered when they became too numerous? The laws framed by Lycurgus were not for the government of a peace-loving, prosperous, enlightened people, but they were for the training of stubborn soldiers, who would never turn their backs upon the foe under any circumstances. And I agree with Chambers, when he says: "Had there been any redeeming trait in the Spartan character to compensate for such barbarity, one would have wondered less at the respect that is sometimes paid them; but their military fame only adds another instance to the many already on record, that "the most ignorant and savage tribes make the most dogged soldiers." Away with Spartan practices. We want none of them in this age of the world. But do the children of the society woman fare better in many respects than those of the woman with one idea, and only one? Are they not objects of commiseration equally with the feeble child amongst the Spartans? The woman of fashion leaves her infant with the salaried servant, and the servant finds something to go out for, and while the mother is seeking admiration in the ball room, and whirling in the giddy dance, the child meets the king of terrors alone. One cried out when upon her return home she found her child a corpse and no servant near, "Oh, I shall never forgive myself. I should have been at home." She had learned the lesson too late. And the woman with one idea miscalculates her strength sometimes, and when the white robe is put on the child and drawn down over the feet, and the narrow bed is made in the shade—the child always treated harshly—she sees herself as she is, and faints beneath her burden, and follows her child to "the thronged, yet solitary land." I am not picturing these matters by drawing upon my imagination. Such cases are common, and well authenticated. I am telling nothing new.

Amongst the devotees of fashion many things are followed which should be shunned, and the training is deficient and frivolous and the young lady is sent to the receptions to stand in the draught till the chill reaches her vitals, or to the dance to remain in the over-heated heated room till the small hours, and then she returns home half clad in the cold night air to die; and when nearing the dark, cold river, she cries out, "You have never taught me how to die! Can you not help me, the way is dark?" O, it is strange that we will forget that life is uncertain and brief at best and may be so easily thrown away. * * * * The very poor who never know of any excitement save that which is found in the race for bread, sometimes succeed well in the training of their children, and send them forth into the world honest and full of noble and pure aspirations. Some of the greatest men and women that the world has ever seen have known of a stinted childhood, have early in life learned what it is to lack food and clothing. Although we do know that it is the nature of poverty, which some writer calls, that other pestilence, to stint the soul and narrow and circumscribe the range of thought, some who were poor all their lives have left the world rich legacies of thought.—MOSS ROSE, Ky.

A TALK WITH THE MARTHAS.—Now I know from experience, that "keepers of home" do not like to be talked to, because these "talkings-to" are suggestive of cross words and harsh looks. But talking with is quite another thing. That means you are to have "your say," and maybe, the proverbially "last word." No doubt the question has often suggested itself to your mind—why are there so many bankrupted homes? I will venture to say that in the majority of cases, the would-be makers have had little or no opportunity to learn how to make or keep a home. That may be their fault or it may be the result of circumstances over which they have no control. Too many of our women spend the earlier and the best part of their lives in the struggle for bread to denounce them indiscriminately. But it is a deplorable fact that many are failures from a want of home training. Our girls brought up in hotels and boarding houses labor under great disadvantages. You must first get the ideal of a home before your minds. You can then have no higher or nobler ambition than to create such a heaven The work is before you. All you have to do is to reach out and take hold of it

You must begin by ridding your tempers of much of its rust and friction, and while you are doing that you will find you are sweetening and beautifying yourselves.

A house filled with elegant furniture, a place to eat and sleep in, does not constitute home. Home is a unit. It is the united, loving hearts that live in the house. This is what you want to learn to make. I wish you all could be inspired with a desire for more simple living, in which there will be less gilding and more home comfort, less sham and more truth.

One of the essentials of home comfort is order, but even that should be of a very elastic nature, to accommodate different dispositions. I have known women who were so orderly, that they made every one miserable around them. They have rooms which they never enter, except to give them their annual cleaning. It is the high altar of the housekeeper. Such rooms are of no earthly use—nor heavenly. But without such, she would be miserable. It takes away the comfort of knowing they are *there*. Neatness in that stage has become a disease. Still, it is necessary for our comfort, that things should be kept clean and trim.

The old adage, "What is worth doing is worth doing well," is appreciated by none more than skillful housekeepers.

Create a home after your own ideas of what is good and sensible. Don't cramp your husband's means to buy a sofa like Mrs. A's, or a set of china like Mrs. Z's. Make your home-life sweet and bright, and let your friends enjoy it just as they find it. Add all the beauty you can, in the way of dainty decorations, with which you are so familiar. Beauty does not necessarily mean expense.

Keep the best papers and magazines on your center-table, with husband's dressing-gown and slippers temptingly near. We want all the helps we can get, to better living. If there hangs on your walls some cheap engravings of sweet, sacred pictures, your thoughts will be elevated and ennobled. It may be a peculiar notion of my own, but I sometimes think we would be less irritable and impatient, if in such hours, we had before our eyes one of the divine works of Raphael or Angelo. There is a soothing and healing in such pictures. I know in my own case that a glance out of my window at the beautiful landscape which stretches before it, will produce a soothing effect, and unconsciously the frown will disappear from my brow, as if a gentle hand had passed over it.

No life is narrow if looked at in the right way. Our position in life may be lowly, but it is just where a kind Father has put us, and which he sees we can best fill.

By all means devote a part of your time to the cultivation of your mind. You were educated in an earlier and a more primitive school than your children, and, without thought and study, the contrast between your manners and speech and that of your children will be keenly felt by them.

In your efforts to create your ideal home the way may be hard and thorny, but let me tell you, the end is worth the cost.

Remember, God's love is over all, and doing the work nearest you in the best way and best spirit, will be as sweet incense going up before Him.—AUNT MARTHA.

LETTER FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—As one who has heretofore been a stranger, I would like to give my views of some of the subjects under discussion. I agree with "West Wind," in what she says of the punishment of children and have proved it true in my work in school. I am not greatly in favor of corporal punishment and have taught whole terms, without an infliction of the same, but still, I think it should "be there" to fall back upon if necessary. But whatever the punishment it should be certain. For instance, the penalty attached to the reading of pernicious literature in school, is its confiscation and cremation, but when, last week I found some of my boys reading Buffalo Bill's Chum, the Blasted Pine, etc., under cover of their desks and that after I had taken great pains to recommend *good* books to them, giving the titles with the name of the author, and often a story or incident from or about the book to excite their interest, besides numerous quotations from standard works, I could but feel a righteous indignation, while they thought it too bad that nothing was left of the hurtful book but a heap of blackened ashes, which would not soil their hands more surely than its contents would soil their minds.

As to the dress reform it also meets my hearty approval. I never could obtain my own consent to cramp myself up in a corset, so was rather at a loss until I found the Equipoise Waists, which I think are "just the thing." I have persuaded several others to wear them also, with decided advantage to their health and comfort and can truly recommend them to all.

Now, a word to the girls, whether young or old, who are working for themselves. Will they not agree with me that there is a pleasure in the independence which it brings, though we may sometimes be a little lonely and almost wish that, like "Young Farmeress," we had "Our John," to whom we could confide ourselves? But "It is far better to be laughed at because we are not married, than not to be able to laugh because we are." And as we believe that true marriages are made in Heaven, we can at least try to become, like Miss Willard, "The queen of maiden ladies;" while if we succeed, we will be worthy of the best husband on the continent. If, however, in the order of Providence, we fail to find him, like her, our cup of happiness may overflow without him. She is happy whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," who, though she may cherish the sentiment so happily expressed by the first poem in last week's BLADE ("Somewhere") yet has a purpose in life, whether she ever meets him or not. There is no pathway in life where we cannot find pleasure, if we only earn it by thoughts, words and actions of kindness for those about us. Our true friend is not found in the bustling, gossiping throng, but in one with whom we feel that "silence is golden," and realize that

"'Tis always in the time of deepest quiet,
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart."

—CARRIE E. RUTLEDGE, New London, Ia.

Inquiries.

Will some kind HOUSEHOLD member please describe through the BLADE China painting—the kind of paint used, and tell whether the fireing can be done at home or must be sent away?—BLONDE.

Will some one give instructions for making a crazy quilt? How large should it be when finished, what kind of lining should be used, and how put in? What should a nice quilt be worth if it were going to be sold?—AN INQUIRER.

Can any one give through the Home department of the BLADE (or can any one of its many readers) a recipe for canning asparagus, suitable for a large factory.—B. M., Morrisville P. O., Bucks county, Penn.

Will some one give recipe for cream puffs, and tell exactly how to make them?—E.

Will some one please tell me what use I can make of two Guinea wings, and oblige—MRS. FLO SHAFFER, Pleasant Hill, Miami county, Ohio?

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD please give directions for making lard soap out of beef or mutton tallow?—MRS. H. H. MORGAN, Vernon, Texas.

Will some one send suitable mottoes for a graduating class?—MISS HATTIE HALL, Corry, Pa.

Will some one send the stamp language in full; also a recipe to bleach hair, and a good recipe for a cocoanut cake, baked in layers, with cocoanut between the layers?—GEORGIA ALLEN, Colony, Kan.

Will some one tell me what will stop me from having fits, if there is anything that will stop them.—NEW SUBSCRIBER?

I would like to have some of the HOUSEHOLD members correspond with me about fancy work.—M. T. PARKS, Patchogoe, L. I.

If any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD have any magazines or copies *Harper's Weekly* that they do not wish to keep I will gladly pay postage. Am teaching German pupils, and find it hard to make them understand the English language. Should like to correspond with some of the teachers of the BLADE having experience in such schools and exchange methods and devices.—EVA SAXTON, care of G. W. Bluhm, Waterville, Minn.

Can any one tell of a cure for tumor? It is said by some there is no cure except the knife, yet I have hope that it may be reached in some other way. Any information on the subject will be thankfully received.—FLORIDA.

Will some one please tell how to make birch-bark canoes at home?—"WYNTER."

Can any one give a sure cure for sore eyelids? The lashes grow on, but they fall off again? Also what good medicine to take for the blood?—JENNIE B.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. E. B., Minneapolis, Minn.: "Social Etiquette" describes the methods of giving different kinds of entertainments in full. The book will be sent you by inclosing $1 to the Locke Publishing company, Toledo, Ohio.—ED.

I would like to know all about the Kindergarten system. Is there an educational journal that devotes part of its columns to that art?—MRS. S. B. GAINES.

The *American Kindergarten* and *Primary Teacher*, published at $1 a year by Fowler & Wells, New York, is probably what you want.—ED.

To the lady who wants to know how to keep doughnuts moist, put them in a crock before they are very cold, or begin to get dry, and cover close, and you will have no no trouble, but they will be moist enough as long as you want them to be; also, use cookies the same way.—E.

"H. E. P.," Alamakee Country, Iowa: I have a variety of pretty quilt patterns—"Bachelor Puzzle," "Old Maid's Ramble," "Burgoyne Surrounded," "Birds' Nest," "Kansas Trouble," "King's Crown," and a number of others. I will send your choice if you will address me and enclose return postage.—M. L. CODER, Glenwood, Idaho.

I see that you mention Dr. Hebra's "Viola Cream" in the HOUSEHOLD, and I thought you would not unless you were satisfied it was good. Am I not right?—MRS. R. C., Portland, Me

Our correspondent is right in believing that the editor of the HOUSEHOLD endorses nothing which she does not believe to be good. Of course there is nothing which is equally good for all people, but many times failures come because directions are not carried out. The "Viola Cream" is a very excellent thing. It is advertised elsewhere.—ED.

Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD please give me the defination of the words purl and tog in knitting?—FANNIE JONES.

Probably the inquirer means to ask what the expression p 2 tog signifies. It is the abbreviation for purl two together, and purl means seam.—ED.

I wish to say to Mrs. Emma Ludwig that a physician told me to let baby nurse every two hours. I generally nurse mine whenever the baby seems to be hungry.—MRS. G. W. S.

If B. E. Johnson would like a knit tidy, I could send her a very pretty leaf tidy which is easy to knit. Will send directions and sample if she wishes and will send her address to MRS. G. W. S., Creston, Iowa, box 47.

If Ella Morgan, who gave pansy lace in BLADE of January 27, would be so kind to send sample to address below will try to do so much for her in some other way, as I cannot get it right.—MRS. G. W. S., Creston, Iowa, box 47.

Although not a member of the HOUSEHOLD, I can tell "Ruby" how I removed a large mole from my face. Procure a small quantity of nitric acid and apply twice a day for a couple of days, or three at most, being careful that none touch the face unnecessarily. I can also give directions for making feather flowers for "Emma": Take a tuft of zephyr, or whatever is desired for center, and place the feathers evenly around it, the edges just touching and curving outwardly. If double flowers are desired, place another row and continue until you have enough, then tie down firmly with twine or warp, with wire for wreath. Wrap wire around the stem of one flower, then place another so the edge of the flower will just touch the first. This leaves the stems some distance apart. When your wreath is the desired length fasten ends of wire by twisting firmly together.—TILLA.

Nellie E. Allen, Jamaica, Vt., would like to correspond about German with Nell.

Concerning geraniums.—If leaves fall off it must be from the plants being kept too wet. Water only as the earth seems dry. Keep in a sunny window; cover when sweeping; change the earth often, and be sure your pots are large enough. Put out of doors in summer if possible. A little ammonia in the water is said to be good. Grow the Madeira vine in your windows. It is ornamental, and the leaves make the best salve known, cooked with a little fresh lard. For felon, pound the leaves and apply as a poultice.—WILL'S WIFE.

Recipes.

Graham Sponge Roll.—1½ cupfuls graham flour, 3 tablespoonfuls hot water, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 cupful sugar, 3 eggs; beat water and soda into the sugar and stir them into the flour; beat eggs thoroughly and add to it; butter a long pan and bake it thin for 15 or 20 minutes; turn out on a soft towel, spread jelly (plum is nice if you have it) over it and roll up. When cool cut like jelly cake.

Fig Cake.—½ cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 cupfuls flour, 2 level teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of 4 eggs beaten thoroughly and added last, ½ teaspoonful lemon essence in the sweet milk; bake in 3 sheets which will be about ½ inch thick; split 1 pound of figs, put in small basin with 1 cupful of of hotwater and 1 cupful white sugar, stew down thick, and spread between layers.—ROSE GERANIUM.

Thanks for good wish.—ED.

Scalloped Onions.—"Old Dr. Carlin" gives the following: Place a layer of white onions, chopped fine, in a buttered baking dish, then a layer of bread crumbs, pepper, salt and a little butter; then onions again, and lastly bread crumbs, pepper, salt and butter. Over this pour a teacupful of milk. Bake ½ hour.

If those troubled with bad smelling perspiration under the arm or upon the feet will make and use the following remedy, they may find relief: A saturated solution of boracic acid, viz.: One pint of distilled water in a close stopping bottle to which add boracic acid as long as the water will take up any; next add to the solution one ounce of good bay rum and six drops of Eucalyptol; shake well always before using. This bacteria in the bonnet or hat may be destroyed by dipping a chicken feather or quill from the wing in the solution and wetting with same inside the band occasionally.—DR. A. B.

To Make Soft Soap.—In the spring of the year, before the rains begin, I have my ashes put in the leach and well pounded down. I cover them over with boards, leaving a big crack for some of the water to run through on the ashes which are lower in the center. They need to soak two or three weeks. I put my gaease in a barrel. As the rain runs off the lye I put it on the grease, let stand in the sun; stir as often as you are a mind to. I have as good soap as any of my neighbors who spend weeks boiling.—AN OLD READER OF THE BLADE.

Cough Mixture.—Syrup Squills, 2 ozs.; tartarized antimony, 4 grs.; sulphate morphine, 5 grs.; pulv. gum Arabic, ½ oz.; honey, 1 oz.; water, 1 oz. Dose for adult, 1 tablespoonful every hour until relieved. Under 10 years, one-half the above.—G. R. PINNEY, Clinton, Iowa.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NOVELTY, MO.
Charlie Cater,
Eben Howe,
W. F. Timmons,
J. A. Koontly,
S. C. Myers,
J. H. Lewis,
James Myers,
Emry Howerton,
Charley Townsend,
William Hendricks,
Frank Hunter, jr.,
Herbert Priestley,
G. W. Hendricks, jr.,
C. P. Browning,
O. J. Rhoades,
Charley Hunter,
Ivie Porter,
Lucy Owens,
Clelie Corkran,
Thomas Hendricks,
Thomas Corkran,
Elmer Bryan,
Homer Hunter,
Freddie Hill,
Roy Ross,
Annie Ross,
Fannie Kellogg,
Jennie Ross,
Pet Boyd,
Sam Boyd,
Otho Boyd,
Carrie Hendricks,
Minnie Swan,
Ethel Priestley,
Nina Watson,
Ollie Cater,
Ural Townsend,
Cora Carter,
Annie Kellogg,
Chas. Albin,
Albert Hunsacker,
Minnie Kellogg,
Lucy Swan,
Mandy McCoy,
Mary Kellogg,
Ollie Corkran,
Anna Hendricks,
Leo McCoy,
Effa Sully,
Elly Sully,
Patsy Sully,
Nora Alexander,
Carl Hunter,
Myrtle Rhoades,
Carrie Bryan,
Ed. Corkran,
Frank Clair,
Della Hunter,
Meda Howerton.
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Gertie M. Dexter,
Minnie E. Dexter,
Dollie E. Holmes,
James C. Dexter,
Matthew F. Clark,
Francis H. Richardson,
James Farrel,
Dane O. Dexter,
Edith M. Richardson,
Mable J. Richardson,
Charles S. Turner,
Carleton K. Holmes,
Roy W. Richardson,
Louie Clark.
WEST VIENNA, N. Y.
Dora Tanner,
Mertie Tanner.
BURR OAK, IA.
Robbie Tucker,
Hattie Perry,
Florence Perry,
Albert Van Vleit,
Gertie Bandle,
Annie Greenslade,
Frankie Tucker,
Frankie Perry,
Fred VanV leit,
Robbie Tillepaugh,
Frank Bandle,
Ernie Bowman.
DELTA, COLO.
Bertha E Snider
Lena E Snider
Charles D Snider
Millie A Matlock
Jessie V Matlock
TOLEDO, O.
Lillie S. Smith,
Elmer T. Smith,
Clyde D. Smith.
FRAZEE CITY, MINN.
Ralph Waldo Emerson,
Aden M. Emerson,
DECORAH, IA.
Will A. Kennedy,
Claude B. Kennedy.

CADIZ, O.
Annie B. Haverfield,
Minnie M. Haverfield,
Hattie C. Haverfield,
Ralph F. Haverfield,
Frank P. Haverfield,
Georgie F. Haverfield,
Orvetta L. Haverfield,
Leroy C. Haverfield,
Harvey B. Haverfield,
Clara A. Haverfield,
Bertha V. Haverfield,
Mattie A. Haverfield,
Willie R. Haverfield,
Ollie Haverfield,
Charlie Haverfield,
Fred E. Haverfield,
John A. Haverfield,
Anna E. Thompson,
Jessie M. Thompson,
Maggie M. Henderson,
Nora Smith,
Charley Smith,
Carrie A. Hines,
JessieS . Hines,
Will Richey,
Oliver Finical,
Mattie O. Smith,
Mattie V. Finical,
Lizzie N. Ross,
Daisy F. Kennedy,
Nellie V. Finical,
Cora Martin,
Nellie Martin,
Frank Mitchell,
Nell S. Hoffman,
Nell E. Haverfield,
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Cora Wilson
Emma Allen
Ollie Purvis
Alice B Hadley
Jessie Walker
Minnie King
Clarke Saterlee
Anna A Sias
Mertie Hills
Maude Durey
Lottie June
Alice June
Rosa Lyness
Jessie Hickox
Ethel Taylor
Maggie Dunlap
Daisy Dickey
Hattie Richmond
John Brownell
Dora Millet
Elba Lewis.
OHIO, MO.
Herschel Pyatt,
Ella Cambell,
Ira T. Swayze,
Effie Cherington,
Augustus Carr,
Cynthia Caldwell,
Thos. H. Ruebush,
Jennie E. Burke,
Wesley V. Frazee,
Nannie Campbell,
Emory C. Cherington,
Jennie Strickland,
Albert VanAusdall,
Lucy Scoggins,
R. E. Burke,
Ada Strickland,
Will Paisley,
Sadie Frazee,
Minta Frazee,
N. B. Hastain,
Myrtice Gunter,
Allie Gunther,
Eddie H. Cherington,
Frank N. Cherington,
Mamie Campbell,
Julia Campbell,
May Page,
Rhoda A. Burke,
Lucinda Carr,
Izora Tuttle,
Ollie Frazee,
Mattie McGauthey,
J. Garfield McGauthey.
KNIGHTS, MO.
Lola Rickner

Names this week, 201. Total, 18,281.

The above embraces all names received up to February 17.

THE SAND MAN,

GEORGE COOPER.

He peeps in through the key-hole,
And he bobs up at the pane,
When scarlet firelight dances
On wall and floor again.
Hush! here he comes—the Sand man,
With his dream cap he is crowned,
And grains of sleep he scatters,
Going round and round and round—
While the little ones are nodding, going round.

He whispers, quaintest fancies;
With a tiny silver thread
He sews up silken eyelids
That ought to be in bed.
Each wee head nods acquaintance,
He's known wherever found;
All stay up-lates he catches,
Going round and round—
With a pack of dreams forever going round.

I see two eyes the brightest;
But I'll not tell whose they are!
They shut up like a lily—
That Sand man can't be far!
Somebody grows so quiet—
Who comes, without a sound?
He leads once more to dreamland,
Going round and round and round!
And a good night to the Sand man, going round.

For the Young Folks.

LITTLE BLACK BUGS.

BY GRACE KERR,

Fannie was tired of everything; she was tired of her doll; she was tired of her kitten; she was tired of trying to amuse herself.

She pushed her doll off one side of the hammock, and her kitten off the other, and lay looking up at the green leaves above her wishing she had a little sister to play with. Then her eyes wandered to a group of horses in the pasture standing with their heads down lazily switching the flies off with their long tails.

She could see her own little pony which her father had recently purchased for her, and she thought of the saddle which he had promised to bring her from the city that very day. But it would be some time yet before her father would be home, and just now she was very hungry.

She looked longingly down to the blackberry patch by the hedge. If there was one kind of fruit she liked above all others, it was blackberries. How she did wish she could go and get some; but it was only that morning that her mother had told her she must never go there alone.

"There are bumble bees there, Fannie," her mother had said, "and you might step on a nest. So you must never go there alone."

"Would I hurt the poor bumble bees, mamma?" Fannie asked innocently.

She was only ten years old, and this was her first summer in the country.

"There is more danger of their hurting you, Fannie," mamma said. "They might sting you."

Later in the day Fannie was in the garden with her mother when she discovered what she called a little black bug with yellow spots on it. She wanted to catch it, but mamma objected.

"It is a bumble bee, and you must not touch it or it will sting you," she said as she went away.

After she was left alone Fannie sat watching it, wondering how a little black bug like that could hurt her, or what mamma meant by it stinging her.

But before she could come to a conclusion the bee had flown away, the dinner-bell rang, and for the present Fannie had forgotten all about the bumble bees.

And now, as she lay in the hammock, she almost persuaded herself that the bumble bees could not hurt her if she went down there, for she did want some of those blackberries so bad. "Anyway Mary said she was going to gather some this afternoon, and I might go with her. I'll go and see if she is ready now." And Fannie tumbled out of the hammock and ran into the kitchen. But Mary was both cross and busy, and Fannie did not get a very pleasant reception.

"I am not going at all," she said, shortly, in answer to Fannie's question, "now run away and stop bothering me."

But Fannie lingered near the window watching Mary as she hurried to and fro, hoping she would let her help with the cake she was making.

"Mary will you please tell me what time it is?" Fannie asked this very timidly, not quite sure of a pleasant answer.

"Three o'clock. Now do go away," Mary said, crossly, as she disappeared in the pantry.

Two hours and a half until papa would be here! What a long time it seemed to little Fannie.

As she walked slowly back to the hammock, she wondered how she should spend the time until mamma would be ready to drive to the depot with her to meet her father.

She tried to amuse herself playing with her doll, but it was of no use. She was tired of playing alone.

She began to think again of the blackberries. She thought mamma surely would not care if she went down there and got just a few to eat. She would go and ask her but she had callers; and besides she did not intend to go off the path and there could be no bumble bees there.

She thought about it awhile, and finally decided her mother would say yes anyway and she would not wait to ask her.

She went slowly down through the shady orchard, intending to get only a few and then return. But when she came to the vines, she grew so absorbed in trying to find the largest and the ripest, that all thoughts of the bumble bees and mamma's commands vanished from her mind.

She wandered on until she was almost in the center of the patch, and was just standing on tiptoe reaching for some large black ones when a bee stung her. She screamed and glanced down at her feet. There seemed to be an immense number of "little black bugs" pouring out of the ground.

All at once she remembered the bumble bees. She started to run, screaming with all her might, and when she rushed into the room where her mother sat sewing, she looked very little like the Fannie of an hour and a half ago.

She had lost her hat in her hasty run, the bushes had torn her thin dress and scratched her face and hands, and in her frantic efforts to free her feet from the bumble bees, she had lost both her slippers.

Her mother, whose callers had gone, looked up in astonishment; but Fannie explained all as she rushed into her arms exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! the bumble bees." No not quite all, for after her feet had been wrapped in cooling bandages, her face and hands bathed and she was lying quietly on the lounge, her mother asked her how she came to be down in the orchard.

And Fannie told her how lonesome she had been; how Mary would not go with her to get some blackberries, and how she had intended to stay on the path; and it occurred to mamma for the first time, how slowly time must pass for her little daughter, with no companion of her own age, and she resolved that she would, in future, give her some occupation to pass away the time.

Fannie lost her ride that evening, and when her father came home with the new saddle she could only lie and admire it.

It was a whole week before she was able to take her first ride; but before that week was over, she had decided that mamma knew what was best for her.

She has a very clear idea now, of how a bumble bee can harm her; and she has never been so fond of blackberries since for in her mind they are inseparably connected with "little black bugs."

THE SCIENCE OF BRIDGE-BUILDING.

It is sometimes a very nice problem to plan a bridge so that the weight of stones will make it stronger, and not weaker. In order to be strong, an arch must have something immovable to brace its feet against and its crown must be so heavy that it will not be pushed up into the air by the pressure of the sides.

Suppose two boys stand back to back, and spread out their feet, so that together they make sort of letter A, or arch. Suppose they are near the side of a large room, where the first boy can brace his feet against the wall. He will now find it very easy to maintain his position so long as the second boy can maintain his. But the second boy, with nothing to brace his feet against, will find it very tiresome; no matter how hard he digs them into the carpet, they will be in constant danger of slipping away. But now we will put two more boys in a similar position, and place them so that the feet of the second and the feet of the third will come togeth and brace against each other. This makes all the boys comfortable except the fourth. We will add another arch to our bridge by putting two more boys, and now they are all smiling except the sixth, who bites his lips and digs his heels into the carpet, and wishes we would hurry up the with the next arch. So we put in two more boys, and then two more, till we have extended our bridge entirely across the room, and the boy can brace his feet against the wall. This makes everything secure.

But suppose one of these arches is made of two small, light boys, and on each side of it is an arch of large, heavy boys. What will happen? Why, pretty soon the feet of the small boys will begin to give way and be pushed back by the feet of the large boys pressed against them, till the small boys are brought up standing, with their heels together as well as their backs, and the two arches of large boys will have settled down in the same proportion.

This will enable you to understand a difficulty that is sometimes met in building a stone bridge of several arches. Of course the two end arches will each brace one foot against the bank, which we may consider immovable. The piers may be so thick and heavy that of themselves they will sustain the pressure or "thrust," as it is called, of the other sides of the arches. But sometimes it is necessary to make the piers so high and narrow that they cannot do this and if one arch were built at a time, its pressure would push over the pier. If the arches are all of the size and form, and we build them all at once, they can brace their feet against each other and be just balanced. But sometimes the formation of the bed of the stream is such that the piers cannot be placed equal distances apart, and so the arches cannot be all alike Sometimes the balance is maintained by making the short spans lower arches than the long spans. In a low arch the pressure is more outward than downward; in a high arch it is more downward than outward. In our bridge of boys you will find that if two large boys forming an arch stand nearly straight, spreading their feet apart only a little way, while the small boys forming the next arch have spread their feet far apart and brought their bodies nearer to the floor, the two arches will balance just as well as would two equal arches of equal-sized boys. You see every one of these boys is sustained by two things: the floor, and whatever he braces his feet against. The straighter he stands, the more he is sustained by the floor and less by the wall or the feet of the next boy; the lower he gets, the less he is sustained by the floor and the more by the wall or the feet of the next boy. In other words, the straighter he stands (and consequently the higher arch he makes), the more the thrust of that arch is downward; while the lower he gets, the more its thrust is outward.—*Wide Awake.*

SAM.

A horse or dog which has been trained to point where he seems able to do his own thinking, always deserves honorable mention and remembrance. A traveler in North Carolina gives his experience with a colt, which seemed to know more than enough to "pass the time of day." He was a nondescript beast, about 14 hands high, of dun brown color, and with a coat as shaggy as a spaniel's. He looked as if he had not been combed since he was born, and even through his rough coat I could count every rib in his body. But he had an eye which showed there was a spirit within him; large and lustrous, it was also gentle and coquettish. I stepped up to him, and, patting him on the neck, asked his name of the landlord.

"Sam," he answered; "and he knows it. Bid him good morning."

I did so, and instantly the colt bowed his head and lifted his right fore foot, which I took in my hand and shook gently.

"Now talk to him and see if he doesn't understand you."

"Sam," I asked, "do you want to go with me?"

Sam bowed his head in assent.

"If I take you along, will you behave like a gentleman?"

Another bow was the prompt reply.

"Now ask him something that requires 'no' for an answer."

"Are you afraid to swim the river?"

He shook his head instantly, but thinking he might not have understood me, and seeing the advantage of having the wild steed fully pledged to good behavior, I changed the form of the previous question: "Will you run away with me and break my neck?"

A shake of the head, twice repeated, was the prompt reply. Then I put my arm around his neck, and he put his face against mine, and stroked my beard in a fondling manner.

"You and I are going to be good friends, Sam," I said, patting his head affectionately. Instantly he nodded very decidedly, by way of affirmation.

I concluded that he had been trained to distinguish between questions meant to be answered by "yes" or "no" from the inflections of the voice. Even with that possibility his intelligence seemed something marvelous.

Tired of the Talk.

There has been so much printed in the papers and magazines about Gettysburg that the men of either side who fought in that celebrated battle are tired of hearing the name mentioned. "Gettysburg?" said General Sickles the other day, to a man who wanted to set him talking about the battle, "Gettysburg? Never heard of that place before. Where is it located?"

He Was Bitten.

"Let's see," he mused, as he softly pulled at his ear, "your name is Johnson, isn't it?" "Yes, sir." "You married a widow over at Turkey Bend who had $20,000 in mortgages?" "I married a widder." "And the mortgages?" "Were on the property. Gosh hang it! I'm up here now to see if false teeth is a ground for divorce."

—The objection to so-called proprietary medicines by physicians, is, that they promise to cure everything, and that the patient must first know his precise ailment before anything can be taken safely. This is true, but does not apply to Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. It claims simply to destroy Malaria in the system, and has proven the claim abundantly. The symptoms of Malaria cannot be mistaken by anyone, and you don't need a physician with this remedy within your reach.

The Sunday School.

Abraham Offering Isaac.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1887.

Golden Text—God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.—Gen. 22: 8.

LESSON TEXT.

Gen. 22: 1-14.

1. And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am.

2. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

3. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

4. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

5. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

6. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

7. And Isaac spoke unto Abraham his father, and said, My father; and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?

8. And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a burnt offering; so they went both of them together.

9. And they came to a place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

10. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son

11. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham; and he said, Here am I.

12. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

13. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold before him a ram caught in a thicket by the horns; and Abraham took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son

14. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovahjireh; as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

God did prove Abraham (v. 1.) If we had only the record that Abraham believed God implicitly, without any illustration of his unwavering trust, we could have no such understanding of the reality of faith as is now ours; nor should we know how to profit by his example; but as it is we see "how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect." Satan said about Job, that he trusted God because it paid him to do so; but if God should put his love to the test, Job would curse God to his face. Then God did test Job, and Job's cry was, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Even since then, Satan and his emissaries have been repeating the lie about God's children, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life;" or, as Rochefoucauld sneeringly suggests in it a question, "What is integrity to opportunity?" And continually the testing, or proving, of God's children has shown that there is a faith which is not dependent on circumstances. There are men and women to-day, who are as true as were Job and Abraham, and who would stand God's severest tests of their faith as well as those patrirachs stood them. Yet only as our faith, or the faith of others, is tested, can we be sure of it.

Take now thy son, thine only son (v. 2.) When the Lord does try us, he makes a demand for something we don't want to give up. It is not until that point is reached, that the test really amounts to anything. Almost everybody is willing to deny himself what he doesn't care for, in proof of his love and devotedness; like the little boy who was ready to go without salt herring for breakfast to earn money for the missionaries. But it is a great deal rarer for a person to be ready to share his last crust with a hungry stranger; or to die that another may live, or to be disgraced and dishonored that God's cause may be advantaged. Ten Christians could be found willing to have the Lord put their fidelity to the test by giving them wealth and its hindrances, where one would be resigned to the trial of poverty with its privations. There are a great many who would be brave to run all risks of "the lust of the eyes," where one would consent to the trial of blindness, saying submissively, "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight." There are trials coming to us all the time, which we have learned to be on the watch for, and which we stoically accept as the inevitable; but when there comes a call to the surrender of the one earthly blessing which we prize above all others, and that at a time when it is hardest for us to meet the loss, and when there seems, indeed, least for it—then our faith in God is practically tested.

And Abraham rose early in the morning, and went (v. 3.) If there were more promptness in the doing of recognized duty, there would be a great deal of more duty doing in the world. We hear of death in a friend's family. We feel that we ought to write to that friend in assurance of sympathy. We determine to write—but not now. The pushing aside of that duty for the hour, is the failure of that duty for all time. There is a call in the morning paper for help for a needy family, or for a burnt-out community, or for a famine-stricken, a pestilence-smitten, or an earthquake-shaken region; we make up our minds to respond to that call—but not just this minute. That decision of delay shuts off those needy ones from all help from us. There is many a man who believes that God has called him to openly confess his faith in the only Savior, and who purposes doing accordingly,—at some future time; and there that matter rests. There is many another man who hears God's call to repent of his sins and turn from them to the Savior of sinners, and who is fixed in his intention of doing all this—at some convenient season. He is likely to die in his sins. There is just one safe way in this heeding the calls of God to a duty. If the call of duty comes to you while you are in bed, get up early in the morning and go about that duty. If you are already up, don't lie down again until it is attended to. Otherwise, the duty may be neglected forever.

God will provide (v. 8.) Abraham was wise enough and kind enough not to worry his son by telling him unpleasant news before it became necessary for him to be informed of it. A wise concealment is quite as much a proof of affection as a wise frankness, in our intercourse with those whom we love. The man who thinks he must tell his wife everything, or the woman who thinks that she must tell her husband, is certainly lacking in both wisdom and kindness, however good the intentions of that person may be. It is certainly not wise or kind to risk a loved one's life, to mar a loved one's happiness, to destroy a loved one's peace of mind, or to arouse a loved one's suspicions of an acquaintance, without some other reason for doing so than the purpose of being outspoken—of shunning all concealment. We ought to be sure that it would be wrong to withhold unpleasant intelligence from one who is dear to us, before we blurt it out as an an evidence of our unfailing frankness. And Abraham was right in teaching his son to trust God for the future. God will provide whatever is necessary for the good of his cause, or for our performance of personal duty. It may never seem to us that we can do what we have to do, or to bear what we have to bear, or learn what we ought to know; but, in spite of present appearances, God will provide all that is needful, and have it ready in good time, too.

Lay not thine hand upon the lad for now I know (v. 12.) The Lord is careful about the measure of his children's trials as he is about the nature and the timeliness of them. He never lays an atom's weight more than is needful for his purpose on the shoulders of one whom he is testing; nor does he consent that the burden imposed by him shall rest there a single second after it has accomplished the work to which it was set by him. The night of trial may be very dark and very long to you; but he who is your Keeper neither slumbers nor sleeps; he is more desirous of the morning than you can be; and it shall not be delayed in its coming. These twinges of pain may seem to you intolerable; but the Great Physician sits by you as if with his fingers pressed tenderly on your pulse; and the very instant that your pain can leave you safely, it shall end. You may find yourself in the crucible of sore trial, while the flames burn intensely on every side; he who has permitted you to be there sits as the Refiner of silver looking down into your character and heart, and just so soon as he sees the molten mass sufficiently purified to give back clearly the reflection of his loving face, he says, Enough; now I know that thou lovest me; and your place is no longer in that crucible of refining. Among other things which the Lord is sure to provide for his children, is relief at the very moment when relief can be given with safety.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

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THE DAILY ROUND-UP.

Already $250,000 has been secured for Mr. Moody's new School of Christian Workers at Chicago.

One of the offerings to Queen Victoria on her jubilee is to be a collection of fifty tales by the great English novelists.

Mrs. Mackey is reported to have acquired a brilliant sapphire from a needy Russian prince for the trifle of $150,000.

Ostrich farming in California continues to be profitable. A car load of the big birds from Africa has recently reached Los Angeles.

Miss Ethel Ingalls, eldest child of the Senator from Kansas, will be one of the Washington debutantes next season, provided there is no war with Canada.

Gen. Fremont has a graphic pen. In his recently published book he says, speaking of an Indian: "He was a good-looking young man and as naked as a worm."

Congressman S. S. Cox is still unable to leave his room in Washington and it is doubtful whether he will resume his seat in the House before the close of the session.

Audubon, the great naturalist, explored alone the forests of North America as early as 1810, impelled more by a love of nature than a desire to make himself famous.

Charles H. Reed, the attorney who defended Garfield's assassin, still lives at the capital, but has been in constant trouble since that affair. It is said he has lost what practice he had.

Whenever a blindly addressed letter with "Hopper street" on it gets into the dead-letter office it is sent to Utica, because that is the only city in the country that is known to have a Hopper street.

Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera is spelled Rudigore and pronounced Roodiggery. It is governed by the same law that calls Pall Mall Pell Mell and Thames Tems. Some of these days we will learn to spell a little by sound.

The official order has gone forth that the proper thing in coiffures the coming season is the "Cleveland pompadour," or the V-shaped Russian bang. Hereafter, all to whom these orders may come will govern themselves accordingly.

A lightning calculator gave an exhibition in Lansing, Mich., the other evening, and gained considerable applause by his rapid addition of long columns of figures. After he had taken up his collection and quit, it was discovered that all his additions were incorrect.

Beecher's dress coat is invariably frock. He says: "A well dressed man is to-day a plaster of white on a back ground of black. He is scarcely more than a sleek crow with a white bib on on his breast." Henry himself is no chicken, but he declines to be a crow.

Showman Barnum is a prohibitionist, but until he can have prohibition he is willing to have high license, and his plan for high license is ingenious. He would have one liquor license for every 100 male adults, and these licenses he would have sold to the highest bidders at auction, the first bid to be not less than $200.

The wedding of Miss Edith Talmage, the daughter of Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, to Mr. Allen Donnan, of Richmond, Va., took place last evening, in the Tabernacle, and was followed by a reception at the parsonage, No. 1 South Oxford street, Brooklyn. Over 1,500 invitations were sent out for the church, but only the most intimate friends were invited to the house.

In Grant county, Ore., where the bounty on jackrabbit scalps is five cents each, some of the farmers stretch a wire screen across the prairie, the screen having meshes just large enough for a rabbit to stick his head through. The men and dogs round up the rabbits, and drive them toward the screen, and, in their hurry to escape, they stick their heads through and are caught. Then the farmers scalp the captives and let them go, hoping that each will raise another five-cent scalp before long. This is the story told by the Grant county *News*.

On a lecture tour in Kentucky recently, Gen. John S. Mosby—the ex-guerilla chieftain—fell asleep in a railroad car, and was robbed of a travelling bag containing his dress-suit and manuscript lecture. It hurt his feelings, and when he next visited Washington he told Sen. Beck that he didn't expect such treatment in Kentucky, and felt as though he had been wounded in the house of his friends. "Why," he added, "I didn't suppose there was a single thief in Kentucky!" "There isn't," replied the blue-grass Congressman, "but you see you were right in John Morgan's track; and I must say he rather demoralized our people!"

—Mr. Ed P. Wells, Thetis, P. O., Stevens Co., Wash. Terr., was entirely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He says: "I consider it a wonderful remedy and will always speak a good word for it."

It's an Art to Mix Drinks.

"Oh, yes, it is a good deal of an art to mix drinks properly," said the barkeeper, as he set the cocktail on the mahogany and put fifteen cents in the drawer. "Some barkeepers make big wages, too, because they can mix a drink in a fancy shape, but that's nothing compared with what some men make that can mix the liquors themselves. Almost any man can put a little Angostura and syrup and whisky in a glass and stir it up, but when a man can put some raisins and pure spirits and a few drugs in a barrel and make pretty good liquor, he's an artist and a dandy. Those fellows come high, but the wholesalers have to have 'em. I know one big liquor house in Chicago that pays a man $10,000 a year to make liquor for them. The other houses have tried to get him, but his firm won't let him go. You take a man that can have the head of the house say to him at supper: 'Casey & Curacoa want 100 barrels '78 Maryland rye right off,' and can go and make up the whole order out of raw material and get it barreled by 6 in the morning, and he's the life of the business; $10,000 a year ain't much for him."—*Detroit Journal.*

He Was Content.

"A country parson," in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following: A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm and led him down to the forecastle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing you may know there is no danger." He went back feeling better, but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as bad as ever. "Mary," he said, as he crawled into his berth, to his sympathetic wife, after tacking across a wet deck—"Mary, thank God, they're swearing yet."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Wife and Husband.

Women never get full honor for anything they do. It is always divided with some man who did nothing. When Jael, for the deliverance of her country, slew Sisera, the old chronicler embalms in the immortal story of the daring patriot, one Heber, the Kenite—"Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite" took a nail of the tent and did thus and so. Now, what under the sun had Heber to do with it? Why should he be dragged into the story? He never did anything but marry Jael, and while that may indicate the good taste and judgment of the man, it doesn't entitle him to immortality in patriotic story. If he must come into the narrative, why should he not come down to us, as "Heber, the husband of Jael?" That would sound something like. However, we are doing things somewhat better now, and there are several men in America who are known only as the husbands of their wives. In fact, that's all that some men, like Heber of old, ever will be remembered for. Brigham Young was kind o' that sort of a man, also.—*Burdette.*

The Autocrat, Now Craven.

Things have changed in Russia. A few years ago all men feared the Czar; now the Czar fears all men.—*Boston Traveller.*

* * * * Premature decline of manly powers, nervous debility and kindred diseases, radically cured. Consultation free. Book 10 cents in stamps. Address, confidentially, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

Celery.—Please send instructions for raising celery for home use, and oblige.—A. Reader, Baldwin, Kan.—[In Peter Henderson's excellent work, Gardening for Profit, he says the best way is to sow seed in the open ground as soon as it is fit to work in spring, on a level piece of rich, mellow soil, that has been specially prepared by thorough pulverizing and mixing, with short stable manure. The following simple method must be rigidly adhered to: "The bed being fined down by raking so that it is clear of stones and all unequalities, lines are drawn out by the marker eight or nine inches apart, in beds of eight rows in each, rubbing out every ninth mark for an alley on which to walk when weeding it. The seed should be sown rather thinly: one ounce being sufficient for 20 feet in length of such a bed, or about 150 feet of row. The seed is sown by hand in the rows; after the sower follows a man who evenly presses down the seed in the drill with the feet. That done, the back of the rake is drawn lightly, lengthwise of the bed, which slightly covers the seed to the average depth of something less than half an inch. After this the bed is still further firmed and levelled by being rolled, or in small areas evenly patted down with the back of a spade. As soon as the seeds of celery begin to germinate so that the rows can be traced, hoe lightly between the rows, and begin to pull out the weeds as soon as they can be seen. One day's work at the proper time will be better than a dozen after the seed bed gets enveloped with weeds, besides insuring much better plants. As the plants advance in growth, the tops are shorn off, generally twice before the time of setting out, so as to induce a stocky growth. Plants thus treated suffer less on being transplanted. * * * The time of planting out in the Northern states may run from June 15 to the end of July.

"Celery is always grown by us as a second crop—that is, it follows after the spring crop of beets, onions, cabbage, cauliflower, peas, or early potatoes, which are cleared off and marketed at latest by the middle of July. The ground is then thoroughly plowed and harrowed. No additional manure is used, as enough remains in the ground from the heavy coat it has received in the spring to carry through the crop of celery. After the ground has been nicely prepared, lines are struck out on the level surface three feet apart, and the plants set six inches apart in the rows. If the weather is dry at the time of planting, great care should be taken that the roots are properly firmed. Our custom is to turn back on the row and press by the side of each plant gently with the foot. This compacts the soil and partially excludes the air from the roots until the new rootlets are formed, which will usually be in 48 hours, after which all danger is over. This practice of pressing the soil closely around the roots is essential in planting of all kinds and millions of plants are annually destroyed by its omission. After the planting of the celery is completed, nothing further is to be done for six or seven weeks, except running through between the rows with the cultivator or hoe and freeing the plants of weeds, until they get strong enough to crowd them down. This will bring us to about the middle of August, by which time we usually have, especially at night, that moist and cool atmosphere essential to the growth of celery. Then we begin the earthing up necessary for blanching or whitening that which is wanted for use during the months of September, October and November. The first operation is that of handling, as we term it, that is, after the soil has been drawn up against the plant with the hoe, it is further drawn around each plant by the hand firm enough to keep the leaves in an upright position and prevent them from spreading. This being done, more soil is drawn against the row either by the plow or the hoe, as circumstances require, so as to keep the plant in this upright position. The blanching process must, however, be finished by the spade, which is done by digging the soil from between the rows and banking it up clear to the top on each side of the row of celery. Three feet is ample distance between the dwarf varieties, but when "Seymore's Superb," Giant White Solid," or other large sorts are used, though they are not rarely grown, the width between the rows must be at least four and a half or five feet, which entails much more labor and loss of ground. For the past 15 years no celery but the dwarf variety is grown in our vicinity, which saves, in consequence, at least one-half in labor and one-third in ground, while the average price per root in market has been always equal to, and occasionally higher than for the tall growing varieties. The preparation for the soil, and planting for winter use is the same in all respects, except that what is intended for winter need never be banked up with the spade. It merely requires to be put through the handling process to bring it into a compact and upright position, preparatory to being stowed away in winter quarters. This should not be done before the middle of September or just long enough before the celery is dug up to keep it in the upright position."—Ed.

Mixed Corn.—Please inform me how corn mixes in the ear. I have a red ear of corn mixed at the butt with white. The first row runs up 1½ inches, then increases each side of the 1½ row until it runs up 4 inches. The ear is 10 inches in length.—John Card. [The white corn in the red ear we think is the result of impregnation of the red ear by pollen from the white. The manner of "mixture" and hybridization of various things in the vegetable kingdom is an interesting study, but its explanation here would occupy more space than can be here given to the subject.—Ed.]

Fistula—Snagged.—Please describe the different kinds of fistula of the horse. Also, please give a remedy for an old sore of long standing, caused by being snagged. J. R. Gladson, Galbraith Springs, Tenn. [By the term fistula is meant a canal, unnaturally communicating with the secreting glands, or their ducts, or with mucous canals or cavities. As an illustration of the first set of fistula, we may take a wound of the cheek, cutting across the duct which conveys the saliva from the gland (parotid) that secretes it. In such a case, every time the horse eats, or thinks of food, saliva pours out of the wound in the cheek. There may be fistula of the coronet of the foot, fistula of the withers, which is precisely the same as poll evil, its location alone giving it a different name. In other words, the definition given by Webster is: A permanent, abnormal opening into the soft parts, with a constant discharge; narrow, chronic abcess; as a salivary fistula, or an anal fistula. As to the sore resulting from being snagged, there may be a splint or rather foreign substance in it to prevent healing, in which case a veterinary should examine him. If there is nothing in the sore, by using nitric acid, one ounce; blue vitriol, three ounces, and soft water, fifteen ounces, and thoroughly washing it, a cure may be effected.—[Ed.

Castor Beans.—Mr. D. P. Smyers, Windom, Kans., asks: "How many bushels castor beans per acre are considered a fair crop, and what is the best soil for them? The reason I ask is that they have not been raised here. [Can any one who has raised castor beans for profit give Mr. Smyers the information through the Blade Farm. In this section they are raised only on account of the beauty of their flower. Castor beans are quite productive and should be planted in a rich soil.—Ed.]

What Is the Matter?—We have a lot of cows coming in season every three or four days. We have changed bulls, but it seems to be no use. Can you recommend anything? Cows are keeping very thin.—D. & M. [The facts above stated are quite frequent. It occurs at times from overfeeding, and results also from delicacy of constitution, and a lack of vigor either from a wasting disease, over-milking, or absence of nutritious food. Over-exercise is a cause; as is also lack of exercise. Cows sometimes will be barren on low lands and will breed on an upland. Fatty and sweet food, oil cake, sugar and sorghum, etc., have a tendency to prevent the proper change of the ovaries. Good breeders should be only in good flesh, without being forced. When the animal is too fat, a full dose of sulphate of magnesia, repeated two or three times at intervals of a week, will aid in bringing the animal to proper condition. The barrenness may be due to the bull, notwithstanding the fact that you have made a change. If the relationship between the cattle and the bull is close, in this you may find the trouble. Perhaps some breeder could give "D. & D." further information. The question he speaks about has at times proven a very serious matter to breeders.—Ed.

John Burns, Beulah, Colo.—To dry up the milk in your mare, feed dry food, such as does not produce milk. Give her only a moderate quantity of water to drink. Rub the udder with powdered camphor, one-fourth ounce; extract of belladona and lard, of each one ounce. Mix well together, and apply with gentle friction. If the inflammation cannot be reduced you will have to pultice with a mush and hop poultice, and when the udder has a smooth, polished appearance and soft feeling it should be lanced and the udder bathed twice a day with lard as hot as the animal will bear it. Sometimes, but not often, it becomes necessary to inject with a solution of two drachms of zinc in a quart of water. If swellings appear along the belly, give iodide of potassium. Carbonate of ammonia, powdered gentian, of each, one ounce. Make into eight balls and give morning and evening. Stop giving condition powders at once.—Ed.

Remedy For Warts on Cattle.—Having noticed the inquiry in the Blade for a remedy for warts on cattle, I will send you one: Take tallow; place it where it will soften, not melt, and then rub the wart thoroughly with it, working it into every crease of the wart. If the wart is very large it may require the second application, and the cure is safe and sure.—J. Harshe, Liberty, Neb.

Answers to Inquiries.

Raising Calves.—In answer to W. F. Kinsman about raising calves on skim milk, will say: I have raised, in a small way, for seven or eight years, from one to three, and have never had a poor calf. My method is, to give them the new milk for two or three weeks, then put them on skim milk—not too much at first—and if they scour, scald the milk. The trouble is to get enough skim milk for the family and calf, and when such is the case, I piece it out wit thin mush made of corn meal. Cook it well to prevent souring. At five or six weeks old I shell corn in the warm milk, and in a little time the calf will get to eating corn, so as not to need the mush. I only use mush when short of milk. I have a large, nice calf now, seven weeks old, that eats hay and four ears of corn a day. I presume oats would be better than the corn, but I never could make them learn to eat oats as easily as corn. When calves are turned to grass, raised this way, they do better than when raised on new milk.—G. H. Rugg.

An Earnest Word for the Guernsey.

Editor Blade Farm:—Why should Guernsey bulls be chosen in preference to all others, to revolutionize the vast herds of nondescript cows that now indifferently supply our markets with milk and butter? Bred upon an island for hundreds of years where no other cattle are allowed to live, there is no foreign blood in his veins, there is no uncertainty about his purity. He is, therefore, one of the most pro-potent of sires. The Guernseys have been bred and inter-bred for generations, strictly for milk, cream, and butter. They are milking machines of a high order. Their teats are large, and they are easily milked. They are of good size, and gentle in disposition. Above all they possess in the most remarkable degree of any known breed of cattle that trait so highly prized by all lovers and breeders of fine cattle, which is most comprehensively and tersely expressed by the word quality.

The Guernsey bull should be preferred to the Jersey because of his size and superior quality, and because his calves are fit for veal; to the Ayrshire for milk and butter, because the Aryshires are deficient in quality and have teats so small that it requires an expert to milk them; to the Holsteins because as a breed they would be no improvement on the common cow in respect to quality. As foundation stock to enable ambitious farmers to create the best of grades in order to supply the best markets with a better dairy product, the Guernsey has not and will not prove any thing but a success.—J. D. Leisure, Lansing, Mich.

Effect of Fertilizers on Potatoes.

The Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station issues a bulletin showing some interesting results from experiments with various fertilizers on potatoes. The following synopsis of the results may be of interest to our farming readers:

"There was quite a percentage of gain where superphosphate was used, but the bone meal, which also contained phosphoric acid, gave no increase. The soil appeared to be deficient in phosphoric acid, but the supply of nitrogen was ample, and of potash nearly so. With horse manure and Mapes' potato manure, both of which are complete fertilizers, containing all of the food elements, the gain was much greater than with any incomplete fertilizer. That is, by supplying certain food elements, which singly produced no effect, along with those in which the soil is deficient, the gain in yield was much greater than when the lacking elements alone were used. The only fertilizer that showed a gain above the highest of the unfertilized plots were superphosphate, 10 per cent., potato manure, 42 per cent., and horse manure 46 per cent. Experiments conducted at Rothamsted, and by the editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, illustrate quite as forcibly that maximum crops can be secured only with complete fertilizers. At Rothamsted the average gain for five years with superphosphate was about 58 per cent., and with nitrate of soda about 38 per cent; while potash with super phosphate gave a very slight additional increase, but a complete fertilizer, in which these substances were used in the same quantities as separately, gave an increase of more than 200 per cent. Last season's work at the station showed that a given weight of a complete fertilizer gave nearly as good results as the same weight of superphosphate and of potash, even though the soil appeared to be deficient in phosphoric acid and potash.

These results warrant the conclusion that a fertilizer which contains all of the food elements, in about the proportion that they are found in good barnyard manure, is more valuable than an incomplete fertilizer.

Corn Pack of 1886.

The *American Grocer* says: The pack of 1886 was 57 per cent. in advance of that of 1885, notwithstanding injury to the crop by excessive rains in Maryland and drouth in the Western states. The season was most favorable for packers in New York, the crop being of unusual good quality. In Maine the pack was double that of 1885 and of average quality. The figures presented below represent the smallest quantity packed, as we prefer that unreported factories should not be made a subject of guess-work. Returns from such would go to swell the aggregate. The total pack in 1886 was 1,704,785 cases, against 1,082,174 in 1885, and in detail as follows:

	Cases, 24 cans each.
Maine	464,453
Maryland	354,000
New York	258,150
Indiana and Illinois	184,200
Iowa	124,282
Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas	141,650
Ohio	73,000
Canada	30,000
Other states	75,000
Total, 1886	1,704,735
Total, 1885	1,082,174

There was a considerable quantity of corn from previous packs on the market this year, as has been the case for several preceding years. An unusually good demand has been noted during this season, due to a general improvement in qality.

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Fancy brands of corn have come to the front, thus demonstrating the fact that the people are willing to pay for quality.

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There has been the same wide difference in price as in former years. Maryland brands have ranged from 75 cents to $1; Maine, from $1 to $1.20, advancing late in the season to $1.30@$1.40 for favorite labels; New York state, from 90 cents to $1 25; Western, from 85 cents to $1. A few parties have acquired a high local reputation for their brands, and have thus been enabled to secure a price above the average market value. Already very large sales of fancy brands have been made for 1887 packed corn at $1.25 for Maine; 80c@$1 for Maryland; 90c@1.25 for New York, the orders being far ahead of those booked at the same time in 1886.

In Maryland the crop was injured by excessive rains in the early part of the season, preventing its proper cultivation.

In Ohio, dry weather and an early frost cut down the pack, further shortened by one large factory not canning. The pack commenced August 27 and ended September 24.

In Illinois and Indiana dry weather hurt the early crop, but the late corn was very good. Some localities report a deficiency of 30 per cent. The season commenced from the August 9 to 23, and closed September 25. In Arkansas packing began July 20, but the crop was short, being injured by bad weather and worms. In states west of the Mississippi drouth injured the yield very much. Packing opened July 10, and closed by the 1st of September. In Maine work commenced about the 1st of September, and was terminated by October 5. In Canada, August 25 marked the opening of packing, and October 5 the closing.

A majority of packers now realize that price is wholly dependent upon quality and reputation.

Minneapolis Mills.

Minneapolis, Feb. 17.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The flour output showed little change last week, exceeding 15,000 barrels daily. The product was 107,875 barrels, averaging 15,410 barrels daily, against 110,900 barrels the preceding week, and 78,000 for the corresponding time in 1886. The output of the present week will be cut down, the condition of the market limiting the use of steam. Lower prices for wheat have had a demoralizing effect on the flour trade. Prices have been reduced about 25 cents per barrel. But little business is being done.

—FARMERS and families will reap a golden harvest from using Ta-Va-Zon Liniment. The last wonder of the century. $1 package makes one quart worth $5. If not as represented money refunded. Agents wanted, $50 per week. Dr. Griffith Chemical Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TALMAGE ON HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

The Ignoble Birth of Christ the First Installment of the Purchase—The Fight With Satan in the Wilderness—Trial and Crucifixion.

Brooklyn, Feb. 13.—Over six hundred persons have joined the Brooklyn Tabernacle, pastor the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., during the present revival, making the communicant membership of this church about 4,000. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Ransomed," and his text was 1 Corinthians, ch. vi. v 20: "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the fresco, the grass-plots, the fish-ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself, or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see costly apparel, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value. The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you what it is all worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up, in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month or a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went into the London Tower to look at the crown jewels of England. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that to-day I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance, and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price." Now, if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, so much the first of July, so much the 1st of October, until the entire amount is paid. And I have to tell this audience that "You have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many thousand people were crowded, and amid ostlers and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie, hath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon the straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse. One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to the stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem, and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary, no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which is brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly affections put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold the rope, and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantina, a mountainous region full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts; so that you must now, the traveler says, go there armed with knife, or gun, or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and pray, and it was there that this monster of hell, more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself—met Christ. The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman Senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. The longest abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno; for 24 days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had suffered a month and ten days before He broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was ahungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you or me under those circumstances, we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication; but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made; but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of that coat of mail: "Put it on now yourself, and let us try it;" and with shot after shot from his own pistol, the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward. I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the heart of Christ we may all now wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves. I will see you through all trials, and I will see you through all temptation."

"But," says Satan still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at," and after a half-day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and have a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ with a powerful temptation in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they look off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, and olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities, and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you India, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a humiliation it must have been.

Go to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin-cellar in the Fourth ward, New York. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting in such a contest." Then think of what the King of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought that great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on the top of the temple. But I bless God that in that triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted he is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled in the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose hand over hand and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him: "Why did you go down in the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah," said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "O, that is the New Testament," he said, "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well that boy was protected! I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us, and Christ beneath us, and Christ above us, and Christ all around us, nothing shall befall us the way of harm. Christ himself, having been in the tempest, will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in the Tombs court of New York as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the court room at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court-room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court-room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at Him! No one to speak a word for Him. I lift the lantern until I can look into His face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had. Himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court room comes up and smites Him in the mouth, and I see blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only, perhaps, an hour, and the judge rises for the sentence! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence; but what cares this judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," said the judge, and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want—His blood. Hand him out here to us. Away with Him! away with him." Oh, I bless God that amid all the injustice that may be inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world can not lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court-room, in every home, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse I will protect those who are trampled on." And when Christ forgets that 2 o'clock morning scene and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Some of you want deliverance from your troubles. God knows you have enough of them. Physical troubles, domestic troubles, spiritual troubles, financial troubles. You have been gathering them up, some perhaps for five, or six, or seven years, and you have divided them into two classes. Those you can talk about and those you cannot talk about; and as those griefs are the most grinding and depressing which you cannot mention, you get condolence for the things you can speak of, while you get no condolence for the things that you cannot. In your school days you learned how to bound the states and could tell what rivers and lakes and mountains ran through them. If you were asked to-day to bound your worldly estate you would say it is bounded on the north by trouble, and on the south by trouble, and on the east by trouble, and on the west by trouble, while rivers of tears and lakes of woe, and mountains of disaster run through it. What are you going to do with your troubles? Why do not go the theater and have your mind absorbed in some tragedy? "Oh," you say, "everything I have seen on the boards of the stage is tame compared with the tragedy of my own life!" "Well, then, why do you not go to your trunks and closets and gather up all the mementoes of your departed friends and put them out of sight, and take down their pictures from the wall and put in the frame a harvest scene of some bright and gay spectacle?" "Ah," you say, "if I should remove all these mementoes of my departed friends, that would not take away the killing pictures that are hanging in the gallery of my own heart. Well, if that does not help you, why do you not plunge into society and try to wash off in worldly gayeties all these assailments of the soul? "Oh," you say, "I have tried that, but how can I hear other children laugh when my children are silent! How can I see other happy families when my own happy family is broken up? Trouble, trouble!" But do you gain anything by brooding over your misfortunes, by sitting down in a dark room, by a comparison of the sweet past with the bitter present? "No; that makes things worse." But I have to tell you to-day that the Christ of all sympathy presents himself.

Is there anybody in this house that can get along without sympathy? I do not think I would live a day without it. And yet there are a great many who seem to get along without any divine sympathy. Their fortune in the counting-room, or in the store, or in the insurance company, takes wings and flies away. They button up a penniless pocket. They sit down in penury where once they had affluence, and yet there is no Jesus to stand by them and say: "Oh, man, there are treasures that never fail, in banks that never break! I will take care of you. I own the cattle on a thousand hills, and you shall never want." They have no such divine Saviour to say that to them. I do not know how they get along. Death comes to the nursery. One voice less in the household. One less fountain of joy and laughter. Two hands less to be busy all day. Two feet less to bound through the hall. Shadow after shadow following through that household, yet no Jesus to stand there and say: "I am the shepherd. That lamb is not lost. I took it off the cold mountains. All's well." Oh, can you tell me the mystery? Can you solve it? Tell how it is that men and women with aches and pains, and sorrows, and losses, and exasperations, and bereavements, can get along without a sympathizing Christ? I cannot understand it.

But I come here to say this morning that if you really want divine sympathy you can have it. There are two or three passages of Scripture that throb with pity and kindness and love. "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee." "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads the sick and wounded of the flock! When all the other trees of the orchard fail, God has one tree of fruit for His dear children. Though the organ wails out its requiem, there comes afterward a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle-march, a coronation, a victory. Do you not want the sympathy of Jesus? I offer it this morning to every man and woman in this house; you need him. Oh, how much you need Him!

There was a chaplain in the army wounded unto death. While lying there on the field he heard, at a great distance off, some one crying out in great pain: "Oh, my God!" and he said to himself: "I am dying, but I think, perhaps, I could help that man. Although I can't walk I'll just roll over to where he is." So he rolled over in his own blood, and rolled over the bodies of the slain, and rolled on until he came to where the other man was dying, and put, as it were, his wound against that wound, and his sorrow against that sorrow, and helped to alleviate it. And so it seems to me that Jesus Christ hears the groan of our sorrow, the groan of our poverty, the groan of our wretchedness, and comes to the relief. He comes rolling over sin and sorrow to the place where we lie on the battlefield, and he puts over us the arm of his everlasting love; and I see that arm and hand are wounded; and as he puts that arm over us I can hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Oh, that you might feel this morning the power and condolence of a sympathizing Jesus!

Further, I remark: the last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. About fifteen summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was the day when the carnage of Calvary was enacted. It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a deadone in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be somber that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a death-bed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour can not be left alone. What! pursuing him yet after so long a pause? You have been drinking his tears; do you want to drink his blood? They come up closely, so that, notwithstanding the darkness, they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to see for themselves whether those are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood, and wipe them on their garments.

Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for His holy heart. Had he had not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks, and champed bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood. Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clash of the spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers, there comes a voice crashing through, loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groan of the dying Son of God. Look! What a scene! Look, oh world, at what you have done! I lift the covering from that maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and Christ's left hand—that bought both your hands with all their power to work and lift, and write. When the nail went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot—that bought your feet with all their power to walk, or run, or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple—that bought your brain with all its power to think or plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side—that bought your heart with all its power to love, and repent, and pray. Oh, sinner, come back!

If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I'll come after a while. There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." To-day Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands, and he begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to him who bought us, we might give all our time, and all our prayers, and all our successes! I would we could think of nothing else, that we could do nothing else but come to Christ. He is so fair, He is so loving, He is so sympathizing, He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around His neck and say: "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Oh, that to-day you would begin to love Him! Would that I could take this audience and wreath it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When, in 1865, the Atlantic cable was lost, do you remember that the Great Eastern and the Medway and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in the water. After a while they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back into the water, and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable, and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement, they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted, and the rockets flew, and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done and the continents were lashed together. Well, friends, Sabbath after Sabbath, we have come searching down for your soul. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again, we have thought you were at the surface, and began to rejoice over your redemption, but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. To-day we come with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and witness, and the angels of God bend down and witness, and oh, if now we could see only one spark of love, and hope, and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel!

News of the Week.

A LETTER FROM GEN. GRANT.

Written in 1864, and Now Published for the First Time.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 16.—The following letter, written by Gen. Grant in 1864, is in the possession of a member of the family of Rep. W. H. Collins, of Quincy. It has never been published. It was written to I. N. Morris, for several terms a member of Congress from the Quincy district, in reply to one from him in which he told Gen. Grant "he had it in his power to be President." Though a private letter, subsequent events have removed the bar to its publication. The sentiments it contains, and especially Grant's attitude toward the movement which culminated in the political movement to nominate Gen. McClellan, makes it of considerable interest:

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1864.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of December 29 I did not see until two days ago. I receive many such, but do not answer. Yours, however, is written in such a kindly spirit, and as you ask for an answer confidentially I will not withhold it. Allow me to say, however, that I am not a politician, never was, and hope never to be, and could not write a political letter. My only desire is to serve the country in her present trials. To do this efficiently, it is necessary to have the confidence of the army and of the people. I know no way to better secure this end than a faithful performance of my duties. So long as I hold my present position I do not believe that I have the right to criticise the policy or orders of those above me, or to give utterance to views of my own except to the authorities at Washington, through the general-in-chief of the army. In this respect I know I have proven myself a "good soldier."

In your letter you say that I have it in my power to be the next President. This is the last thing in the world I desire. I would regard such a consummation as being highly unfortunate for myself, if not for the country. Through Providence, I have attained to more than I ever hoped, and with the position I now hold in the regular army, if allowed to retain it, I will be more than satisfied. I certainly shall never shape a sentiment or expression of a thought with the view of being a candidate for office. I scarcely know the inducement that could be held out to me to accept office, and unhesitatingly say that I infinitely prefer my present position to that of any civil office within the gift of the people.

This is a private letter to you, not intended for others to see or read, because I want to avoid being heard from by the public except through acts in the performance of my legitimate duties.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, U. S. Grant.

A FLOOD IN CHICAGO.

The Polish Settlement Inundated, and Much Suffering Experienced.

Chicago, Feb. 16.—When the snow melted so rapidly last week the water from towns along the Illinois Central railroad, following the natural slope of the country, flowed eastward and lodged in the district bounded by Grand Crossing, Stony Island, Pullman and South Chicago, completely inundating the most of that region, and transforming it into a vast lake. In South Chicago a disastrous flood exists, and not a little suffering has been occasioned. A large portion of the town lying west of the Baltimore & Ohio and north of the Pittsburg & Ft. Wayne tracks is under water, and seems likely to remain so for some time to come. Commercial avenue, which is the principal thoroughfare running north and south, is flooded in several places, and the basements of all of the houses on both sides of the street are flooded.

At the junction of Commercial avenue and Eighty-eighth street all of the crossings are inundated, and temporary bridges have been erected to accommodate pedestrians, and on several other streets much the same condition of affairs exists.

West of Exchange avenue, and near the northern limit of the town, is what is known as the Polish settlement. It is there that the worst trouble exists. All of the houses are flooded and the suffering is quite severe. Grand Crossing has suffered considerably from the flood.

Ice Forty Feet High.

Detroit, Feb. 21.—At Gross Point, Detroit's aristocratic residence suburb on Lake St. Clair, a great deal of damage has been done by the recent storms. Ice from the lake is piled up 20 to 40 feet high along the shore, and foa three miles pretty much every thing is wrecked. Boat houses and docks are torn completely away and destroyed, or so badly damaged as to spoil all hopes of future usefulness.

The great cakes of ice driven on the shore by the storm of last week caused the damage. The loss will not be less than $12,000.

THIS TOOK PLACE IN IOWA.

Brutal Treatment of a Little Girl by "Strict Church Members."

Chicago, Feb. 17.—The *News* this morning says: About the middle of March, 1882, Lizzie Ayres, a bright and winning little girl of 11 summers, was transferred from the Home for the Friendless in this city to Troy, Iowa, and placed in the family of Thomas Wales, a wealthy Scotch farmer, who received her on trial, with a view to her ultimate adoption. A few months after this a change occurred in the management of the Home, and the child was lost sight of. About three weeks ago the present matron of the Home received a letter from a prominent gentleman in Troy, stating that a little girl who had been adopted into the family of one Thomas Wales had fallen into bad hands, and was suffering great abuse. The case was at once placed in the hands of officer Dudley, of the Humane society, and he was instructed to investigate.

Mr. Dudley set out immediately, and arrived in Troy last Monday. Wales' farm is ten miles in the country. Mr. Wales was not at home when officer Dudley was there, but Mrs. Wales received the officer, who made known his business and asked to see the child. The woman declined to produce her. Mr. Dudley began a tour of inspection, and was rewarded by finding the object of his search hidden behind an old trunk in the closet. He dragged her out, and "never before," said he, in speaking of the matter last night, "have I seen so piteous a sight. The appearance of the child was enough to more than confirm all the stories told. She was crippled so she could scarcely walk. Her back was humped, and her person was as grimy and dirty as a coal-digger's. Her dress, which looked like an old gunny-sack, was in rags, and she had not a stitch of underclothing. Her feet were encased in a pair of men's felt overshoes, and her stockings consisted of old rags, which she had evidently picked up in the backyard. Her hands had been frozen, and were sore and swollen to twice their natural size. I looked at the child and then at the woman, and the words I uttered were not strictly pious. I carried the girl to Marengo, where I had her examined by a physician.

"The doctor said he could find no bruises on her to indicate that she had been beaten, but that she was in a terrible condition from overwork and exposure, and that she could never entirely recover from the abuse to which she had been subjected. I inquired further concerning the case. I learned that when Lizzie was received into Wales' family she was at once put to doing chores about the barn. Although of a frail temperament, she was compelled to lug water for the stock, chop wood, milk, and perform the labor of a farmhand.

"She was driven from bed at 5 o'clock in the morning, when the thermometer was below zero, and made to wade for miles through deep snow to feed the cattle, and was frequently badly frozen. She was not allowed to go to school for any length of time. She was never inside of a church while there, although Wales and his wife are strict church members themselves. The girl has not spoken a word since I first saw her. Her mind seems to be an entire blank, and I fear that she will be a hopeless idiot."

Mr. Dudley said that the directors of the home had decided on beginning proceedings against Wales for cruelty, and that he would undoubtedly be punished.

FATAL TOBOGGAN ACCIDENT.

A Prominent Lawyer Killed and a Lady Fatally Injured.

Rutland, Vt., Feb. 16.—The first of the serious accidents expected from the introduction of tobogganing into this section of Vermont happened at the slide of Titcomb & Merrill Monday night, by which James C. Barrett, a leading member of the Rutland bar, lost his life, and a lady named Mrs. Charles P. Harris received serious and probably fatal injuries.

A board which formed a part of the side chute near the bottom had become splintered and displaced so it projected into the slide, pointing upward. Four young men had just passed it, and their clothes had been badly torn by it, but just at that instant the toboggan bearing Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Harris and Mr. Barrett passed the deadly projection without touching it, but it struck Mrs. Harris on the outside of the thigh, and cut a long, deep gash. Then it struck Mr. Barrett on and under the inner side of the thigh, extending up through it and his abdomen, and coming out at his back. The force of the collision was frightful, and he was jerked off from the toboggan, but the ladies went on to the foot of the slide.

Mr. Barrett was completely transfixed by the board, but he did not for a moment lose consciousness, and bore the excruciating pain with remarkable fortitude. Mr. Titcomb called for help, and carried him into the little building used as a warming room. Medical aid was hastily summoned, and in a few minutes he was attended by Drs. Caverly, Pond, Mead and Galt. They etherized him, sawed off the board and removed it, and then conveyed Mr. Barrett to his home.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barrett, not knowing of his injuries, was hauling Mrs. Harris up the ascent in the toboggan. Upon their arrival Mrs. Harris remained without attention for some time, but when the severity of her injuries became known, she, too, was taken home and attended by the same physicians.

Mr. Barrett, who was fully conscious and realized the great danger, called for his wife, and when she came kissed her, and asked her to pray with him. He then submitted to the operations of the surgeons. He died at 7 o'clock last evening. Mrs. Harris is in a critical condition.

LIQUOR DEALERS' REBELLION.

They Will Fight the Brewers' Pool to the Death.

New York, Feb. 16.—The retail liquor dealers have completed all their arrangements for a grand demonstration to-night, "to protest against the so-called brewers' pool, who have conspired for the purpose of making slaves of the retailer; and also to protest against the proposed high license and other bills before the legislature detrimental to our trade."

P. J. Fitzgerald, of Troy, president of the state association, is to preside, and speeches are promised by J. M. Atherton, of Kentucky, president of the National association, the mayor of Baltimore, Mr. C. M. Knight, of Boston, and several others.

Resolutions will be offered at this meeting proposing a boycott against all members of the Brewers' pool and their product. The intensity of the feeling against the members of the pool is manifested in the impatience with which the dealers await the signal to proceed with the boycott.

Yesterday Barney Kearns, president of the association, led the van by throwing out Ehret's beer from his saloon and substituting Everard's, at the same time conspicuously displaying this card in large letters: "No Pool Beer Sold Here! Down With Monopoly!"

Applications immediately multiplied for copies of this card, and before night it was displayed in hundreds of saloons on the east side. The leaders of the movement claim that after to-night it will be seen in more than half the saloons in the city.

West Virginia Will Vote on Prohibition in November.

Charleston, Feb. 18.—An unexpected turn was taken by the Senate yesterday, when the bill, which had been passed by the lower House, "to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors and drinks within the state," came up for its passage. The opponents of the bill discovered the fact that they could not defeat it; and in order to do the next best thing, they called for the vote on the joint resolution, which provides for the submission of the question of "prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in this state," which had not yet been announced. Upon the call of the vote on submission, three members, who had voted against submission, changed their votes to aye, which gave the patrons of the resolution a two-thirds majority. The submission will be voted on in November, 1888, the next general election.

The lower House passed the resolution two weeks ago. The bill prohibiting the sale of liquors and drinks was then laid on the table.

The Prohibitionists are very enthusiastic over their victory.

Mr. Morse's Application Rejected.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 17.—The American board of commissioners for foreign missions has rejected the application of R. C. Morse, of the Yale theological school, who has recently been licensed to preach. The rejection is assumed to be on the basis of the probation theory. In stating his theological beliefs to the board, Mr. Morse said: "I am not prepared to affirm that all those are lost who do not receive the Gospel in this life. I do not believe that the Bible teaches such a doctrine. I do not believe that the general tenor of the Bible teaching is that now is the day of salvation. This teaching it is my purpose to teach. All I mean with reference to the hypothesis of a future probation is that I do not know. Practically it affects neither my belief or my teachings."

—The correct way is to buy goods from the manufacturer when possible. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co., of Elkhart, Indiana, have no agents. They make first-class goods, ship anywhere, privilege to examine. See advertisement.

Infantile Loveliness.

No mother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance—a skin without blemish, and a body nourished with pure blood—should fail to make trial of the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive, wholesome and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Have just used your Cuticura Remedies on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of Cuticura, one cake of Cuticura Soap, and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

My little son, aged eight years, has been afflicted with Eczema of the scalp, and at times a great portion of the body, ever since he was two years old. It began in his ears and extended to his scalp, which became covered with crusts and sores, causing intense itching and distress. Gradually the hair came out and was destroyed, until but a small patch was left at the back of the head. My friends in Peabody know how my little boy has suffered. At night he would scratch. I took him to the hospital and to the best physicians in Peabody, without success. About this time, some friends, who had been cured by the Cuticura Remedies, prevailed upon me to try them. I began to use them on the 15th of January last. In seven months every particle of the disease was removed. Not a spot or scab remains on his scalp to tell the story of his suffering. His hair has returned, and is thick and strong, and his scalp as sweet and clean as any child's in the world. I wish all similarly afflicted to know that my statement is true and without exaggeration.

CHARLES McKAY, Peabody, Mass.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

MAIL TRANSPORTATION.

Between New York and England—Some New Arrangements.

New York, Feb. 17.—The details of the Northern Mail transportation between New York and England, arranged by the British admiralty, were received yesterday. The agreement has two distinct phases, which may be separated into mail service and war service. The most interesting, and certainly most novel feature of the new arrangement, is that which concerns the employment of the mail boats in the emergency of war. It is thus described: Hitherto when war broke out freights rose enormously, and the hiring of steamers as transports or cruisers was an onerous burden on the national exchequer. It was also a harvest time for steamship owners. The new arrangement with the mail contractors is to provide against this contingency, and to give the government the power of engaging their vessels on fair terms, settled, not under the pressure of urgent necessity, but in peaceful times by anticipation. Concurrently with the mail contracts, the admiralty have made a subsidiary arrangement with the White Star company by which the service of their fleet is secured to the nation at peace prices in the event of transports being required, and the same agreement provides for the construction of new vessels by that company of a type to meet naval requirements as armed cruisers. For these vessels, which are to be the largest and fastest vessels afloat, an annual subvention is to be paid in consideration of the owners building them to meet the Admiralty designs. Thus, at moderate cost, the country will secure the nucleus of a fleet of reserved cruisers of great speed and formidable fighting power. Messrs. Harland and Wolffe, of Belfast, are to build the new ships, and as they will have twin screws and be divided in numerous water tight compartments, they will be placed beyond all ordinary chance of disablement. A similar arrangement is being negotiated with the Cunard company, and it is also stated that the Messrs. Laird are preparing designs for the Inman company for a new vessel, also to comply with the requirement of the department in White Hall.

RECEPTION TO GEN. SHERMAN.

He Talks to a G. A. R. Post in Brooklyn—Soldiers the Best Citizens.

New York, Feb. 17.—A reception and literary entertainment was tendered to Gen. W. T. Sherman by Abel Smith post No. 435, G. A. R., in Brooklyn, last night. Gen. Sherman spoke briefly. "This, I understand," said he, "is a post of the Grand Army of the Republic. Members of Abel Smith post are all strangers to me personally; yet as soldiers we think alike, we feel alike, we belong to the same fraternity.

"The war in which we were engaged was a holy war. They may call it otherwise, but it was a holy war, a war in the interests not only of America, but of the whole human race. [Applause.] And you, my fellow-citizens, who took part in that war, do well to come together of an evening to congratulate yourselves that you still live, while the wayside is strewn with memories of noble men. We can bear witness to the past, enjoy the present, and look forward to the future.

"We soldiers are the best citizens. Go to the west, to Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and you will find in every village or town some soldier. He may have been a general, colonel, captain, or private. Inquire who is the most substantial in this community. That man will be pointed to. He has learned subordination and obedience to authority. They have stamped him as a leader of men in ways of peace, as he had once been in ways of war.

"Cling together, come together in fraternity, and, wherever you can, set an example and teach the people of the world that the soldier is none the worse for being a proud and noble citizen. We are a few left. We are passing away rapidly. We hope we have left behind us an example worthy of emulation by our children. If we do that, my fellow-soldiers, we shall have achieved all that God gives to one race on earth. We are none the worse for the rude lessons taught us in war. We have now had over twenty years of peace, and we stand in the holy presence without fear or trembling. You boys in blue, I know you sympathize when you see an old soldier in your midst coming to cheer you on in the good work in which you are engaged." (Applause.)

After the reception there was a banquet.

Cattle Dying by Thousands.

St. Paul, Feb. 17.—H. E. Simpson, postmaster at Albright, Mont., writes as follows: "The cattle on the ranges are dying by thousands. Our winter has been comparatively mild, but we have not had any chinooks that we generally have. I have already lost 50 per cent. of my cattle. A large number of native steers have been driven into the bottoms by storms, and are dying like flies. For days the range cattle have been coming into the valley by thousands, wandering back and forth before the storm till they drop in their tracks. A stockman of eighteen years' experience writes from Billings: 'This is the hardest winter that I ever experienced. I estimate my cattle loss at 50 per cent. now, and think it will reach 75 per cent.'"

What the Carpenters and Joiners Demand.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 17.—The contracting builders and boss carpenters of the city have received the following circular from the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners:

Resolved, First—That nine hours shall consitute a day's work on and after the first day of May, 1887.

Second—That from and after said date no member of this union will be allowed to work with non-union workmen.

Third—That the wages for average men shall be $3 per day.

Fourth—That the minium wages shall be $2.75 per day.

Fifth—That all over-time for work days shall be at the rate of time and one-half, and for Sunday it shall be double time.

BOSTON CORBETT INSANE.

The Slayer of Wilkes Booth Creates a Sensation in Kansas.

Topeka, Feb. 16.—Boston Corbett, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, created a decided sensation in the Kansas House of Representatives yesterday. Corbett was, at the commencement of the legislature, appointed assistant doorkeeper. Yesterday he strapped on two revolvers and a box of cartridges, and with a drawn weapon drove a negro attendant from the Representative hall. Sergeant-at-Arms Norton attempted to expostulate, when Corbett cocked his revolver, and pointing it direct at the officer, told him to travel. Corbett then searched for Speaker Smith, and meeting a member who somewhat resembled the Speaker, was about to fire, when the member threw up his hands and said he was not the Speaker. The member was then permitted to move on. Corbett then took possession of the Speaker's gallery, and walking in front of the doors, held it during the entire forenoon session, refusing to allow any one to come near. Three city policemen were called, but they would not venture into the dark corridor, and the slayer of Booth held possession.

At 12 o'clock he sent word down to the House to adjourn, or he would come down and adjourn it himself. The House adjourned. Corbett was afterward captured in the lower corridor, disarmed, and taken to the police station, where he is now confined. He will probably be adjudged insane and confined in an asylum.

NEW YORK MESSENGER BOYS.

They Want to Organize a Labor Association and Work Ten Hours a Day.

New York, Feb. 16.—The 1,500 messengers boys employed by the American District Telegraph company are indignant at their manager, W. F. Sanford, because of a circular he sent yesterday to their various homes. It was addressed "Dear parents and guardians," and said:

"We send you notice that we are well informed from reliable sources that your son is in danger of falling into the hands of agents who are trying to bind together the honest working boys of this city, and lead them to commit acts against the laws of peace, good order, and honest industry. We also beg to ask you to be on the watch, and advise him to keep out of bad company and continue in the esteem of his employer as a good, law-abiding servant of the company."

The circular is aimed at a Knight of Labor association that the boys have been endeavoring to organize in the various district offices for some time past. Some of the boys were interviewed, and one said: "We have organized ourselves because we can't get our grievances righted any other way. We have petitioned without avail. We want to have ten hours a day and pay at the uniform rate of two cents a message."

As for keeping bad company, the boys say their business compels them to go to all sorts of disreputable places with messages, under penalty of dismissal if they refuse.

Judge Force, After 20 Years' Service, Retires from the Bench.

Cincinnati, Feb. 17.—Hon. Manning F. Force, judge of the Superior court of Cincinnati, announced to his associates on the bench this afternoon that he should adjourn his court indefinitely, on the advice of his physicians, and go east to recuperate his health, and that he should not be a candidate for re-election. Judge Force would probably have received the nomination of both parties, as he has already done. His retirement from the bench, after twenty years' continuous service, is felt to be a serious loss. His ability and purity have always been regarded as of the highest order. His conscientious and painstaking application to his work, following serious wounds received before Atlanta, has made inroads upon his health that compel this step.

Two freight trains on the Milwaukee & Northern road collided at Depere, Wis., derailing five cars and badly wrecking the two engines. The debris of the caboose caught fire, and the fire department was called out to subdue the flames. Several trainmen had narrow escapes from injury. The damage is heavy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." Mrs. G. E. Simmons, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. Davis, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. Thompson, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. Barrington, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WASHINGTON.

ANOTHER VETO MESSAGE.

No Warrant in the Constitution for the Distribution of Seeds.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Following is the message of the President vetoing the bill for the distribution of seeds in Texas:

To the House of Representatives:

I return, without my approval, House bill No. 10,203, entitled an act to enable the commissioner of agriculture to make a special distribution of seeds in the drouth-stricken counties of Texas and making appropriations therefor.

It is represented that a long-continued and extensive drouth has existed in certain portions of the state of Texas, resulting in the failure of crops and consequent distress and destitution. Though there has been some difference in the statements concerning the extent of the people's needs in the localities thus affected, there seems to be no doubt that there has existed a condition calling for relief, and I am willing to believe that, notwithstanding the aid already furnished, a donation of seed grain to the farmers located in this region, to enable them to put in new crops, would serve to avert a continuance or return of the unfortunate blight. And yet I feel obliged to withhold my approval of the plan as proposed by this bill to indulge in benevolent and charitable sentiment through the appropriation of public funds for that purpose.

I can find no warrant for such appropriation in the constitution, and I do not believe that the power and duty of the general government ought to be extended to the relief of individual suffering, which is in no way properly related to the public service or benefit. A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power and duty should, I think, be steadfastly resisted, to the end that the lesson should be constantly enforced that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people.

The friendliness and charity of our country can always be relied upon to relieve their fellow-citizens in misfortune. This has been repeatedly and quite lately demonstrated. Federal aid in such cases encourages expectation of paternal care on the part of the government, and weakens the sturdiness of our national character, while it prevents indulgence among our people of that kindly sentiment and conduct which strengthens the bonds of common brotherhood.

It is within my personal knowledge that individual aid has to some extent already been extended to the sufferers mentioned in this bill.

The failure of the proposed appropriation of $10,000 additional to meet their remaining wants will not necessarily result in continued distress, if the emergency is fully made known to the people of the country.

It is here suggested that the commissioner of Agriculture is annually directed to expend a large sum of money for the purpose of propagation, and distribution of seeds and other things of this description, two-thirds of which are, upon the request of Senators, Representatives and delegates in Congress, supplied to them for distribution among their constituents. The appropriation of the current year for this purpose is $100,000, and it will probably be no less in the appropriation for the ensuing year. I understand that a large quantity of grain is furnished for such distribution, and it is supposed that this apportionment among their neighbors is a privilege which may be waived by our senators and representatives. If sufficient of them should request the commissioner of agriculture to send their shares of grain, thus allowed them, to the suffering farmers of Texas, they might be enabled to sow their crop.

The constituents for whom, in theory, this grain is intended could well bear a temporary deprivation, and the donors would experience the satisfaction attending deeds of charity.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

CRITICISING CLEVELAND.

For His Veto of the Bill Providing for the Distribution of Seeds.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The speaker laid before the House the message from the President, returning without his approval the bill appropriating $10,000 for a special distribution of seed to the drouth-stricken counties of Texas.

Mr. Lanham (Tex.) moved that the bill and accompanying message be referred to the committee on agriculture. Inasmuch, he said, as he had introduced this bill, he was unwilling to let the occasion pass without saying a word in vindication of Congress in passing this measure. In doing so, it followed the precedents established in 1875 and in 1882, when bills of a similar character were passed by Congress and become laws. If the organization of the department of agriculture were constitutional, if seeds could be distributed for the declared object of promoting agriculture, if the agricultural interest was continental in its character, then the needs of agriculture should be considered equal in rank to any other requirement of the government. When the government was accustomed to make general distribution of seed, it did not seem unconstitutional to concentrate that distribution in a particular locality, where the need was greatest.

The motion to refer was lost—57 to 74.

The question was then put, "Would the House pass the bill, the President's objections to the contrary notwithstanding?" and it was decided in the negative—yeas, 83; nays, 160.

ANTI-POLYGAMY BILL.

Its Provisions, as Agreed on by the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The anti-polygamy bill now goes to the President. The first six sections of the bill apply to prosecutions for bigamy, adultery, etc., and make the wife of the husband a competent witness, but not to be compelled to testify. The ninth and tenth sections apply to the marriage ceremony.

The eleventh section disapproves and annuls all territorial laws recognizing the capacity of illegitimate children to inherit or be entitled to any distinctive share in the estate of the father.

The twelfth section disapproves and annuls territorial laws conferring jurisdiction upon Probate courts with certain exceptions.

The thirteenth section makes it the duty of the attorney general of the United States to institute proceedings to escheat United States property of corporations obtained or held in violation of section 3 of the act of July 6, the proceeds of such escheat to be applied to the use and benefit of common schools in the territory.

The fifteenth section disapproves and annuls all laws of legislative assembly creating or continuing the Perpetual Emigration Fund company, and dissolves that corporation.

Section 16 directs proceedings for the disposition of property and assets of the Emigration Fund company. All of such property, in excess of debts and lawful claims, is to escheat to the United States for the benefit of the common schools in Utah.

Section 17 disapproves and annuls acts of the legislative assembly incorporating or providing for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and dissolves that corporation.

Section 19 gives to the President the appointment of a probate judge in each county.

Section 20 makes it unlawful for any woman to vote in any election.

The four next sections make provisions as to elections, and require of voters an oath or affirmation to support the constitution and obey the laws, especially the anti-polygamy act of March 22, 1882, and this act.

Section 25 abolishes the office of territorial superintendent of district schools, and makes it the duty of the Supreme court of the territory to appoint a commissioner of schools.

Section 26 gives to all religious societies, sects, and congregations the right to hold, through trustees appointed by the Probate court, real property for houses of worship and parsonages.

Section 27 (and last) annuls all territorial laws for the organization of militia or for the creation of the Nauvoo legion, and gives the legislative assembly of Utah power to pass laws for organizing the militia, subject to the approval of Congress. The general officers of the militia are to be appointed by the governor of Utah, with the advice and consent of the council.

A FLEET OF IRON-CLADS.

A Letter From Admiral Porter on Coast Defenses, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Admiral Porter has written a letter to Congressman Lawlor on the importance of protecting the approaches to Boston, New York, and other cities with heavily armored monitors, carrying the heaviest guns. He says that torpedoes cannot be relied upon; that during the Russo-Turkish war, which is the only one, except our civil war, we know of where torpedoes have been extensively used, with the hundreds of whitehead torpedoes employed by the Russians against the Turkish navy, only one Turkish ship of inferior quality was destroyed.

During our civil war, when the Confederates had their rivers, harbors, bars, etc., obstructed by torpedoes, the United States lost but 22 vessels, in spite of the great energy and intrepidity of the Confederates, and the admiral says: "I am quite satisfied that they were as well prepared in those days for the defense of their channels as we are to-day, and much better provided with torpedo boats."

Further on Admiral Porter says: "I do not think it any violation of confidence in me to say that the German government, in particular, has at this moment complete plans of all our ports, and every particular in relation to the principal harbors of the United States."

The admiral further says: "I do not suppose it ever struck any body that it would ever be necessary to locate the heaviest guns on Coney Island to prevent a fleet from anchoring at that front and firing into the city of New York. There is another implement of war which is now being experimented with, which may prove more destructive than even the heavy rifled gun—that is the rifle mortar. Imagine 20 or 30 mortar boats lying under Coney Island and devastating city and country for miles around. You see, after all, the main defense for our coasts and harbors is the heavy iron clad monitor, with the most powerful guns that can be moved from point to point, and, like the turtle, carry its defenses on its back."

Boston, the admiral considers, is ten times worse off than New York. He does not suppose there is a Bostonian at this moment who realizes that a single iron-clad could lay before the city a distance of five miles and knock the state house about the ears of the inhabitants. The only remedy for all this is a fleet of iron-clads.

Carlisle and Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—It is now known that Mr. Cleveland tendered the secretaryship of the treasury to Mr. Carlisle more than a fortnight since, and that it was refused. Mr. Carlisle stated that he could not afford at this time to quit congressional life for a short term in any federal office, although he recognized that that tendered to him was the highest within the gift of the highest officer of the country. Then he was told that he was wanted in the treasury for a purpose, and that it was a matter of the most vital importance to the Democratic party; that if Pres. Cleveland succeeded himself he would retain his secretary of the treasury, provided he was the gentleman from Kentucky.

It is understood that the man who waited upon Mr. Carlisle is a prominent Cabinet officer, and that he urged with such persuasiveness the necessity of the speaker leaving the presiding chair in the House to go into the treasury that a qualified consent was finally obtained. The qualification was that it should be shown that the transfer was necessary to party success. A few days ago Speaker Carlisle had a talk with the President about the matter, and insisted that he could do more for the party in the House than in the treasury, and at the same time he could do himself more justice. If he left his place in the House he might drop out of public life on March 4, 1889, whereas he had a life lease if he remained as now.

Between Two Fires.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The excitement attending the probable action of the House when the vote shall be taken this week upon passing the dependent pension bill over the President's veto, still continues, and the Democratic Senators and members from the Northern states concede that they are placed in a most unpleasant predicament. They admit it would have been far better had the President returned the bill, pointing out the objectionable features and expressing a willingness to approve a more guarded measure. This, they say, would have afforded them a loop-hole whereby they might sustain the President, without incurring the possible enmity of the soldier organizations and secure a modification of the bill so as to abate the alleged objectionable features. The question with these Democratic members is whether they will be forced against their previously expressed convictions, to uphold the President, not as a matter of Congressional duty, but upon the demand of the administration, irrespective of the probable effect upon the elections to be determined hereafter in their district.

Pendleton, Bayard, and Whitney.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Mr. Pendleton arrived here yesterday, Mr. Bayard desired the secretaryship of the treasury when the cabinet was first formed, and he would oppose seriously the elevation of Pendleton to the post he desired. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Pendleton are on friendly terms, but the former has always been a little jealous of the latter. Besides this the Payne influence, which is represented by Mr. Whitney in the cabinet, would never think of permitting Mr. Pendleton of having so powerful a position without making a vigorous fight. Some think Mr. Whitney himself might have the place, but he has said more than once that he would not consent to accept such a position on account of the excessive labor connected with the post.

Trade Relations With Canada.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The presidin officer laid before the Senate resolutions of the Maine Legislature in regard to trade relations with Canada. Laid on the table.

The preamble states that the Dominion government has placed such interpretation on existing treaties as to abridge greatly the just right and privileges of American fishermen in Canadian waters; and that their treatment has been a direct violation of the principles of comity and good neighborhood; and the resolutions favor the enactment of such laws and the adoption of such rules and regulations on the part of the American government, and the strict enforcement of the same, as will place Canadian fishermen (within the jurisdiction of the United States) under the same interdictions as American fishermen are subjected to in Canadian waters; and also that such an increased duty be levied on fish from Canada as practically to exclude Canadian fishermen from the advantage of the American market.

Soldiers' Graves.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The House committee on Aappropriations has acted upon the Senate amendments to the sundry civil appropriations bill. Sen. Sherman's amendment appropriating $2,000 for fencing Confederate graves at Columbus and Johnson's Island, Ohio, has been concurred in, with the following amendment:

"That the secretary of War is hereby directed to ascertain and report to the House, at the next session, whether the graves of any soldiers, Union or Confederate, who were killed in battle or died in prisons or hospitals, not embraced in any national, city, town or village cemetery, are unprotected by enclosure or unmarked by headstones, and if there be any such graves, what amount of money would be needed to properly fence and permanently mark the same."

A Bond Call.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—A call for $10,007,750 three per cent. bonds was issued yesterday. The call will mature April 1. Following is a description of the bonds called: 3 per cent. bonds issued under act of Congress approved July 12, 1882, and numbered as follows: $50—original No. 24 to 25, both inclusive. $100—original No. 352 to 274, both inclusive. $500—original No. 149 to 162, both inclusive, and original No. 4235 to 4236, both inclusive. $1,000—original No. 1222 to 1320, both inclusive. $10,000—original No. 2886 to 3908, both inclusive. Total, $10,007,750.

Parties holding bonds called by this circular can obtain immediate payment, with interest to date of presentation, by requesting the same in a letter forwarding the bonds for redemption.

Pension Veto Sustained.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The House met this morning at 11 o'clock. Mr. Bland, of Missouri, as a privileged question, called up the vetoed bill increasing the pension of John W. Farris. He bore testimony from a personal knowledge of the claimant to the merit of the claim, and asked that the House pass the bill over the veto.

The House refused to pass the bill over the veto; yeas 132, nays 93—not the constitutional two-thirds vote in the affirmative.

Sen. Sherman's Resignation to Take Effect Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The presiding officer presented the following:

SENATORS:—My office as president *pro tempore* of the Senate will necessarily terminate on March 4 next, with my psesent term as Senator. It will promote the convenience of the Senate and the public service to elect a Senator as president *pro tempore* whose term extends beyond that date, so that he may administer the oath of office to Senators-elect and aid in the organization.

I therefore respectfully resign that position, to take effect at 1 o'clock p. m. on Saturday next, February 26. Permit me in doing so to express my heartfelt thanks for the uniform courtesy and forbearance shown me while in the discharge of my duties as presiding officer by the members the Senate. Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

The communication was ordered to be entered in the journal and placed on file.

Acts Approved.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The President has approved the act for the erection of a public building at Chattanooga, Tenn.; the act for the construction of a bridge across the Trade Water river by the Ohio Valley railway company, and the act for the construction of a bridge over the Mississippi river near Dubuque, Iowa.

THAT PENSION VETO.

G. A. R. Posts Being Heard From—Illinois, Indiana and Kansas Demand that the Bill be Passed Over the President's Veto—Senator Hoar's Statement.

ROCK ISLAND, Ills., Feb. 17.—Among the resolutions adopted by the G. A. R. state encampment to-day were the following:

"*Resolved*, That this encampment, representing 26,000 veterans of Illinois, demand that Congress pass the so-called disability pension bill, the veto of the President notwithstanding, as an act vital to the interests and honor of the country in this and coming generations.

"*Resolved*, That after a careful consideration of the President's message, we pronounce it unsound in all its arguments and inferences."

One of the leading speakers was Commander-in-Chief Fairchild.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 17.—At the session of the state encampment of the G. A. R., Commander Bennett offered a resolution calling upon Congress for the prompt passage of the soldiers' dependent pension bill. This met with some opposition, but was finally carried. Ira Chase was elected commander.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Mr. Plumb presented a petition from the Grand Army post of Kansas for the passage (over the President's veto) of the dependent relatives pension bill. Laid on the table.

Mr. Hoar, in connection with that petition, said that he desired to call attention to a single fact in connection with the chief argument brought against the bill, that was the alleged extravagant expenditure which the bill would occasion. He had obtained from the treasurer of the state of Massachusetts a statement of the aid paid by that state to soldiers and their families since war. That aid was paid out under the most careful supervision and did not include bounties or gratuities, or anything but the supply of the needs of soldiers and their widows and families. The table showed payments commencing with $450,000 in 1861, going up to $2,342,000 in 1863, and declining gradually to an estimate of $375,000 in 1886. The total was about $19,000,000. If the same proportions were carried out through the United States, the population of Massachusetts, being as 1 to 30, it would make a total of about $600,000,000. This showed that the claim on the part of the Executive that the increase of the annual pension by the bill would be from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 was extravagant.

WHAT BEECHER BELIEVES.

Various Modes of Getting to Heaven—The Old Idea of Hell.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—In his sermon yesterday morning, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher said: "If a man believes in the old idea of hell to-day, he is a candidate for a lunatic asylum. He has got to give up his Christ or his hell. Men are rescued and saved by the voluntary suffering of love, and the idea is inconsistent with the old idea of a God of vengeance. The revised Bible has left hell pretty much out, and has put in sheol and hades. This does not put out the idea of future punishment—I believe in that—but the old machinery and methods of punishment are given up.

"No man ought to be converted by a sudden change, unless he has been living in the lower plane of his animal nature. Such a man fears only that he will go to hell and be damned. If a man cannot be held by any other element, let him be held by that. Such a man begins by giving up swearing, tells as few ies as his business will let him (laughter), and he begins to try to do right. Such a man has not done much, but he has laid a good foundation."

In speaking of the diversity among men and their various methods of getting to heaven, Mr. Beecher used the following illustration: "Take a worm, a tortoise, a horse and an eagle, and tell them to go from New York to Pennsylvania. The worm would wiggle, the tortoise would crawl, the horse would walk, and the eagle would fly; but all would get there just the same. (Laughter.) Repentance cannot be done up by wholesale at once, but must be repeated and re-repeated all through life. Many Christians need to be converted every month. The great motive power of all change from evil to good ought to be love. That is the distinctive Christian genius, working out wisdom and power. A man is not to repent and be converted because he will go to hell if he does not. It is a rising and growing up of the Supreme motive that if he educates and harmonizes all the qualities in him, he becomes like God and lives for other men. Repentance is a repetitious circumstance for him."

SOCIALISM VS. ANARCHISM.

A Row and Probable Murder in the Chicago Bakers' Union.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—A meeting of Bakers' Union, No. 10, ended in blood last evening. The union has been split into two factions ever since the Haymarket riot upon the question of socialism and anarchism, and early in the summer that faction which desired to publicly denounce the police, state's attorneys and his assistants, and everybody else connected with the suppression and punishment of anarchism put into practice, seceded from Bakers' union No. 10 and formed an independent union.

A joint meeting of the two unions was held with a view to a consolidation a week ago, and another meeting was called for last night. There was a large attendance and a spirited discussion, which soon grew in excitement until Albert Kreuger accused Adam Korte, of the opposite faction, of hoving misappropriated the funds belonging to the union.

A few recriminative epithets were passed between the two, when Kreuger, who is a large, heavy man, drew a dirk knife and rushed upon Korte, who is hardly half his size. Korte received the murderous knife in his right shoulder, the blade passing clear down to the elbow and through the bone.

A general scrimmage took place about the two men, which was ended by Kreuger, who received a bruised eye and a few slight scratches, escaping through the front door.

Capt. Schaack says Kreuger is an anarchist. Korte will probably recover unless it developes that Kreuger's knife blade was poisoned, as is feared. Officers followed close upon Kreuger's heels to his door at No. 164 Larrabee street. Here Kreuger made as desperate a resistance as lay within his power, having thrown away his knife, and being without weapons of any kind. The officers forced their way into the house and had a sharp struggle with Kreuger, who seemed determined to brain one of them with a chair; but he was overpowered and locked up.

The Scheme Didn't Work.

BOSTON, Feb. 19.—The legislative committee on Federal Relations heard Edward Stanwood, yesterday, in support of his memorial for the appointment of an agent at Washington for each Congressional district, to relieve Congressmen from giving such time to department work and to showing their constituents about Washington. At present nearly all the time in the forenoon is occupied frequently by Congeessmen in doing the errands of their constituents. The result is seen in the growing impotence of Congress. One feature of his bill was that it prevented the agents from exercising political power. A bill was presented to the committee providing for the appointment of an agent for each district by the governor and council, to receive a salary equal to a Congressman, to be paid by the state, to hold office for ten years, and to live in Washington for the term. The committee acknowledges the evil which the bill proposes to reform, but voted to give the memorialist leave to withdraw.

A Plea of Guilty to an Indictment for Murder.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A plea of guilty to an indictment for murder in the first degree, startled the court of General Sessions, yesterday. Henry Shipman, the young man who on February 3 shot and killed his landlady, Mrs. Josephine Mason, was the indicted man. It was perhaps the first time in the history of the court that a man had ever so pleaded guilty, and left the court no option but to sentence him to death if his plea were accepted. When the recorder recovered from his surprise, he refused to accept the plea, and instructed the clerk to endorse the indictment with the plea "not guilty."

Shipman was taken back to the Tombs, and will be tried at some future date. It was supposed by many in court that he had pleaded guilty merely to back up an assumption of insanity.

Steel Statistics.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17.—The American Iron & Steel association has received complete statistics of the production of open hearth steel in the United States in 1886. The report issued yesterday says: "Our production in 1886 was 245,606 net tons, or 219,291 gross tons; an increase of 96,225 net tons, or 64 per cent. upon the production of 1885, which was 149,381 net tons. The production of 1886 was much the largest in our history. Our largest production of open hearth steel prior to 1886 was in 1882, when we made 160,542 net tons. The quantity of open hearth castings produced in 1886 was not materially larger than in previous years. The quantity of open hearth steel rails produced in 1886 by open hearth works was also small, amounting to only 5,255 net tons. Of the whole quantity, 2,518 net tons were street rails."

A BUSINESS BOOM

Fully Inaugurated in the South—New Enterprises in All Directions.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 18.—The *Manufacturers' Record* for this week will publish additional statements of the growth of manufacturing interests in the South, nearly all of which are enterprises which originated during the past week. The Etowah Iron & Manganese Co., of Atlanta, Ga., organized last week for the development of 17,000 acres of iron and manganese lands near Cartersvillt, Ga., has decided to build a $1,000,000 steel rail mill either at Atlanta or Cartersville, which, with one exception, will be the only steel rail mill in the South. This company will also build four iron furnaces.

A Montgomery, Ala., company has purchased 158,000 acres of mineral and agricultural land in Alabama and will develope manufactures of various kinds. A $3,000,000 coke and iron company has been organized in Alabama by capitalists of the state and Connecticut. Contracts have been closed for a number of furnaces previously projected—three at Sheffield, for $564,000, which is soid to be the largest single contract ever made in the United States for building furnaces; one near Birmingham and two at Nashville.

Among other large companies reported for the week there were a $400,000 bridge company and a $200,000 land improvement company at Fort Smith, Ark.; a $1,000,000 company organized in Memphis to develop mines in Arkansas; a $500,000 land and improvement company at Birmingham; a $300,000 company of the same kind at Cartersville, Ga.; one of $250,000 at Meridian, Miss.; one at Duck Hill, Miss.; and one at Clarksville, Tenn.; a $50,000 mining company at Atlanta, Ga.; a $100,000 cooperage company at Lexington, Ky.; a $60,000 quarry company at New Orleans; a $200,000 car works and a $1,000,000 gas works at Baltimore, and probably a $1,500,000 sugar refinery at the same place; two mining companies—one of $100,000, and the other $500,000 capital stock in North Carolina; a $75,000 cotton mill company in Charlotte, N. C., and one in Columbus, Miss.; a $100,000 marble quarrying company in Tennessee; a $500,000 agricultural implement company at Anniston, Ala.; a steel bloomery and gas works at the same place, and a $20,000 soap company at Wheeling, W. Va.

The Norfolk & Western railroad has contracted for the extension of its Crippie Creek branch to ore land lately purchased by Philadelphia capitalists, who have contracted for a hundred-ton furnace at Pulaski, Va. The same road has awarded contracts for extending its road through Mercer county, W. Va., which includes cutting a 3,000 feet tunnel through a mountain on a ten-foot vein of coal. This extension will carry this road to a 60,000 acre tract of coal land owned by Pennsylvania capitalists, who will open coal mines and build 500 coke ovens.

In Texas, where but little coal mining has ever been done, a number of mines are being opened and new companies are being organized. A large number of companies have been chartered, and there is great activity in railroad construction. In all other lines of industry there is remarkable activity, and in all parts of the South many new enterprises, including flour mills, saw mills, furniture factories, brick works, machine shops, etc., were reported during the week.

FOUND IN A CAVE.

The Bodies of a Man, Woman, and Three Children.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 21.—Parties from the Dakota bad lands arrived in St. Paul yesterday, with the bodies of five mummies, which were discovered in a cave in that section. William Allen, of Buffalo Gap, Dak., started out on a prospecting tour last fall. He began to sink a shaft and had got down about 25 feet when he felt the bottom of the shafting giving away, and had barely time to scramble up the rope dangling from his windlass; his tools disappeared through an opening in the shaft. This happened near night fall, and being alone he was compelled to wait till morning before making further investigations. When he went down the next day, having in the meantime secured an assistant, he descended 80 feet before he came to solid footing, and then discovered that he was in a cave or cavern about 20 feet square, which had once opened on the side of the mountain.

When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he was horrified to see huddled together in one corner of the cave the bodies of five persons, supposed to have been Anglo-Saxons. The air in the cave was so foul that Allen was almost suffocated, and had to be hauled up to escape death. When he went down again he made a close examination of the bodies, and found that they were those of a man, woman, and three children. They were shriveled up to less than half the size of ordinary human beings, and the flesh on the bones was as hard as that of mummies. The hair was still on their heads, and the finger-nails perfect and very long.

When the bodies were brought to the surface the hair fell off, but in every other respect the bodies have not been affected by the atmosphere. The cave bore marks of digging on the sides and roof, as though the persons imprisoned had tried to dig their way out. The theory of Mr. Allen and his comrade is that these persons took refuge in the cave years ago, and that a land slide or flow of lava from the mountain hermetically sealed its mouth, leaving the prisoners to die horribly of starvation. There was no lava immediately over the mouth of the cave, but Allen passed through a stratum of lava, about three feet in thickness, in sinking his shaft.

MILITIA UNDER ARMS

At Cambridge, Mass.—Trouble Expected To-Night.

BOSTON, Feb. 22.—The militia is still held under arms at Cambridge, but not a single policemen has yet been needed. It is feared, however, that there will be trouble this evening, as it is a holiday, and the lawless element, under the influence of too much liquor, may resort to violeuce.

The horse cars are running without interference. South Boston advices show that everything is quiet in that district. The snow storm that is prevailing has the effect of keeping the idlers from congregating.

Another Mammoth Cave Discovered in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 19.—A *Courier-Journal* special from Sharpe, Marshall county, in the southwestern part of the state, relates the discovery of a large cave. A partial exploration developed the fact that the cave was made up of many rooms of great extent. A complete exploration will be impossible until certain large rocks are blasted or broken away. In one of the chambers there were found two human skeletons, about $600 in gold and silver coin and a quantity of silverware. This newly found cave is believed to have been the hiding place, during the late war, of a band of guerrillas known as "Bloody Bill Brady's Band."

The marauders were attacked near Benton, Marshall county, in 1864, and all but two were killed. These two escaped, and going (as it is thought) to this cave, quarreled over a division of the spoils of the gang, and following their murderous bent, shot and killed each other.

Steps will be taken for a further investigation of the cave and its former occupants. It has been hinted that the cavern was more likely the headquarters many years ago of the notorious John A. Murrell, who robbed and murdered the people of this portion of Kentucky and the neighboring state of Tennessee.

Hydrophobia from a Dog Bite Five Years Ago.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 19.—A case of hydrophobia is reported from the interior of this county. John Lewis, a young man of 17, while at a religious meeting, was seized with convulsions which exhibited unmistakable signs of hydrophobia. He snarled and snapped, and attacked those who attended him so furiously that it was with great difficulty that he was secured. He was taken to his home, where he now lies suffering all the agonies of madness. Lewis was bitten by a dog five years ago, and both he and his friends had been apprehensive ever since that he would be a victim of the rabies.

Resigned to Her Fate.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Mrs. Roxalan Druse, the condemned murderess, has given up all hope of escaping the death penalty, which is to be carried into effect on February 28, and is resigned to her fate. The condemned woman eats and sleeps well, but has little to say. Sheriff Cook is making all the necessary preparations for the hanging. At noon yesterday he received an envelope, postmarked Syracuse, and addressed to Mrs. Druse, which contained a miniature slip-noose. The brute who sent it had the trouble for his pains, as the letter was not delivered.

Immense Icebergs.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17.—Capt. Sargeant, of the steamship Indiana, from Liverpool, reports passing through a field of ice for 30 miles, and within sight of a number of icebergs, in latitude 45°, 40′; longitude 48° 12′, on Thursday last. Two of the icebergs were of immense size, being not less than 1,500 feet long. Looking to the northward from the Indiana as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen but a vast field of ice.

THE "BALANCE OF POWER."

The Senatorial Struggle in New Jersey—Political Mysteries.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The *Sun's* dispatch from Trenton, N. J., regarding the struggle to elect a successor to United States Senator Sewell, says: "The balance of power is said to be in the hands of the two labor members, but this is not so. The real balance of power is held by a few corrupt men, who are using it for all it is worth, and feathering their nests from both sides at once. When the fountains run dry and these men have at last to settle down on one side or the other, the contest will be over in short order. There is no sign yet that the fountains have run dry on either side. The situation now is, or was the last time anybody could tell anything about it, that Abbett has 35 votes, and needs six more. There are six Democrats who have been supporting other candidates. Five of these, it is thought, will ultimately vote with the party, but Speaker Baird, the remaining Democrat necessary to make up a majority, will never vote for Abbett, and the Abbett people have definitely given him up. The two political mysteries of the Assembly, Donohue and Carroll, the labor men, remain, one or the other of whom Abbett must get to be successful.

"Abbett's friends say Carroll is booked for the place of last man in making up the Abbett column. On the Republican side there are 35 men voting for Sewell. There are three bolters. Two of these may go over to Sewell, but there is little chance of the third doing so, and there is no likelihood of Sewell's getting the support of the two labor men. Without them, there is no chance of his election. It is claimed that the 35 Sewell Republicans and the three bolters can at any moment be united upon Phelps. The two labor men come from Phelps's district, where his personal popularity is great and his strength with the workingmen notable. It has been more than once remarked that Speaker Baird was ready to vote for Phelps. Sewell is perfectly willing to help Phelps to get there as soon as Sewell makes up his mind that he can not get there himself. If he arrives at that conclusion this week, there will be things worth seeing in the state house."

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

Strong Drink, Double Murder, Insanity, and Death.

ATLANTA, Feb. 21.—Yesterday the body of Dr. Samuel S. Bailey was buried in the little cemetery at Cumming, between two graves in which lie the remains of his two daughters, Mrs. Ella Beck and Miss Addie Bailey. They were murdered by Eugene W. Beck in October, 1884, and the first Dr. Bailey knew of the tragedy was when he stepped into the room where the dead bodies were laid out.

Beck, who was a man of fine physique and some wealth, wooed and won Miss Ella Bailey in 1883. A year after, in October, Miss Addie, who was about to get married, paid a visit to her sister, who was then living in Clayton. There she learned that her brother-in-law had developed a passion for strong drink, and that her sister was unhappy.

On the night before Miss Addie was to returned home Mrs. Beck told her husband that she was going also, for the purpose of seeing her father. The thought dawned on Beck that she would not return to him, and he blamed Miss Addie for the change in his wife's conduct. When the sisters fell asleep Beck rushed upon them, and, shooting rapidly, sent the balls crushing through the heads of the sleeping women. He feigned insanity.

Dr. Bailey was sent for, and the people, shrinking from telling him the facts, he was only made acquainted with the truth when his eyes beheld it. The doctor stood like one in a trance. Through the exciting scenes which followed the double burial and the trial and conviction of the murderer, he moved as one who knew not what was passing around him. His heart was in the grave with his children. He requested before he died that he might be buried between them, and all attribute his death to a broken heart.

BUTLER AND LESTER.

The Case Concluded, and Verdict for Gen. Butler.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The evidence in the Butler case was concluded to-day. Gen. Butler moved that the case be discontinued, as according to the statutes enacted in 1863 and 1866, no officer of the United States could be held responsible for acts done in war.

At the close of argument, Judge Coxe said: "Before I direct the jury to find a verdict in favor of defendant, it will be necessary to review the facts of the case and consider the time when these acts took place. No one who has listened to the testimony can doubt but that Lester was helping the Confederacy. It will be seen that plaintiff was a slave owner; that he was engaged in the manufacture of arms for the Confederacy; that when he was arrested he had in his possession a contract to purchase a fast vessel to run the blockade; that when Mrs. Lester was searched drafts were found in her possession on people in Canada, who were connected with the Confederacy; that Lester had taken several oaths of allegiance before he crossed the line, and that he was connected with blockade runners. All these facts were considered by the military commission, which was a legally formed body. Defendant was major-general, in command of the Department of Virginia, and, according to the military code, was bound to obey the commands of his superiors. He received orders from the secretary of War to examine and arrest plaintiff, and if he had disobeyed these orders he would have been punished.

"The act of May 16, 1864, exempts defendants from prosecution for damages. As the commission was a legally constituted body, its judgment is not to be questioned. I can see no defect in the organization of the court, and it is wholly clear that this defendant cannot be held responsible for these acts, and I direct you to find a verdict in favor of defendant."

The Tennessee Liquor Law.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 22.—The druggists' tax cases, involving $5,000, have been decided by the Supreme court. Suits were brought against five local firms to compel the defendants to pay the retail liquor dealers' tax for the years 1881-85, and judgment for the tax was given against the dealers. Both complainants and defendants appealed to the Supreme court. The court, in its opinion, held that a druggist was not liable for the liquor dealers' tax for the sale of medical compounds in which liquors enter as a component part, such as tinctures, extracts, etc. The state, however, did not insist on their liability for sales of this character. The court also held that the defendants were not liable for the liquor dealers' tax prior to 1885 for sales strictly upon prescriptions of regular practicing physicians; but for 1885 they were liable for sales on prescriptions.

Bad State of Affairs at the Southern Indiana State Prison.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 19.—For several days past a committee from the Indiana legislature has been investigating the affairs of the Southern Indiana state prison at Jeffersonville, and observations of the investigators, as given to the press, have been anything but flattering to the managers. The food was found to be bad, the cells filthy, and the finances loosely managed. Capt. Andrew Jackson Howard, warden, tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the board of directors. It was developed later that Howard's accounts were largely in arrears. Assistant Auditor of State Comse, who is an expert accountant, and who has been investigating the books in connection with the legislative committee, states that Capt. Howard's deficiency will amount to between $50,000 and $100,000.

Importers Playing a Sharp Game.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—There is a statute requiring importers to invoice their goods at the city or town in Europe where they are purchased. Collector Magone says that for a long time certain importers have bought their goods all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and had them forwarded to New York, but that the bills have been made out principally in Paris, where the goods are sold cheapest. Collector Magone says that hereafter he is determined that importers shall bill their goods where they are bought. The practice complained of raised the question in the Custom House, "Are Uncle Sam's consuls and agents in foreign countries keeping their eyes wide open to his interests?"

The Mad-Stone Didn't Save Him.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 22.—Robert Hanks, a young farmer of this community, was bitten by a rabid dog December 18. By the advice of his friends he at once used the mad-stone near Waterford, Miss. After a couple of days' stay at the stone he returned home, feeling safe, relying greatly on the virtues of the mad stone. But little was thought of the matter until last Thursday morning, when he awoke with a burning thirst, but on water being handed him he went into violent convulsions. He suffered the most intense agony, until he was released by death yesterday.

A shock of earthquake passed through Fredericktown, Mo., Thurseay night. The force was severe enough to overturn furniture and displace plaster.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Government Candidates Defeated—Socialists Rejoicing.

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—The elections in this city have resulted unfavorably for all government candidates. In four of six divisions, second ballots will be necessary, but in each of these divisions the anti-septennate candidate has at present a majority.

An analysis of the polling shows that the contest was unprecedentedly stubborn. As night advanced the excitement became intense. Thousands of people surrounded the newspaper offices, awaiting special editions giving returns. Second ballots are necessary in Koenigsburg, Elderfield, Breslau, Lubeck, Dresden, Allstadt, Frankfort, Dantzig, Stelli, Cologne, and Munich. Septennists are elected in Bremen, Leipsic, and Brunswick.

The Socialist organization has been most complete. Socialist electors were brought to the polls in battalions. According to the ballot arrangements it is probable that Berlin will be represented by three new German Liberals and three Socialists.

LATER.—The result in 71 election districts are known. In 22 of these districts new elections will be necessary. In 12 of these the contest will be between the Socialists and Septenists; in five between the New German Liberals and Septenists; in two between the Centrists and Septenists; in one between the Centrists and Democrats; one between the Socialists and New German Liberals, and in one between the New German Liberals and Conservatives. Among the candidates returned are four Centrists, 20 National Liberals, five Socialists, two Imperialists, four Conservatives, one Guelph, one New German Liberal, and 12 Alsatians, including Herren, Kable and Atoine. The other candidates of the Protestant party who were re-nominated have been re-elected. Herr Richter is the only New German Liberal yet re-elected.

The Socialists have carried the First and Second divisions of Hamburg, and Altona, and Nuremberg. They have lost Glanchau, Brunswick, Chemnibe, Schneeberg and Zurcka.

11 A. M.—From present calculations, Prince Bismarck will barely obtain a majority for his Septennate bill. He required 40 votes. He has already won 20, and the remainder are almost certain to be secured from the wavering Centre. It is certain that the government will not obtain a majority sufficient to adopt the monopoly bills. Herr Windthorst has been re-elected. The Progressists are demoralized. They have met with an unexpected defeat, and have already lost 17 seats. They have only gained one seat. The Socialists have lost 7 and gained 3. The total Socialist vote shows an increase of 500,000. The National Liberals have gained nearly as many seats as they have lost.

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—6 P. M.—The results in 200 election districts are now known. The candidates elected comprise 29 Conservatives, 14 Imperialists, 25 Centrists; 6 National Liberals, 4 New-german Liberals, 6 Socialists, 15 Alsatians, and 4 Poles.

New elections will be necessary in sixteen districts.

The National Liberals will probably elect 90 members. All the Democrats have been defeated in Southern Germany. Herr Libeknegh is defeated. A reliable government majority is assured.

ALLEGED CORRUPTION FUND,

Supplied by Americans, to Control Canadian Elections.

TORONTO, Feb. 17.—The charges against the Reform party of Canada of receiving thousands of dollars from Americans to buy up the country and defeat Sir John Macdonald's government, is repeated here by the *Standard*, Sir John's organ. The substance of the charges made is as follows: That the sum of $150,000 was received from the iron men in Pittsburg, Pa., by the Toronto financial agents of the Reform party, over ten days ago; that more money from the same place for the same purpose is now on its way to Toronto; that the American money sent to Montreal to defeat Sir John has fallen into the hands of Conservatives; that Nova Scotia is being flooded with American money for the same purpose; and that $4,000 have been subscribed to the reform campaign fund to defeat the Conservative government and destroy the national policy by Disston & Sons, saw-makers, of Philadelphia, a firm which once nearly controlled the Canadian trade in their class of goods.

The *Standard* says to Canadians: "You have not only to face the rapacious horde of Reformers, Rielites, repealers, secessionists, annexationists and rebels at home, but you have to contend against the gold of Michigan lumbermen, of Pennsylvania iron men, of New York and Massachusetts cotton men, and of New England fishermen.

"Sir John Macdonald arrived here yesterday afternoon from Ottawa. He denies having instigated the publishers of the *Standard* to publish the scandal. He says he has no personal knowledge of the truth of the reports. He supposes the facts were obtained in the ordinary way of gathering campaign news. Sir John said: 'Look at the American press generally. They say they wish my government was at an end. They say if the Reform party comes in we will have a satisfactory settlement of the fishery question. In other words, they believe they know that our sacred treaty rights, guaranteed by England, bought from the United States, for a price, will be sacrificed and handed over to them.'"

The *Mail* says the Liberals have large sums of money at their disposal, which have been subscribed for corrupt purposes by persons who will profit by a Reform victory.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

France Buying Horses in Spain—What Bismarck Says.

BERLIN, Feb. 17.—The *North German Gazette* publishes a Barcelona letter, confirming the report that large purchases of horses for the French government are being made in Spain. The same paper asserts that sheep dealers of the Palatinate and of Alsace-Lorraine, who supply France largely with mutton, are at present busily engaged in buying all the sheep obtainable in the vicinity of Schweinfurt-on-the-Maine, in Bavaria.

The *North German Gazette*, referring to the statements contained in the election placards issued by the opposition asserting that the government intends in the event of securing a majority in the new Reichstag to introduce monopoly bills, measures extending military service to seven years, an act to suspend universal suffrage, and even a bill to suspend the constitution, says that Prince Bismarck, commenting thereon, has declared that the political well-poisoning which the enemies of the Empire wage is premeditated and systematic, and all statements except that it is the government's intention to prolong the anti-Socialist law are senseless inventions. The chancellor adds: "If the electors are ready to believe that the government has such evil designs, then they cannot be protected from unscrupulous sharpers."

EXCITEMENT IN CANADA.

A Belief That the Tory Government is About to be Overthrown.

OTTAWA, Feb. 21.—Political excitement is at fever heat in this city, and, in fact, throughout the country. It is generally felt by both parties that the country is on the eve of a great change in its political administration, and that the general elections of Tuesday will remove from office the present Tory government, which has held the reins of power with hardly any intermission since the confederation.

At a mass meeting held Saturday night, the Hon. S. H. Blake, brother of the Hon. Edward Blake, leader of the Liberal party, hinted strongly that if the Liberals should get into power, among their first acts would be an attempt to conclude satisfactory fishery, reciprocity, and extradition treaties between Canada and the United States. This policy, he argued, was extremely desirable, and would be decidedly in the interests of Canada, besides doing away with the strained relations existing between the two countries.

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HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite**, and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞ BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. **$1 and $2** per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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Considers a Conflict Inevitable.

VIENNA, Feb. 18.—A semi-official letter from St. Petersburg represents that Russia is waiting for a Franco-German conflict, which she considers inevitable, to realize her own Balkan projects. While making no compact with France, Russia would consider it to be to her own interest not to allow Germany to be victorious in a struggle between those countries. It is supposed that this intention on the part of Russia explains the dallying in the negotiations for the settlement of the Bulgarian question now being carried on at Constantinople.

Think It Is Best to Prepare for War.

PESTH, Feb. 16.—The government to-day submitted to the lower house of the Hungarian Diet a bill appropriating 7,460,000 florins to supply the Hungarian Landwehr and the army reserves with stocks of war material and to equip the first band of the Landsturm.

All the parties in the House, after a conference, agreed to vote for the passage of the bill, without debate. The measure was at once referred to the military and financial committees of the House.

The preamble to the bill explains that the credits asked for are demanded as a natural sequence of the adoption of the bill organizing the Landstrum or volunteer service called out in time of war.

The preamble goes on to say that in view of the military measures which the other European states are taking, it would be a serious omission for Austro-Hungary to longer refrain from equipping the Landsturm.

The empire, it is added, is interested in peaceful progress; the efforts of the government are directed to maintain peace, but if it is not desirable to be surprised, the government must, like anyone unwilling to sacrifice vital interests, be prepared in case of necessity to sacrifice everything in defense of the monarchy.

The Queen's Jubilee.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 16.—Twenty-five thousand of 75,000 prisoners confined in jails throughout India will be released to-day, as an act of clemency in commemoration of the jubilee of Queen Victoria.

THE GREENBACKERS.

The National Committee in Session at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 21.—The national committee of the Greenback party met to-day at the Burnett House, with E. H. Gillette, of Iowa, in the chair, and a fair attendance of members and others.

Mr. Schilling, of Wisconsin, opened the discussion with a proposition to declare the Greenback party dissolved at once, so as to unite untrammelled in the formation of the new party which is to be organized at the convention which meets to-morrow.

This proposition was very generally opposed by all who spoke, not so much because of objection to its spirit, but to the form. It was urged that this committee at this meeting has not the power to dissolve the party. It was also urged that if it had the clear power, it would not be good policy to exercise it until after the coming convention has submitted its principles.

These views prevailed, and a committee was appointed to report to this committee on the matter after the adjournment of the convention.

Mr. Henry George arrived to-day and was escorted to his hotel by a delegation from the Henry George Club. He will speak to-night at Music Hall, but he is in no way connected with the convention which meets to-morrow noon, nor are there any representatives yet present from the New York George Clubs to take part in the convention.

J. D. Rankin, a prominent Knight of Labor from Texas, freely expresses the opinion that if Henry George's land doctrine is approved by the convention, the Southern adherents of the Labor party will repudiate the whole thing.

A RIOT IN BOSTON.

Street Cars Wrecked by Strikers—A Conflict With the Police.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—A serious riot occurred in East Cambridge street, this afternoon as a result of the recent street car tie-up. Shortly after noon a large crowd of strikers and their sympathizers gathered on Main street, Cambridgeport, and as the various cars of the Cambridge line passed the conductors and drivers were hooted at as "scabs." At 1:30 p. m. there was a great mob at the junction of the Webster street line with that on Main street, and as the car turned into Webster street, the mob began hurling bricks and stones at the car and its occupants.

By the time the car got through the crowd it was a complete wreck. Each succeeding car was similarly treated, until no less than five cars had been badly damaged. Then the police were telephoned for, and within twenty minutes a large force of officers appeared on the scene. The mob had by this time been worked up to a high degree of excitement, and when the officers attempted to disperse the crowd they met with a determined resistance. Bricks and stones were thrown at the police and many officers were injured. The police then charged the mob with drawn revolvers, and it instantly scattered in all directions. About a dozen of the strikers were arrested and conveyed to the police station.

A little later the mob assembled further down the avenue and wrecked another car. The police, reinforced by a mounted squad, now charged the crowd on a "double quick," and they dispersed, after discharging a volley of bricks at the police. These missiles took effect in at least a dozen cases, and as many officers were more or less seriously injured. Another lot of prisoners were taken, and the station house was filled with those arrested. Some of those injured are thought to be fatally hurt.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1887.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 15.	Feb. 21.
4½'s coupons	110	110¼
4's coupons	128⅝	128⅝
3's registered	100	100
Pacific 6's of '95	126¾	126⅜

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Decrease	$3,130,400
Loans—Increase	1,763,300
Specie—Decrease	1,884,600
Legal tenders—Decrease	1,493,900
Deposits—Decrease	992,400
Circulation—Decrease	10,700

The banks now hold $15,479,200 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 91; L. S., 93⅞; Pac. Mail, 55⅝; N. Y. C., 112½; D. L. & W., 135⅞; J. C., —; Erie, 33⅝; Erie 2d, ex. c, 98⅞; W. St. L. & P., —; Erie pref., —; N. P., —; N. P. pf'd, 59; D. & R. G., —; Louis. & Nash., 61; Texas Pacific, —; Union Pacific, 56½; Missouri Pacific, 107½; C. S., 58; Western Union, 73½; Kansas & Texas, 31⅜; C., B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W., —; L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac., —; Oregon Trans., 32⅜; Omaha, —; Omaha pfd., —; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, —; Phila. & Read., 37¼; Del. & Hud., —; N. W., 114⅜; St. P. & M., —; Hocking Valley, 35½; New York & New England, 61¼; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, —; Wabash, —; St. P. & D., —; R. I. 43⅜; Richmond T., —; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 62⅞c offered.

TRADE.

During the week just closed, general trade has been of fair proportions. The outlook is for a fair spring business.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Weak and Lower.

The markets generally to-day were weak and lower. The cause no doubt is attributable to the fact that grain men feel that the German elections will result in favor of the government, thus averting war, according to Bismarck's declaration. Cables were weak. Since Saturday noon wheat has declined about one cent per bushel. The decrease in the visible supply had no influence toward strengthening the market.

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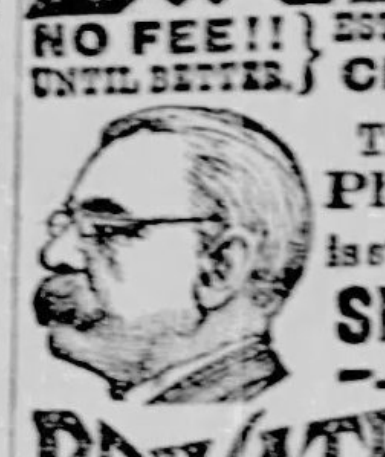

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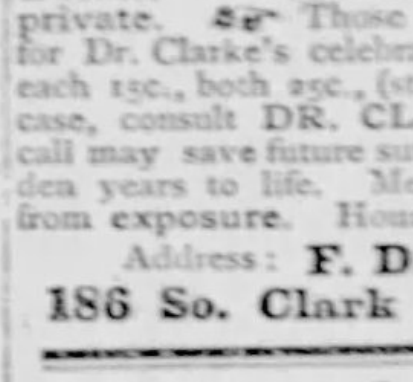

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Toledo Grain Market.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day there was only a moderate quantity of cash wheat sold. Prices lower but steady. No 2 soft red Lake Shore wheat, 82½c; No. 3 soft red Wabash, 81½c.

For future delivery there was an active market for No. 2 soft Red wheat for May. June and August were the only other months dealt in. Prices were lower and weak.

	Feb.	Mar.	May.	June
Sales to-day	......	......	450000	
" Saturday	......	......	450000	20000

Seller May, 83¾c, and to close, 82¾c, 1c lower; seller June, 84¼c, 1¼c decline; seller August, 85¾@85⅞c, latter to close, 1¾c off.

Cash corn sold light; No. 2 yellow, 39c, Wabash; seller May, 105000 bushels sold at 39¼c. Oats—No sales. Clover seed—Sales 124 bags; prime and February, $4.50; No. 2, $4.45@4.35, latter to close; prime mammoth, $4.45@4.50, outside last paid; prime March, $4.50. Timothy seed—Prime, $2.00.

AFTERNOON CLOSE.—Wheat—May, 82¾c bid, 83c asked; June, 83¾c bid; July, —c; August, 85¾c sales. Corn—Cash—c; May, 39¼c bid. Clover Seed—February, $4 50 sales; March, $4 47½c bid; April, $4 40 bid, $4 45 asked.

Visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada, as shown at New York on dates named:

	Feb. 19.	Feb. 12.
Wheat	59,880,568	61,322,543
Corn	16,569,794	16,824,701
Oats	4,871,405	4,964,720
Rye	445,345	438,730
Barley	1,997,707	2,121,443

Toledo Produce Market.

There was about an average quantity of various kinds of products on the market this morning. In meats the market is firm, but unchanged. Vegetables steady. Most other things are quoted the same as yesterday. Eggs are 15c. Salt, in barrel lots, 90c; car lots, 75c. Vegetables—Potatoes, 40c; sweet potatoes, $3.50@4.00 per barrel. Onions, 75c@$1.00; celery, 35@40c; lettuce, 25c per pound; cabbages, 40@50c; Fruits—Apples, 75@80c; cranberries, $2.75@3.00 per box; oranges, $3.50@4.00 for Floridas, and $2.00 for messinas; chickens, per lb, 9@10c; turkeys, 11c; geese, 8c; wool, 30c. Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.00; beef, 4½@7c per lb for sides; mutton, 6c; lambs, 6½c; calves, per lb, 7½@8c. Salt meats—Mess pork, short mess, $15.00; heavy mess, $15.00; clear pork, $15.00; lard, tierces 7½c; bbls, 7⅝c; kegs and 50-lb cans, 7¾c. Hay—Per ton, $12.

General Produce.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—3:20 P. M.—Wheat—March, 89½c asked, May, 91¼c asked. Corn—March, 48c bid, May, 48½c bid.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 21.—Wheat weak; cash, 44¾c; March, —c; May, 78⅜c. Corn lower; No. 3, 35¾c. Oats easier; No. 2 white, 30½c. Rye steady; No. 1, 56½c. Barley weak; No. 2, 51½c.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 11.—Wheat easy; No. 2 Red cash at 68½c bid, March, at 69c bid, May, at 73¼c bid. Corn—Easier. No. 2 cash, at 29½c, March at 29⅝c bid, May at 32⅝c. Oats—Nominal at 27½c asked cash.

DETROIT, Feb. 21.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 81½c asked; cash Mich. red, 81½c asked; No. 2 red cash, 81½c; March, 82c asked; April, 83c; May, 83⅝c. Corn, 39¼c. Oats—No. 2, 31c bid; No. 2 white, 33c bid. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 50; March, $4 50.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 21—Wheat—Western lower and quiet; No. 2 winter red, spot, 89½@89⅝c; February, 89½c; March, 89¾@89⅞c; May, 91@91⅝c. Corn—Western lower and quiet; mixed, spot, 46@46¼c; February, —c; March, 45¾@46c; May, 47@47¼c; steamer, 45¼c. Oats steady with a moderate inquiry; western white, 37@39c; do mixed, 34@36c. Rye firm at 58c.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—1:00 P. M.—Wheat heavy and lower; cash, and March, 73c; May, 78⅞c; June, 80⅜c. Corn weak and lower; cash, 33⅝c; March, 33¾c; May, 38 1-16c. Oats steady; cash, 24c; May, 28½c. Rye, 52c. Barley, 50c. Flax seed, $1 06. Prime timothy seed, $1 82@1 83. Whisky, $1 18. Pork strong; cash, $14 80; May, $14 75. Lard strong; cash, $7 10; May, $7 25.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 21.—Hogs—Firm; common and light, $4 60@5 50; packing and butchers, $5 45@5 85; receipts, 25,000 head; shipments, 1,100 head.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 100 head; market strong; natives, $4 40@5 00; shippers, 3,803,436; butchers, $3 40@4 15; Texans, $1 90@3 20. Hogs—Receipts—4,000 head; market active and a shade higher; butchers, $5 60@5 75; packers, $5 40@5 55; Yorkers, $5 20@5 35; pigs, $4 80@5 20.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Hogs—Receipts, 16,000 head; market fairly active; prices 5@10c higher; pigs, $—; light, $5 60@5 45; rough packing, $5 15@5 35; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 40@5 95. Cattle—Receipts, 4,000 head; market active; a shade higher; poor to prime beeves, $3 60@5 15; cows, $2 00@2 60; stockers and feeders, $2 60@3 80. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; market steady; poor to best, $3 00@5 00.

EAST LIBERTY, Feb. 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 640 head; shipments, 361 head; prime, $5 15; fair to good, $4 50@4 75; common, $3 50@4 00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,200 head; shipments, 2,800 head; market firm; Philadelphias, $5 75@5 85; Yorkers, $5 40@5 60; common and light, $5 00@5 20; pigs, $4 75@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, 5,200 head; shipments, 4,000 head; market firm and shade higher; $4 75@5 10; fair to good, $4 00@5 00; common, $2 50@3 50; lambs, $4 00@6 00.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 22.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, 800 head. The market was slow but firm. Sales of good to choice shipping steers, $4 10@4 40; common to medium, $3 80@4 00; stockers, $2 60@3 10; feeders, $3 20@3 40; cows, $2 25@3 40. Hogs—Receipts, 5,700 head; shipments, — head. Choice, firm; others 5@10c higher. Sales of good to choice, $5 30@5 45; common to medium, $5 00@5 25. Sheep—Receipts, 50 head; shipments, none; market steady. Sales of good to choice muttons, $3 25@3 75; common to medium, $2 25@3 00.

BUFFALO, Feb. 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,490 head; common to fair, $3 90@4 25; good to choice shipping, $4 35@4 70; extra steers, $4 90@5 00; cows and heifers, $3 25@4 00; stockers and feeders, $3 00@3 75; veals, $6 00@7 00. Sheep—Receipts, 900 head; market steady; common to fair, $4 25@4 50; good to choice, $4 75@4 90; extra, $5 00@5 25; western lambs, $4 75@5 75; extra, 6 00@6 25. Hogs—Receipts, 21,051 head; common and light declined 5@10c; light pigs, $5 00@5 25; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 25@5 65; selected Yorkers, $—; selected medium weights, $5 65@5 85.

Boston Wool Market.

There are few buyers; neither is there any great pressure to sell on the part of dealers. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 33½@35c; Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 32c; Texas and Southern, 21@21½c; combing and delane, 33@40c; pulled wool and noils, 32@45c; English wool, p. t. and 37c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The *Mark Lane Express* says: Delivery of American wheat is very small. London market is steady. Prices at leading provincial exchanges show an advance of 6d@1s. Sales of English wheat during the past week were 40,427 quarters at 32s 11d, against 73,557 quarters at 39s 4d during corresponding week last year. Country flour is slow of sale, but values are slightly hardened. Foreign wheat is a shade steadier. Supplies continue so large that improvement is improbable, unless in event of war. Foreign flour is slow of sale and weak. American brands are 6d cheaper. Corn and barley are dull. Oats are down 3d.